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KING HENRY THE SIXTH

ACT II SCENE I

HENLEY EDITION

THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN TEN VOLUMES

Volume 1

LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
HENRY VI, PART ONE
HENRY VI, PART TWO
HENRY VI, PART THREE

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE

Henley Street, Stratford-upon-Avon, is forever hallowed as the place of Shakespeare's birth. Here he was born April 23, 1564, and was christened three days later, his baptismal record reading: "1564 April 26, Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspere." The Henley Edition of Shakespeare's works commemorates in name the cradle of the world's greatest poet.

There is inspiration in the very name of Henley, forever associated with the man who, in enriching our literature, has almost revolutionized our language. The Henley Edition is a practical, scholarly, clear, and comprehensive presentation of Shakespeare's complete works for the general reader, for the young, as well as for the mature, for the everyday reader, as well as for the special student. The preparation of this edition involved the collating of thousands of notes and comments from over two hundred eminent Shakespearean authorities, American and European. The reader will appreciate the many superior features of the present edition, of which the most important may be summarized here.

The text type is two sizes larger than the average type used in other sets, which gives a type page that is clear and easily read.

The Variorum notes appear throughout at the foot of the page they elucidate, and where they belong for convenience, not placed at the back of the play as in many other editions. The notes bear the initials of the com-

THE LIFE OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

By James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, F.R.S.

In the reign of King Edward the Sixth there lived in Warwickshire a farmer named Richard Shakespeare, who rented a messuage and a considerable quantity of land at Snitterfield, an obscure village in that county. He had two sons, one of whom, named Henry, continued throughout his life to reside in the same parish. John, the other son, left his father's home about the year 1551, and, shortly afterwards, is found residing in the neighboring and comparatively large borough of Stratford-on-Avon, in the locality which has been known from the middle ages to the present day as Henley Street, so called from its being the terminus of the road from Henley-in-Arden, a market-town about eight miles distant.

At this period, and for many generations afterwards, the sanitary condition of the thoroughfares of Stratford-on-Avon was, to our present notions, simply terrible. Under-surface drainage of every kind was then an unknown art in the district. There was a far greater extent of moisture in the land than would now be thought possible, and streamlets of a water-power sufficient for the operations of corn-mills meandered through the town. This general humidity intensified the evils arising from the

want of scavengers, or other effective appliances for the preservation of cleanliness. House-slops were recklessly thrown into ill-kept channels that lined the sides of unmetalled roads; pigs and geese too often reveled in the puddles and ruts; while here and there small middens were ever in the course of accumulation, the receptacles of offal and every species of nastiness. A regulation for the removal of these collections to certain specified localities interspersed through the borough, and known as common dung-hills, appears to have been the extent of the interference that the authorities ventured or cared to exercise in such matters. Sometimes, when the nuisance was thought to be sufficiently flagrant, they made a raid on those inhabitants who had suffered their refuse to accumulate largely in the highways. On one of these occasions, in April, 1552, John Shakespeare was amerced in the sum of twelve-pence for having amassed what was no doubt a conspicuous *sterquinarium* before his house in Henley Street, and under these unsavory circumstances does the history of the poet's father commence in the records of England. But although there was little excuse for his negligence, one of the public stores of filth being within a stone's throw of his residence, all that can be said to his disparagement is that he was not in advance of his neighbors in such matters, two of whom were coincidently fined for the same offense.

For some years subsequently to this period, John Shakespeare was a humble tradesman at Stratford-on-Avon, holding no conspicuous position in the town; yet still he must have been tolerably successful in business, for in October, 1556, he purchased two small freehold estates, one being the building in Henley Street annexed to that which is

now shown as the Birth-Place, and the other situated in Greenhill Street, a road afterwards called More Towns End. In the year 1557, however, his fortunes underwent an important change through an alliance with Mary, the youngest and fondly-loved daughter of Robert Arden, a wealthy farmer of Wilmecote, near Stratford-on-Avon, who had died a few months previously. A wealthy farmer, indeed, for those days, and one who would have been specially so distinguished in the contemporary provincial estimate. He possessed two farm-houses with a hundred acres or more of land at Snitterfield, as well as another one with about fifty acres at Wilmecote, the former being occupied by tenants and the latter by himself. In addition to these he owned a copyhold estate in the last-named parish, the extent of which has not been ascertained. But with all these advantages he was a farmer, and nothing more,—a worthy fellow whose main anxiety, as fully appears from the records, centered in the welfare of his family, and who had no desire to emulate, however remotely, the position of a country gentleman. The appointments of his dwelling were probably, however, superior on the whole to those which were to be found in other residences of the same class, including no fewer than eleven painted-cloths, a species of artistic decoration that was in those days a favorite substitute for the more expensive tapestry. Pictures of the kind that are now familiar to us were then very rarely indeed to be seen, excepting in palaces or in the larger mansions of the nobility. These painted-cloths were generally formed of canvas upon which were depicted the "Seven Ages of Man," the "Story of the Prodigal," and such like; grotesque accompaniments, in one or more of the rooms, to the "bacon in the roof."

The inventory of Robert Arden's goods, which was taken shortly after his death in 1556, enables us to realize the kind of life that was followed by the poet's mother during her girlhood. In the total absence of books or means of intellectual education, her acquirements must have been restricted to an experimental knowledge of matters connected with the farm and its house. There can be no doubt that the maiden with the pretty name, she who has been so often represented as a nymph of the forest, communing with nothing less æsthetic than a nightingale or a waterfall, spent most of her time in the homeliest of rustic employments; and it is not at all improbable that, in common with many other farmers' daughters of the period, she occasionally assisted in the more robust occupations of the field. It is at all events not very likely that a woman, unendowed with an exceptionally healthy and vigorous frame, could have been the parent of a Shakespeare. Of her personal character or social gifts nothing whatever is known, but it would be a grave error to assume that the rude surroundings of her youth were incompatible with the possession of a romantic temperament and the highest form of subjective refinement. Existence, indeed, was passed in her father's house in some respects, we should now say, rather after the manner of pigs than that of human beings. Many of the articles that are considered necessaries in the humblest of modern cottages were not to be seen,—there were no table-knives, no forks, no crockery. The food was manipulated on flat pieces of stout wood, too insignificant in value to be catalogued, and whatever there may have been to supply the places of spoons or cups were no doubt roughly formed of the same material; but some of the larger objects, such as kitchen-pans, may have been of

pewter or latten. The means of ablution were lamentably defective, if, indeed, they were not limited to what could have been supplied by an insulated pail of water, for what were called towels were merely used for wiping the hands after a meal, and there was not a single wash-hand basin in the establishment. As for the inmate and other laborers, it was very seldom indeed, if ever, that they either washed their hands or combed their hair, nor is there the least reason for suspecting that those accomplishments were in liberal requisition in the dwellings of their employers. But surely there was nothing in all this to have excluded the unlettered damsel from a fervid taste for oral romance, that which was then chiefly represented by tales of the fairies, the knights, or the giants,—nothing to debar the high probability of her recitals of them having fascinated her illustrious son in the days of his childhood,—nothing to disturb the graceful suggestion that some of his impressions of perfect womanhood had their origin in his recollections of the faultless nature of the matron of Henley Street.

The maiden name of Robert Arden's wife has not been discovered, but it is ascertained that he had contracted a second marriage with Agnes Hill, the widow of a substantial farmer of Bearley, and that, in a settlement which was probably made on that occasion, he had reserved to his daughter Mary the reversion to a portion of a large estate at Snitterfield, her step-mother taking only a life-interest. Some part of this land was in the occupation of Richard Shakespeare, the poet's grandfather, whence may have arisen the acquaintanceship between the two families. In addition to this reversion, Mary Arden received, under the provisions of her father's will, not only a handsome pe-

cuniary legacy, but the fee-simple of a valuable property at Wilmecote, the latter, which was known as Asbies, consisting of a house with nearly sixty acres of land. An estimate of these advantages, viewed relatively to his own position, would no doubt have given John Shakespeare the reputation among his neighbors of having married an opulent heiress, his now comparative affluence investing him with no small degree of local importance. His official career at once commenced by his election in 1557 as one of the ale-tasters, an officer appointed for the supervision of malt liquors and bread. About the same time he was received into the Corporation, taking the lowest rank, as was usual with new comers, that of a burgess; and in the September of the following year, 1558, he was appointed one of the four petty constables by a vote of the jury of the Court Leet. He was re-elected to that quaternion on October 6, 1559, for another year, and on the same day he was chosen one of the affeerors appointed to determine the fines for those offenses which were punishable arbitrarily, and for which no express penalties were prescribed by statute. This latter office he again filled in 1561, when he was elected one of the Chamberlains of the borough, an office that he held for two years, delivering his second account to the Corporation in the first month of 1564.

The ostensible business followed by John Shakespeare was that of a glover, but after his marriage he speculated largely in wool purchased from the neighboring farmers, and occasionally also dealt in corn and other articles. In those days, especially in small provincial towns, the concentration of several trades into the hands of one person was very usual, and, in many cases, no matter how numerous and complicated were the intermediate processes, the

producer of the raw material was frequently its manufacturer. Thus a glover might, and sometimes did, rear the sheep that furnished him with meat, skins, wool, and leather. Whether John Shakespeare so conducted his business is unknown, but it is certain that in addition to his trade in gloves, which also, as was usual, included the sale of divers articles made of leather, he entered into a variety of other speculations.

In Henley Street, in what was for those days an unusually large and commodious residence for a provincial tradesman, and upon or almost immediately before April 22, 1564, but most probably on that Saturday, the eldest son of John and Mary Shakespeare, he who was afterwards to be the national poet of England, was born. An apartment on the first floor of that house is shown to this day, through unvarying tradition, as the birth-room of the great dramatist, who was baptized on the following Wednesday, April 26, receiving the Christian name of William. He was then, and continued to be for more than two years, an only child, two girls, daughters of the same parents, who were born previously, having died in their infancy.

The house in which Shakespeare was born must have been erected in the first half of the sixteenth century, but the alterations that it has since undergone have effaced much of its original character. Inhabited at various periods by tradesmen of different occupations, it could not possibly have endured through the long course of upwards of three centuries without having been subjected to numerous repairs and modifications. The general form and arrangement of the tenement that was purchased in 1556 may yet, however, be distinctly traced, and many of the old timbers, as well as pieces of the ancient rough

stone-work, still remain. There are also portions of the chimneys, the fire-place surroundings and the stone basement-floor, that have been untouched; but most, if not all, of the lighter wood-work belongs to a more recent period. It may be confidently asserted that there is only one room in the entire building which has not been greatly changed since the days of the poet's boyhood. This is the antique cellar under the sitting-room, from which it is approached by a diminutive flight of steps. It is a very small apartment, measuring only nine by ten feet, but near "that small most greatly liv'd this star of England."

In the July of this year of the poet's birth, 1564, a violent plague, intensified no doubt by sanitary neglect, broke out in the town, but the family in Henley Street providentially escaped its ravages. John Shakespeare contributed on this occasion fairly, at least, if not liberally, both towards the relief of the poor and of those who were attacked by the epidemic.

In March, 1565, John Shakespeare, with the assistance of his former colleague in the same office, made up the accounts of the Chamberlains of the borough for the year ending at the previous Michaelmas. Neither of these worthies could even write their own names, but nearly all tradesmen then reckoned with counters, the results on important occasions being entered by professional scriveners. The poet's father seems to have been an adept in the former kind of work, for in February, 1566, having been elected an alderman in the previous summer, he individually superintended the making up of the accounts of the Chamberlains for the preceding official year, at which time he was paid over three pounds, equivalent to more than thirty of present money, that had been owing to him for some

time by the Corporation. In the month of October, 1566, another son, who was christened Gilbert on the thirteenth, was born, the poet being then nearly two and a half years old. This Gilbert, who was educated at the Free School, in after life entered into business in London as a haberdasher, returning, however, in the early part of the following century, to his native town, where he is found, in 1602, completing an important legal transaction with which he was entrusted by the great dramatist. His Christian name was probably derived from that of one of his father's neighbors, Gilbert Bradley, who was a glover in Henley Street, residing near the Birth-Place and on the same side of the way.

In September, 1567, Robert Perrot, a brewer, John Shakespeare, and Ralph Cawdrey, a butcher, were nominated for the office of the High Bailiff, or, as that dignitary was subsequently called, the Mayor. The last-named candidate was the one who was elected. It is upon this occasion that the poet's father is alluded to for the first time in the local records as "Mr. Shakspeyr." He had been previously therein mentioned either as John Shakespeare, or briefly as Shakespeare, and the addition of the title was in those days no small indication of an advance in social position. There is, indeed, no doubt that, during the early years of Shakespeare's boyhood, his father was one of the leading men in Stratford-on-Avon. On September 4, 1568, John Shakespeare,—"Mr. John Shaksper," as he is called in that day's record,—was chosen High Bailiff, attaining thus the most distinguished official position in the town after an active connection with its affairs during the preceding eleven years. The poet had entered his fifth year in the previous month of April, the

family in Henley Street now consisting of his parents, his brother Gilbert, who was very nearly two years old, and himself.

The new religious system was now firmly established at Stratford. Although the churchwardens' accounts are not preserved, and the materials for the local ecclesiastical history are exceedingly scanty, there are entries in the town archives respecting the Guild Chapel which leave no doubt on the subject. The rood-loft is mentioned as having been taken down in the year of the poet's birth, 1564, a number of the images in the building having been previously "defaced," that is to say, at some time between Michaelmas, 1562, and Michaelmas, 1563, John Shakespeare himself having been on the latter occasion one of the chamberlains through whom the expenses of the mutilation were defrayed. Under these circumstances there can be little if any doubt that, at the time of his accession to an office that legally involved the responsibility of taking the oath of supremacy, he had outwardly conformed to the Protestant rule, and there is certainly as little that he was one of the many of those holding a similar position in the Catholic stronghold of Warwickshire who were secretly attached to the old religion. If this had not been the case, it is impossible to believe, no matter how plausible were the explanations that were offered, that his name could, at a subsequent period and after the great penal legislation of 1581, have been included in more than one list of suspected recusants. For this he has been termed an unconscientious hypocrite, but he shared his dissimulation with myriads of his countrymen, and it is altogether unfair to place an enforced in the same category with a spontaneous insincerity. Some anyhow will be found to say a kind word in

excuse for a man who, in times of a virulent and crushing persecution, was unwilling to sacrifice the temporal interests of his wife and children as well as his own on the altar of open non-conformity. It should be added that the vestments belonging to the Church of the Holy Trinity, which had been out of use for some years, were sold by the Corporation in 1571; and these were among the last remaining vestiges of a ritual that was not publicly celebrated at Stratford in the life-time of the great dramatist.

It must have been somewhere about this period, 1568, that Shakespeare entered into the mysteries of the horn-book and the A. B. C. Although both his parents were absolutely illiterate, they had the sagacity to appreciate the importance of an education for their son, and the poet, somehow or other, was taught to read and write, the necessary preliminaries to admission into the Free School. There were few persons at that time at Stratford-on-Avon capable of initiating him even into these preparatory accomplishments, but John Shakespeare, in his official position, could hardly have encountered much difficulty in finding a suitable instructor. There was, for instance, Higford, the Steward of the Court of Record, and the person who transcribed some of his accounts when he was the borough Chamberlain; but it is as likely as not that the poet received the first rudiments of education from older boys who were some way advanced in their school career.

A passion for the drama is with some natures an instinct, and it would appear that the poet's father had an express taste in that direction. At all events, dramatic entertainments are first heard of at Stratford-on-Avon during the year of his bailiffship, and were, it may fairly be

presumed, introduced in unison with his wishes as they certainly must have been with his sanction. At some period between Michaelmas, 1568, and the same day in 1569, the Queen's and the Earl of Worcester's players visited the town and gave representations before the Council, the former company receiving nine shillings and the latter twelve pence for their first performances, to which the public were admitted without payment. They doubtlessly gave other theatrical entertainments with stated charges for admission, but there would, of course, be no entries of those performances in the municipal accounts; and sometimes there were bodies of actors in the town to whom the official liberality was not extended. No notice whatever of the latter companies would have been registered.

Were it not for the record of a correlative incident, it would have been idle to have hazarded a conjecture on the interesting question,—was the poet, who was then in his fifth or sixth year, a spectator at either of these performances? If, however, it can be shown that, in a neighboring county about the same time, there was an inhabitant of a city who took his little boy, one born in the same year with Shakespeare, 1564, to a free dramatic entertainment exhibited as were those at Stratford-on-Avon before the Corporation under precisely similar conditions, there then arises a reasonable probability that we should be justified in giving an affirmative reply to the enquiry. There is such an evidence in the account left by a person of the name of Willis, of "a stage-play which I saw when I was a child," and included by him in a confidential narrative of his moral and religious life, a sort of autobiog-

raphy, which, in his old age, he addressed to his wife and children.

The curious narrative given by Willis is in the following terms,—"in the city of Gloucester the manner is, as I think it is in other like corporations, that, when players of enterludes come to towne, they first attend the Mayor to enforme him what noble-mans servants they are, and so to get licence for their publike playing; and if the Mayor like the actors, or would shew respect to their lord and master, he appoints them to play their first play before himselfe and the Aldermen and Common Counsell of the city; and that is called the Mayors play, where every one that will comes in without money, the Mayor giving the players a reward as hee thinks fit to shew respect unto them. At such a play my father tooke me with him, and made mee stand between his leggs as he sate upon one of the benches, where wee saw and heard very well. The play was called the *Cradle of Security*, wherin was personated a king or some great prince, with his courtiers of severall kinds, amongst which three ladies were in speciall grace with him; and they, keeping him in delights and pleasures, drew him from his graver counsellors, hearing of sermons and listning to good counsell and admonitions, that, in the end, they got him to lye downe in a cradle upon the stage, where these three ladies, joyning in a sweet song, rocked him asleepe that he snorted againe; and in the meane time closely conveyed under the cloaths wherewithall he was covered a vizard, like a swine's snout, upon his face, with three wire chaines fastned thereunto, the other end whereof being holden severally by those three ladies who fall to singing againe, and then discovered his face that the spec-

tators might see how they had transformed him, going on with their singing. Whilst all this was acting, there came forth of another doore at the farthest end of the stage two old men, the one in blew with a serjeant-at-armes his mace on his shoulder, the other in red with a drawn sword in his hand and leaning with the other hand upon the others shoulder; and so they two went along in a soft pace round about by the skirt of the stage, till at last they came to the cradle, when all the court was in greatest jollity; and then the foremost old man with his mace stroke a fearfull blow upon the cradle, whereat all the courtiers, with the three ladies and the vizard, all vanished; and the desolate prince starting up bare-faced, and finding himselfe thus sent for to judgement, made a lamentable complaint of his miserable case, and so was carried away by wicked spirits. This prince did personate in the morrall the Wicked of the World; the three ladies, Pride, Covetousnesse and Luxury; the two old men, the End of the World and the Last Judgment. This sight tooke such impression in me that, when I came towards mans estate, it was as fresh in my memory as if I had seen it newly acted," (Willis's *Mount Tabor or Private Exercises of a Penitent Sinner*, published in the yeare of his age 75, anno Dom. 1639, pp. 110-113. Who can be so pitiless to the imagination as not to erase the name of Gloucester in the preceding anecdote, and replace it by that of Stratford-on-Avon?

Homely and rude as such an allegorical drama as the *Cradle of Security* would now be considered, it was yet an advance in dramatic construction upon the medieval religious plays generally known as mysteries, which were still in favor with the public and were of an exceedingly

primitive description. The latter were, however, put on the stage with far more elaborate appliances, there being no reason for believing that the itinerant platform of the later drama was provided with much beyond a few properties. The theater of the mysteries consisted of a movable wooden rectangular structure of two rooms one over the other, the lower closed, the upper one, that in which the performances took place, being open at least on one side to the audience. The vehicle itself, every portion of which that was visible to the audience was grotesquely painted, was furnished in the upper room with tapestries that answered the purposes of scenery, and with mechanical appliances for the disposition of the various objects introduced, such as hell-mouth, a favorite property on the ancient English stage. This consisted of a huge face constructed of painted canvas exhibiting glaring eyes and a red nose of enormous dimensions; the whole so contrived with movable jaws of large, projecting teeth, that, when the mouth opened, flames could be seen within the hideous aperture; the fire being probably represented by the skillful management of links or torches held behind the painted canvas. There was frequently at the back of the stage a raised platform to which there was an ascent by steps from the floor of the pageant and sometimes an important part of the action of the mystery was enacted upon it. Some of the properties however rude, must have been of large dimensions. They were generally made of wood, which was invariably painted, but some appear to have been constructed of basket-work covered over with painted cloths. The larger ones were cities with pinnacles and towers, kings' palaces, temples, castles and such like, some probably not very unlike decorated

sentry-boxes. Among the miscellaneous properties may be named "a rybbe colleryd red," which was no doubt used in the mystery of the creation. Clouds were represented by painted cloths so contrived that they could open and show angels in the heavens. Horses and other like animals were generally formed with hoops and laths that were wrapped in canvas, the latter being afterwards painted in imitation of nature. Artificial trees were introduced, and so were beds, tombs, pulpits, ships, ladders, and numerous other articles. One of the quaintest contrivances was that which was intended to convey the idea of an earthquake, which seems to have been attempted by means of some mechanism within a barrel. In the lower room, connected with pulleys in the upper part of the pageant, was a windlass used for the purpose of lowering or raising the larger properties, and for various objects for which movable ropes could be employed. Some of the other machinery was evidently of an ingenious character, but its exact nature has not been ascertained.

The costumes of many of the personages in the mysteries were of a grotesque and fanciful description but in some instances, as in those of Adam and Eve, there was an attempt to make the dresses harmonize with the circumstances of the history. Some writers, interpreting the stage-directions too literally, have asserted that those characters were introduced upon the pageant in a state of nudity. This was certainly not the case. When they were presumed to be destitute of clothing, they appeared in dresses made either of white leather or of flesh-colored cloths, over which at the proper time were thrown the garments of skins. There were no doubt some incidents

represented in the old English mysteries which would now be considered indecorous, but it should be borne in mind that every age has, within certain limits, its own conventional and frequently irrational sentiments of toleration and propriety. Adam and Eve attired in white leather and personified by men, for actresses were then unknown, scarcely could have realized to the spectator even a generic idea of the nude, but at all events there was nothing in any of the theatrical costumes of the early drama which can be fairly considered to be of an immodest character, although many of them were extravagantly whimsical. Thus Herod was always introduced wearing red gloves, while his clothes and headgear seem to have been painted or dyed in a variety of colors, so that, as far as costume could assist the deception, he probably appeared, when brandishing his flaming sword, as fierce and hideous a tyrant as could well have been represented. Pontius Pilate was usually enwrapped in a large green cloak, which opened in front to enable him to wield an immense club. The latter was humanely adapted to his strength by the weight being chiefly restricted to that of the outer case, the inside being lightly stuffed with wool. The Devil was another important character, who was also grotesquely arrayed and had a mask or false head which frequently required either mending or painting. Masks were worn by several other personages, though it would appear that in some instances the operation of painting the faces of the actors was substituted. Wigs of false hair, either gilded or of red, yellow, and other colors, were also much in request.

That Shakespeare, in his early youth, witnessed representations of some of these mysteries, can-

not admit of a reasonable doubt; for although the ordinary church-plays were by no means extinct, they survived only in particular localities, and do not appear to have been retained in Stratford or its neighborhood. The performances which then took place nearly every year at Coventry attracted hosts of spectators from all parts of the country, while, at occasional intervals, the mystery players of that city made theatrical progresses to various other places. It is not known whether they favored Stratford-on-Avon with a professional visit, but it is not at all improbable that they did, for they must have passed through the town in their way to Bristol, where it is recorded that they gave a performance in the year 1570. Among the mysteries probably recollected by Shakespeare was one in which the King was introduced as Herod of Jewry, in which the children of Bethlehem were barbarously speared, the soldiers disregarding the frantic shrieks of the bereaved mothers. In the collection known as the *Coventry Mysteries,* a soldier appears before Herod with a child on the end of his spear in evidence of the accomplishment of the King's commands, a scene to be remembered, however rude may have been the property which represented the infant; while the extravagance of rage, which formed one of the then main dramatic characteristics of that sovereign, must have made a deep impression on a youthful spectator. The idea of such a history being susceptible of exaggeration into burlesque never entered a spectator's mind in those days, and the impression made upon him was probably increased by the style of Herod's costume.

Besides the allusions made by the great dramatist to

the Herod of the Coventry players, there are indications that other grotesque performers were occasionally in his recollection, those who with blackened faces acted the parts of the Black Souls. There are several references in Shakespeare to condemned souls being of this color, and in one place there is an illusion to them in the language of the mysteries. Falstaff is reported to have said of a flea on Bardolph's red nose that "it was a black soul burning in hell;" and, in the Coventry plays, the Black or Damned Souls appeared with sooty faces and attired in a motley costume of yellow and black. It is certainly just possible that the notions of Herod and the Black Souls may have been derived from other sources, but the more natural probability is that they are absolute recollections of the Coventry plays.

The period of Shakespeare's boyhood was also that of what was practically the last era of the real ancient English mystery. There were, it is true, occasional performances of them up to the reign of James the First, but they became obsolete throughout nearly all the country about the year 1580. Previously to the latter date they had for many generations served as media for religious instruction. In days when education of any kind was a rarity, and spiritual religion an impossibility or at least restricted to very few, appeals to the senses in illustration of theological subjects were wisely encouraged by the Church. The impression made on the rude and uninstructed mind by the representations of incidents in sacred history and religious tradition by living characters, must have been far more profound than any which could have been conveyed by the genius of the sculptor or painter, or by the eloquence of the priest.

Notwithstanding, therefore, the opposition that these performances encountered at the hands of a section of churchmen, who apprehended that the introduction of the comic element would ultimately tend to feelings of irreverence, it is found that, in spite of occasional abuses, they long continued to be one of the most effectual means of disseminating a knowledge of Scriptural history and of inculcating belief in the doctrines of the Church. In the Hundred Mery Talys, a collection which was very popular in England throughout the sixteenth century, there is a story of a village priest in Warwickshire who preached a sermon on the Articles of the Creed, telling the congregation at the end of his discourse,—"these artycles ye be bounde to beleve, for they be trew and of auctoryté; and yf you beleve not me, then for a more suerté and suffycyent auctoryté go your way to Conventré, and there ye shall se them all playd in Corpus Cristi playe." Although this is related as a mere anecdote, it well illustrates the value which was then attached to the teachings of the ancient stage. Even as lately as the middle of the seventeenth century there could have been found in England an example of a person whose knowledge of the Scriptures was limited to his recollections of the performance of a mystery. The Rev. John Shaw, who was the temporary chaplain in a village in Lancashire in 1644, narrates the following curious anecdote respecting one of its inhabitants,—"one day an old man about sixty, sensible enough in other things, and living in the parish of Cartmel, coming to me about some business, I told him that he belonged to my care and charge, and I desired to be informed in his knowledge of religion; —I asked him how many Gods there were; he said, he

knew not;—I, informing him, asked him again how he thought to be saved; he answered he could not tell, yet thought that was a harder question than the other;—I told him that the way to salvation was by Jesus Christ, God-man, who, as He was man, shed His blood for us on the crosse, etc.;—Oh, sir, said he, I think I heard of that man you speak of once in a play at Kendall called *Corpus Christi Play*, where there was a man on a tree and blood ran downe, etc., and after he professed that he could not remember that ever he heard of salvation by Jesus Christ but in that play." It is impossible to say to what extent even the Scriptural allusions in the works of Shakespeare himself may not be attributed to recollections of such performances, for in one instance at least the reference by the great dramatist is to the history as represented in those plays, not to that recorded in the New Testament. The English mysteries, indeed, never lost their position as religious instructors, a fact which, viewed in connection with that of a widely-spread affection for the old religion, appears to account for their long continuance in a practically unaltered state while other forms of the drama were being developed by their side. From the fourteenth century until the termination of Shakespeare's youthful days they remained the simple poetic versions in dialogue of religious incidents of various kinds, enlivened by the occasional admission of humorous scenes. In some few instances the theological narrative was made subservient to the comic action, but as a rule the mysteries were designed to bring before the audience merely the personages and events of religious history. Allegorical characters had been occasionally introduced, and about the middle of the fifteenth

century there appeared a new kind of English dramatic composition apparently borrowed from France, in which the personages were either wholly or almost exclusively of that description. When the chief object of a performance of this nature, like that of the *Cradle of Security* previously described, was to inculcate a moral lesson, it was sometimes called either a Moral or a Moral-play, terms which continued in use till the seventeenth century, and were licentiously applied by some early writers to any dramas which were of an ethical or educational character. Morals were not only performed in Shakespeare's day, but continued to be a then recognized form of dramatic composition. Some of them were nearly as simple and inartificial as the mysteries, but others were not destitute of originality, or even of the delineation of character and manners. There was, however, no consecutive or systematic development of either the mystery into the moral or the moral into the historical and romantic drama, although there are examples in which the specialities of each are curiously intermingled. Each species of the early English drama appears for the most part to have pursued its own separate and independent career.

In April, 1569, the poet's sister, Joan, was born. She was baptized on the fifteenth of that month, and, by a prevalent fashion which has created so much perplexity in discussions on longevities, was named after an elder child of the same parents who was born in 1558 and had died some time previously to the arrival of her younger sister. Joan was then so common a name that it is hazardous to venture on a conjecture respecting the child's sponsor, but she was very likely so called after her ma-

ternal aunt, Mrs. Lambert of Barton-on-the-Heath. John Shakespeare's term of office as High Bailiff expired in the September of the same year, 1569, his successor being one Robert Salisbury, a substantial yeoman then residing in a large house on the eastern side of Church Street.

Although there is no certain information on the subject, it may perhaps be assumed that, at this time, boys usually entered the Free School at the age of seven, according to the custom followed at a later period. If so, the poet commenced his studies there in the spring of the year 1571, and unless its system of instruction differed essentially from that pursued in other establishments of a similar character, his earliest knowledge of Latin was derived from two well-known books of the time, the *Accidence* and the *Sententiæ Pueriles*. From the first of these works the improvised examination of Master Page in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* is so almost verbally remembered, that one might imagine that the William of the scene was a resuscitation of the poet at school. Recollections of the same book are to be traced in other of his plays. The *Sententiæ Pueriles* was, in all probability, the little manual by the aid of which he first learned to construe Latin, for in one place, at least, he all but literally translates a brief passage, and there are in his plays several adaptations of its sentiments. It was then sold for a penny, equivalent to about our present shilling, and contains a large collection of brief sentences collected from a variety of authors, with a distinct selection of moral and religious paragraphs, the latter intended for the use of boys on Saint's Days.

The best authorities unite in telling us that the poet imbibed a certain amount of Latin at school, but that his

acquaintance with that language was, throughout his life, of a very limited character. It is not probable that scholastic learning was ever congenial to his tastes, and it should be recollected that books in most parts of the country were then of very rare occurrence. Lilly's *Grammar* and a few classical works, chained to the desks of the Free School, were probably the only volumes of the kind to be found at Stratford-on-Avon. Exclusive of Bibles, Church Services, Psalters, and education manuals, there were certainly not more than two or three dozen books, if so many, in the whole town. The copy of the black-letter English history, so often depicted as well thumbed by Shakespeare in his father's parlor, never existed out of the imagination. Fortunately for us, the youthful dramatist had, excepting in the school-room, little opportunity of studying any but a grander volume, the infinite book of nature, the pages of which were ready to be unfolded to him in the lane and field, amongst the copses of Snitterfield, by the side of the river or that of his uncle's hedgerows.

Henry Shakespeare, the poet's uncle, resided on a large farm near Snitterfield church. The house has long disappeared, but two of the old enclosures that he rented, Burmans and Red Hill, are still to be observed on the right of the highway to Luscombe, with the ancient boundaries, and under the same names, by which they were distinguished in the days of Shakespeare's early youth. Nearly every one of the boy's connections, as well as his uncle Henry, was a farmer. There was the brother of Agnes Arden, Alexander Webbe of Snitterfield, who died in 1573, appointing "to be my overseers to see this my last will and testament performed, satisfied and ful-

filled, according to my will, John Shackespere of Stretford-upon-Aven, John Hill of Bearley, and for theyre paynes taken I geve them xij.*d.* a pece." Henry Shakespeare was present at the execution of this will, and there is other evidence that the poet's family were on friendly terms with the Hills of Bearley, who were connections by marriage with the Ardens. Then there were the Lamberts of Barton-on-the-Heath, the Stringers of Bearley, the Etkyns of Wilmecote, all of whom were engaged in agricultural business, and Agnes Arden, who was still alive and farming at Wilmecote.

On March 11, 1574, "Richard, sonne to Mr. John Shakspeer," was baptized at Stratford, the Christian name of the infant having probably been adopted in recollection of his grandfather of Snitterfield, who had been removed by the hand of death some years previously. Independently of this new baby, there were now four other children,—Anne, who was in her third, Joan in her fifth, Gilbert in his eighth, and the poet in his tenth year. The father's circumstances were not yet on the wane, so there is every reason for believing that the eldest son, blessed with, as it has been well termed, the precious gift of sisters to a loving boy, returned to a happy fire-side after he had been tormented by the disciplinarian routine that was destined to terminate in the acquisition of "small Latin and less Greek."

The defective classical education of the poet is not, however, to be attributed to the conductors of the local seminary, for enough of Latin was taught to enable the more advanced pupils to display familiar correspondence in that language. It was really owing to his being removed from school long before the usual age, his father

requiring his assistance in one of the branches of the Henley Street business. Rowe's words, published in 1709, are these,—"he had bred him, 'tis true, for some time at a free-school, where 'tis probable he acquir'd that little Latin he was master of; but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forc'd his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language." John Shakespeare's circumstances had begun to decline in the year 1577, and, in all probability, he removed the future dramatist from school when the latter was about thirteen, allowing Gilbert, then between ten and eleven, to continue his studies. The selection of the former for home-work may have partially arisen from his having been the elder and the stronger, but it also exhibits the father's presentiment of those talents for business which distinguished the latter part of his son's career.

The conflict of evidences now becomes so exceedingly perplexing, that it is hardly possible to completely reconcile them. All that can prudently be said is that the inclination of the testimonies leans towards the belief that John Shakespeare, following the ordinary usage of the tradesmen of the locality in binding their children to special occupations, eventually apprenticed his eldest son to a butcher. That appellation was sometimes given to persons who, without keeping meat-shops, killed cattle and pigs for others; and as there is no telling how many adjuncts the worthy glover had to his legitimate business, it is very possible that the lad may have served his articles under his own father. With respect to the unpoetical selection of a trade for the great dramatist, it is of course

necessary for the biographer to draw attention to the fact that he was no ordinary executioner, but, to use the words of Aubrey, "when he killed a calf, he would do it in a high style and make a speech." It may be doubted if even this palliative will suffice to reconcile the employment with our present ideal of the gentle Shakespeare, but he was not one of the few destined, at all events in early life, to be exempt from the laws which so frequently ordain mortals to be the reluctant victims of circumstances.

The tradition reported by the parish clerk in 1693 is the only known evidence of Shakespeare having been an apprentice, but his assertion that the poet commenced his practical life as a butcher is supported by the earlier testimony of Aubrey. If the clerk's story be rejected, we must then rely on the account furnished by Betterton, who informs us, through Rowe, that John Shakespeare "was a considerable dealer in wool," and that the great dramatist, after leaving school, was brought up to follow the same occupation, continuing in the business until his departure from Warwickshire. Whichever version be thought the more probable, the student will do well, before arriving at a decision, to bear in mind that many butchers of those days were partially farmers, and that those of Stratford-on-Avon largely represented the wealth and commercial intelligence of the town. Among the latter was Ralph Cawdrey, who had then twice served the office of High Bailiff, and had been for many years a colleague of the poet's father. Nor were the accessories of the trade viewed in the repulsive light that some of them are at the present time. The refined and lively Rosalind would have been somewhat astonished if she had been

told of the day when her allusion to the washing of a sheep's heart would have been pronounced indecorous and more than unladylike.

Although the information at present accessible does not enable us to determine the exact natures of Shakespeare's occupations from his fourteenth to his eighteenth year, that is to say, from 1577 to 1582, there can be no hesitation in concluding that, during that animated and receptive period of life, he was mercifully released from what, to a spirit like his, must have been the deleterious monotony of a school education. Whether he passed those years as a butcher or a wool-dealer does not greatly matter. In either capacity, or in any other that could then have been found at Stratford, he was unconsciously acquiring a more perfect knowledge of the world and human nature than could have been derived from a study of the classics. During nearly if not all the time to which reference is now being made, he had also the opportunity of witnessing theatrical performances by some of the leading companies of the day. But trouble and sorrow invaded the paternal home. In the autumn of 1578, his father affected the then large mortgage of 40*l.* on the estate of Asbies, and the records of subsequent transactions indicate that he was suffering from pecuniary embarrassments in the two years immediately following. In the midst of these struggles he lost, in 1579, his daughter Anne, who was then in her eighth year. It cannot be doubted that the poet acutely felt the death of his little sister, nor that he followed her to the grave at a funeral which was conducted by the parents with affectionate tributes. In the next year their last child was born. He was christened Edmund on May 3, 1580, no doubt re-

ceiving that name from the husband of his maternal aunt, Mrs. Lambert. It was this gentleman who held the mortgage on Asbies, but on John Shakespeare tendering payment to him in the following autumn, the money was refused until other sums due the same creditor were also repaid. This must have been a great disappointment to the worthy glover, who had only in the previous year disposed of his wife's reversionary interests at Snitterfield for the exact amount that he had borrowed from the Lamberts in 1578, a transfer that he had perhaps arranged with a view to the redemption of the matrimonial estate at Wilmecote. It must be borne in mind that it was at that time the practice in mortgages to name a special day for the repayment of a loan, the security falling into the indefeasible ownership of the mortgagee when the terms of the contract were not rigidly observed. There was not then the general equity of redemption which, at a later period, guarded the legitimate interests of the borrower.

The reversion that was parted with in the year 1579 consisted of a share in a considerable landed estate that had belonged to the poet's maternal grandfather, a share to which John and Mary Shakespeare would have become absolutely entitled upon the death of Agnes Arden, who was described as "aged and impotent" in the July of the following year, 1580, and who died a few months afterwards, her burial at Aston Cantlowe having taken place on December 29. In her will, that of a substantial lady farmer of the period, there is no direct mention of the Shakespeares, but it is not unlikely that one or more of their sons may be included in the bequest,—"to everi on of my god-children xij.*d.* a-peece,"—the absence of the testator's own christian name from their pedigree being

a sufficient evidence that her baptismal responsibilities were not extended to their daughters. Taking merely a life-interest in a portion of the family estates, and Mary having received more than an equitable interest in them, she might naturally have felt herself absolved from bestowing larger gifts upon her Henley Street connections.

It was the usual custom at Stratford-on-Avon for apprentices to be bound either for seven or ten years, so that, if Shakespeare were one of them, it was not likely that he was out of his articles at the time of his marriage, an event that took place in 1582, when he was only in his nineteenth year. At that period, before a license for wedlock could be obtained, it was necessary to lodge at the Consistory Court a bond entered into by two responsible sureties, who by that document certified, under a heavy penalty in case of misrepresentation, that there was no impediment of precontract or consanguinity, the former of course alluding to a precontract of either of the affianced parties with a third person.

The bond given in anticipation of the marriage of William Shakespeare with Anne Hathaway, a proof in itself that there was no clandestine intention in the arrangements, is dated November 28, 1582. Their first child, Susanna, was baptized on Sunday, May 26, 1583. With those numerous moralists who do not consider it necessary for rigid enquiry to precede condemnation, these facts taint the husband with dishonor, although, even according to modern notions, that very marriage may have been induced on his part by a sentiment in itself the very essence of honor. If we assume, however, as we reasonably may, that cohabitation had previously taken place, no question of morals would in those days have arisen, or

could have been entertained. The precontract, which was usually celebrated two or three months before marriage, *was not only legally recognized, but it invalidated a subsequent union of either of the parties with any one else.* There was a statute, indeed, of 32 Henry VIII, 1540, c. 38, s. 2, by which certain marriages were legalized notwithstanding precontracts, but the clause was repealed by the Act of 2 & 3 Edward VI, 1548, c. 23, s. 2, and the whole statute by 1 & 2 Phil. and Mar., 1554, c. 8, s. 19, while the Act of I Elizabeth, 1558, c. 1, s. 11, expressly confirms the revocation made by Edward VI. The ascertained facts respecting Shakespeare's marriage clearly indicate the high probability of there having been a precontract, a ceremony which substantially had the validity of the more formal one, and the improbability of that marriage having been celebrated under mysterious or unusual circumstances. Whether the early alliance was a prudent one in a worldly point of view may admit of doubt, but that the married pair continued on affectionate terms, until they were separated by the poet's death, may be gathered from the early local tradition that his wife "did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him." The legacy to her of the second-best bed is an evidence which does not in any way negative the later testimony.

The poet's two sureties, Fulk Sandells and John Richardson, were inhabitants of the little hamlet of Shottery, and on the only inscribed seal attached to the bond are the initials R. H., while the consent of friends is in that document limited to those of the bride. No conclusion can be safely drawn from the last-named clause, it being one very usual in such instruments, but it may perhaps be inferred from the other circumstances that the marriage

was arranged under the special auspices of the Hathaway family, and that the engagement was not received with favor in Henley Street. The case, however, admits of another explanation. It may be that the nuptials of Shakespeare, like those of so many others of that time, had been privately celebrated some months before under the illegal forms of the Catholic Church, and that the relatives were now anxious for the marriage to be openly acknowledged.

It was extremely common at that time, among the local tradespeople, for the sanction of parents to be given to early marriages in cases where there was no money, and but narrow means of support, on either side. It is not, therefore, likely that the consent of John and Mary Shakespeare to the poet's marriage was withheld on such grounds, nor, with the exception of the indications in the bond, are there other reasons for suspecting that they were averse to the union. But whether they were so or not is a question that does not invalidate the assumption that the lovers followed the all but universal rule of consolidating their engagement by means of a precontract. This ceremony was generally a solemn affair enacted with the immediate concurrence of all the parents, but it was at times informally conducted separately by the betrothing parties, evidence of the fact, communicated by them to independent persons, having been held, at least in Warwickshire, to confer a sufficient legal validity on the transaction. Thus, in 1585, William Holder and Alice Shaw, having privately made a contract, came voluntarily before two witnesses, one of whom was a person named Willis and the other a John Maides of Snitterfield, on purpose to acknowledge that they were irrevocably pledged to wedlock. The lady evidently considered herself already as

good as married, saying to Holder,—"I do confesse that I am your wief and have forsaken all my frendes for your sake, and I hope you will use me well;" and thereupon she "gave him her hand." Then, as Maides observes, "the said Holder, *mutatis mutandis*, used the like words unto her in effect, and toke her by the hand, and kissed together in the presence of this deponent and the said Willis." These proceedings are afterwards referred to in the same depositions as constituting a definite "contract of marriage." On another occasion, in 1588, there was a precontract meeting at Alcester, the young lady arriving there unaccompanied by any of her friends. When requested to explain the reason of this omission, "she answered that her leasure wold not lett her and that she thought she cold not obtaine her mother's goodwill, but, quoth she, nevertheless I am the same woman that I was before." The future bridegroom was perfectly satisfied with this assurance, merely asking her "whether she was content to betake herself unto him, and she answered, offring her hand, which he also tooke upon thoffer that she was content by her trothe, and thereto, said she, I geve thee my faith, and before these witnesses, that I am thy wief; and then he likewise answered in theis wordes, vidz., and I geve thee my faith and troth, and become thy husband." These instances, to which several others could be added, prove decisively that Shakespeare could have entered, under any circumstances whatever, into a precontract with Anne Hathaway. It may be worth adding that espousals of this kind were, in the Midland counties, almost invariably terminated by the lady's acceptance of a bent sixpence. One lover, who was betrothed in the same year in which Shakespeare was engaged to Anne Hath-

away, gave also a pair of gloves, two oranges, two handkerchiefs and a girdle of broad red silk. A present of gloves on such an occasion was, indeed, nearly as universal as that of a sixpence.

It can never be right for a biographer, when he is unsupported by the least particle of evidence, to assume that the subject of his memoir departed unnecessarily from the ordinary usages of life and society. In Shakespeare's matrimonial case, those who imagine that there was no precontract have to make another extravagant admission. They must ask us also to believe that the lady of his choice was as disreputable as the flax-wench, and gratuitously united with the poet in a moral wrong that could have been converted, by the smallest expenditure of trouble, into a moral right. The whole theory is absolutely incredible. We may then feel certain that, in the summer of the year 1582, William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway were betrothed either formally or informally, but, at all events, under conditions that could, if necessary, have been legally ratified.

There are reasons for believing that later in the century cohabitation between the precontract and the marriage began to be generally regarded with much disfavor, but the only means of arriving at an equitable judgment upon the merits of the present case lay in a determination to investigate it strictly in its relation with practices the legitimacy of which was acknowledged in Warwickshire in the days of the poet's youth. If the antecedents of Shakespeare's union with Miss Hathaway were regarded with equanimity by their own neighbors, relatives, and friends, upon what grounds can a modern critic fairly impugn the propriety of their conduct? And that they

were so regarded is all but indisputable. Assuming, as we have a right to assume, that the poet's mother must have been a woman of sensitive purity, was she now entertaining the remotest apprehension that her son's honor was imperiled? Assuredly not, for she had passed her youth amid a society who believed that a precontract had all the validity of a marriage, the former being really considered a more significant and important ceremony than the other. When her own father, Robert Arden, settled part of an estate upon his daughter Agnes, on July 17, 1550, he introduces her as *nunc uxor Thome Stringer, ac nuper uxor Johannis Hewyns,* and yet the marriage was not solemnized until three months afterwards. "1550, 15 October, was maryed Thomas Stringer unto Agnes Hwens, wyddow," (Bearley register). Let us hope that, after the production of this decisive testimony, nothing more will be heard of the insinuations that have hitherto thrown an unpleasant shadow over one of the most interesting periods of our author's career.

The marriage, in accordance with the general practice, no doubt took place within two or three days after the execution of the bond on November 28, 1582, the "once asking of the bans" being included in the ceremonial service. The name of the parish in which the nuptials were celebrated has not been ascertained, but it must have been one of those places in the diocese of Worcester the early registers of which have been lost.

Early marriages are not, however, at least with men, invariably preceded by a dispersion of the wild oats; and it appears that Shakespeare had neglected to complete that usually desirable operation, but now a fortunate omission that necessitated his removal to the only locality in

which it was probable that his dramatic genius could have arrived at complete maturity. Three or four years after his union with Anne Hathaway, he had, observes Rowe, "by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and, among them, some, that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, near Stratford;—for this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely, and, in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him; and though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London." If we accept this narrative, which is the most reliable account of the incident that has been preserved, the date of the poet's departure from his native town may be reasonably assigned to the year 1585. He certainly could not have left the neighborhood before the summer of 1584, the baptisms of his youngest children, the twin Hamnet and Judith, having been registered at Stratford-on-Avon on February 2 in the following year; neither could his retreat have been enforced during his oppressor's attendance at the Parliament which sat from November 23,1584, to March 29, 1585. It is worthy of remark that Sir Thomas had the charge, early in the last-named month, of a bill "for the preservation of grain and game," so it is clear that the knight of Charlecote was a zealous game-preserver, even if the introduction of the proposed measure were not the

result of the depredations committed by the poet and his companions.

Another version of the narrative has been recorded by Archdeacon Davies, who was the vicar of Sapperton, a village in the neighboring county of Gloucester, and who died there in the year 1708. According to this authority the future great dramatist was "much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Thomas Lucy, who had him oft whipped and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native county to his great advancement; but his revenge was so great that he is his Justice Clodpate, and calls him a great man, and that in allusion to his name bore three louses rampant for his arms." It is evident, therefore, from the independent testimonies of Rowe and Davies, that the deer-stealing history was accepted in the poet's native town and in the neighborhood during the latter part of the seventeenth century. That it has a solid basis of fact cannot admit of a reasonable doubt. It was current at a period in the history of Shakespearean appreciation before tales of the kind became liable to intentional falsification, and the impressive story of the penniless fugitive, who afterwards became a leading inhabitant of Stratford and the owner of New Place, was one likely to be handed down with passable fidelity to the grandchildren of his contemporaries. It is, moreover, one which exactly harmonizes with circumstances that materially add to its probability,—with the satirical allusions to the Lucys in their immediate relation to a poaching adventure, and with the certainty that there must have been some very grave reason to induce him to leave his wife and children to seek

his unaided fortunes in a distant part of the country, rendering himself at the same time liable to imprisonment (5 Eliz. c. 4. s. 47) for violating the conditions of his apprenticeship. If there had been no such grave reason, how should there have been the provincial belief in 1693 that he had ran "from his master to London, and there received into the play-house as a servitor?" What but a strong and compulsory motive could have driven him so far away from a locality to which, as we gather from subsequent events, he was sensitively attached? The only theory, indeed, that would sanction the unconditional rejection of the traditions is that which assumes that they were designed in explanation of the allusions in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, but surely, if that had been the case, there would have been a more explicit reference to the accusations of Master Shallow, charges that are in the aggregate of a more formidable description than those which have been transmitted by hearsay. "You have hurt my keeper, kill'd my dogs, stol'n my deer" (ed. 1602). "You have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge" (ed. 1623). It is also exceedingly improbable that there should have been any one at Stratford-on-Avon at the time of Betterton's visit who would have cared to elucidate the justice's implications, and it would appear, from the incorrect quotations which are given by Davies, that even the archdeacon was somewhat better acquainted with the history of Sir Thomas Lucy than he was with the comedy.

Neither the best citizens nor the most amiable men are always those whose cautious and dispassionate temperaments have enabled them to pass through the heats of youth without getting into scrapes. Those only, indeed,

who consider it their duty to invest the greatest of dramatists with the honors of canonization will be distressed to hear that the poet, in the years of his apprenticeship to a cheerless business, got into trouble by netting rabbits and occasionally joining in the class of adventures that were then known under the title of "unlawful huntings." The general tradition among the rustics of the neighborhood was, and perhaps still is, that he was wild in his younger days, an impression delivered, as I have heard it in years gone by, in no tone or spirit of detraction; and he was wild in the least reprehensible of all irregular directions, not in the slums of Warwick, nor with roisterers in the taverns of Stratford, but in sports of the wood and the field that may have been illegally pursued, but were nevertheless regarded by the multitude as indications of manly spirit and gallantry. Sir Philip Sydney's *May-Lady* terms deer-stealing a "prettie service," and this was the light in which it was usually viewed so long as the keepers were outwitted. These were days when youthful raids for fruit or animals were not only excusable in the eyes of society, but apt to be considered desirable features of education, and we accordingly find a writer of the next century, Francis Osborn, born about the year 1589, bitterly lamenting that, owing to the mild character of his home-training, he had lost the advantages which others had derived from a participation in such-like kind of exploits; for, to quote his own words, "not undergoing the same discipline, I must needs come short of their experience that are bred up in free-schools, who, by plotting to rob an orchard, &c., run through all the subtleties required in taking of a town; being made by use familiar to secrecy and compliance with opportunity, qualities never

after to be attained at cheaper rates than the hazard of all; whereas these see the danger of trusting others and the rocks they fall upon by a too obstinate adhering to their own imprudent resolutions, and all this under no higher penalty than a whipping." Then there was the curious fact that the students of Oxford, the center of the kingdom's learning and intelligence, had been for many generations the most notorious poachers in all England. An Act of the fifteenth century, under which disorderly hunters were to be banished from the university, does not appear to have been very effective, for their serious depredations in the reign of Henry VIII, positively led, as recorded by Leland, to the disparking of Radley, near Abingdon, a park that was about four miles distant from the scholastic city. The same lawless spirit prevailed among the younger collegians for many years. Dr. Forman relates how two students in 1573,—one of them John Thornborough, then aged twenty-one, afterwards Dean of York and Bishop of Worcester,—"never studied nor gave themselves to their books, but to go to schools of defence, to the dancing-schools, *to steal deer and conies*, and to hunt the hare, and to wooing of wenches." This was pretty well, and yet we are told, on the excellent authority of Anthony Wood, that Thornborough "was a person well-furnish'd with learning, wisdom, courage, and other as well episcopal as temporal accomplishments beseeming a gentleman, a dean, and a bishop"; so it is clear that his attachment to the recreation of game-stealing at Shakespeare's poaching-age was not in any way detrimental to his subsequent reputation. He would, indeed, have suffered far more in the estimation of his contemporaries if he had been the Oxford freshman who, as recorded in the old jest-books, joining his fellow-

students in one of their favorite clandestine expeditions upon the understanding that he was to maintain a rigid silence, vexatiously frightened away a choice herd of rabbits by exclaiming, "*Ecce cuniculi multi*"; thus excusing himself when reproved for his folly,—who in the world, said he, would have thought that conies could have understood Latin?

But although it will be gathered from these evidences that amateur poaching was not always visited in those days with a distinct loss of character, it must not be inferred that its votaries, when detected, did not sometimes get into trouble and a certain amount of attendant disgrace. Much would depend upon the extent and nature of the depredations, and no little of course on the special tastes and pursuits of the owners. The landed gentry had suffered so much inconvenience from the practice that many of them had long been anxious for the establishment of stricter game-laws. Strenuous efforts had been made to render even rabbit-taking a felony, and it is not probable that Sir Thomas Lucy, an enthusiastic sportsman and an advocate for game-preservation, could have regarded the doings of Shakespeare and his companions with equanimity. It was natural that he should do his best to protect his covers from spoliation, and it is easy to believe that there may have been a display of arbitrary and undue severity in the process. There could have been no one among the poachers who would have been likely to have offered a successful resistance, or who would have dared to have appealed to a superior court in respect to a matter in which all of them were incipiently in the wrong; and it must be borne in mind that the future poet was then no more either to Sir Thomas or to the world than Peter

Turf or Henry Pimpernell. They might have been indicted under an Act of the thirteenth of Richard II, c. 13, which provided that "no manner of layman which hath not lands or tenements to the value of forty shillings by year shall have or keep any greyhound, hound, nor other dog to hunt; nor shall they use ferrets, hays, nets, hare-pipes, nor cords nor other engines for to take or destroy deer, hares, nor conies, nor other gentlemen's game, upon pain of one year's imprisonment;" but the county records of the time not being extant, it is now impossible to ascertain the course of any proceedings that may have been taken in the matter. And even if the Session Rolls had been preserved, it is not likely that all the particulars of the case would have been revealed, for in all probability Sir Thomas Lucy frequently took it upon himself to exercise a summary jurisdiction in regard to minor offenses. Such a method of settlement may have been on occasion convenient to both parties if, for example, he had sent delinquents to jail on his own responsibility for two or three months when a legal conviction would have secured their imprisonment for twelve. It must be remembered that the rural magistrates of those days assumed very large discretionary powers, their "luxuriant authority," as it was termed by an Elizabethan legislator, having been a frequent subject of complaint. That the magistrates in the vicinity of Stratford-on-Avon were accustomed to exercise a despotic sway over the poorer inhabitants may be gathered from the fact that at a somewhat later period William Combe, the squire of Welcombe, sent a person of the name of Hiccox to Warwick jail, and refused bail, merely because he "did not behave himself with such respect in his presence it seemeth he looked for." What would he not have done

if he had first caught his disrespectful visitor marching off with his rabbits and deer, and then, with unprecedented temerity, electrifying the neighborhood by the circulation of a poetical lampoon reflecting upon the intelligence and judgment of His Worship? Now Shakespeare, in his poaching days, the penniless son of an impecunious father, and without friends of appreciable influence, would assuredly have fared no better on such occasions than poor Hiccox, unless he had been, as he obviously was not, high in the favor of Davy, the servingman; and the most rational mode of accounting for and excusing his long-sustained resentment is to recognize a substantial groundwork of facts in the early traditions. They are in unison with possibilities that furnish an intelligible explanation of the known circumstances, and all becomes clear if it be assumed that a persistive, harsh, and injudicial treatment elicited the obnoxious ballad. Its author could have been severely punished under the common law for its exhibition, and there can be little doubt that it was a contemplated movement in reference to the libel, in addition, perhaps, to some other indictment, that occasioned his flight to the metropolis.

The Sir Thomas Lucy who received the honor of knighthood in 1565, and had thus accidentally diverted the course of what might otherwise have been an unnoted life, was the head of one of the most opulent and influential families in the county of Warwick. Owning estates in various parts of the country, including, within a few miles of Stratford-on-Avon, the manors of Sherbourn, Hampton Lucy and Charlecote, they had been settled at the last-named demain for many generations. Sir Thomas was born in 1532, and was therefore about fifty-three years

of age at the time of the poet's sprightly adventures. He married in early life Joyce Acton, a rich heiress, through whom he became possessed of Sutton Park, near Tenbury, then and for long afterwards one of the most important deer-enclosures in Worcestershire, where he was high sheriff in 1586. He was elected to the Parliaments of 1571 and 1584, but his absenteeisms from Warwickshire were exceptional, and there he held a social position little inferior to that of the higher nobility. His only son was knighted in 1593, and thus it curiously happened that, from that year until his death in 1600, there were two Sir Thomas Lucys of Charlecote, the one known as the younger and the other as the elder. The ancestral manor house, which the latter rebuilt in the first of Elizabeth, 1558 and 1559, was arranged, out of compliment to that sovereign, in the form of the capital letter E, and it remains to this day the "goodly dwelling and a rich," a visible monument of his wealth and residential dignity. It is situated on the eastern bank of the Avon, upon ground of a slightly undulating character, about four miles from Stratford through the bye-paths that the trespassers would most likely have followed. Although the whole edifice has been seriously modernized, the back especially having been nearly transformed, the front-exterior still retains the general characteristics of the original structure; but by far the most genuine and interesting object is the ancient gate-house, which stands in advance at a little distance from the mansion, and which, with its turrets and elegant oriel window, is essentially in the state in which it would have been recognized by the now celebrated poachers of 1585.

At the period of Shakespeare's arrival in London, any reputable kind of employment was obtained with consider-

able difficulty. There is an evidence of this in the history of the early life of John Sadler, a native of Stratford-on-Avon and one of the poet's contemporaries, who tried his fortunes in the metropolis under similar though less discouraging circumstances. This youth, upon quitting Stratford, "join'd himself to the carrier, and came to London, where he had never been before, and sold his horse in Smithfield; and, having no acquaintance in London to recommend him or assist him, he went from street to street, and house to house, asking if they wanted an apprentice, and though he met with many discouraging scorns and a thousand denials, he went on till he light on Mr. Brokesbank, a grocer in Bucklersbury, who, though he long denied him for want of sureties for his fidelity, and because the money he had (but ten pounds) was so disproportionate to what he used to receive with apprentices, yet, upon his discreet account he gave of himself and the motives which put him upon that course, and promise to compensate with diligent and faithfull service whatever else was short of his expectation, he ventured to receive him upon trial, in which he so well approved himself that he accepted him into his service, to which he bound him for eight years." It is to be gathered, from the account given by Rowe, that Shakespeare, a fugitive, leaving his native town unexpectedly, must have reached London more unfavorably circumstanced than Sadler, although the latter experienced so much trouble in finding occupation. At all events, there would have been greater difficulty in the poet's case in accounting satisfactorily to employers for his sudden departure from home. That he was also nearly, if not quite, moneyless, is to be inferred from tradition, the latter supported by the ascertained

fact of the adverse circumstances of his father at the time rendering it impossible for him to have received effectual assistance from his parents; nor is there reason for believing that he was likely to have obtained substantial aid from the relatives of his wife. Johnson no doubt accurately reported the tradition of his day, when, in 1765, he stated that Shakespeare "came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments." To the same effect is the earlier testimony given by the author of *Ratseis Ghost*, 1605, where the strolling player, in a passage reasonably believed to refer to the great dramatist, observes in reference to actors, "I have heard, indeede, of some that have gone to London *very meanly* and have come in time to be exceedingly wealthy." The author of the last-named tract was evidently well acquainted with the theatrical gossip of his day, so that his nearly contemporary evidence on the subject may be fairly accepted as a truthful record of the current belief.

It has been repeatedly observed that the visits of theatrical companies to the poet's native town suffice to explain the history of his connection with the stage, but it is difficult to understand how this could have been the case. There is no good evidence that a single one of the actors belonged to his neighborhood, and even if he had casually made the acquaintance of some of the itinerants, it is extremely unlikely that any extent of such intimacy would have secured the admission of an inexperienced person into their ranks. The histrionic art is not learned in a day, and it was altogether unusual with the sharers to receive into the company men who had not had the advantage of a very early training in the profession. It might, therefore, have been reasonably inferred, even in the ab-

sence of tradition, that at this time Shakespeare could only have obtained employment at the theater in a very subordinate capacity, nor can it be safely assumed that there would have been an opening for him of any kind. The quotations above given seem to indicate that his earlier occupation was something of a still lower character. A traditional anecdote was current about the middle of the last century, according to which it would appear that the great dramatist, if connected in any sort of manner with the theater immediately upon his arrival in London, could only have been engaged in a servile capacity, and that there was, in the career of the great poet, an interval which some may consider one of degradation, to be regarded with either incredulity or sorrow. Others may, with more discernment and without reluctance, receive the story as a testimony to his practical wisdom in accepting any kind of honest occupation in preference to starvation or mendicancy, and cheerfully making the best of the circumstances by which he was surrounded. The tale is related by several writers, but perhaps the best version is the one recorded by Dr. Johnson, in 1765, in the following terms,—"in the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion;—many came on horseback to the play, and when Shakespeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those that had no servants that they might be ready again after the performance;—in this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for Will

Shakespeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will Shakespeare could be had;—this was the first dawn of better fortune;—Shakespeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will Shakespeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, 'I am Shakespeare's boy, sir;'—in time Shakespeare found higher employment, but as long as the practice of riding to the play-house continued the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of Shakespeare's Boys." Dr. Johnson received this anecdote from Pope, to whom it had been communicated by Rowe; and it appears to have reached the last-named writer through Betterton and Davenant.

It has been and is the fashion with most biographers to discredit the horse tradition entirely, but that it was originally related by Sir William Davenant, and belongs in some form to the earlier half of the seventeenth century, cannot reasonably be doubted. The circumstance of the anecdote being founded upon the practice of gentlemen riding to the theaters, a custom obsolete after the Restoration, is sufficient to establish the antiquity of the story. In a little volume of epigrams by Sir John Davis, printed at Middleborough in or about the year 1599, a man of inferior position is ridiculed for being constantly on horseback, imitating in that respect persons of higher rank, riding even "*into the fieldes playes to behold.*" Most of these horsemen were probably accustomed to a somewhat lavish expenditure, and it may very well be assumed that Shakespeare not unfrequently received more than the ordinary fee of a tester for his services. There is, at all events, no valid reason for enrolling the tradition

among the absolute fictions that have been circulated respecting the poet. Several writers have taken that course mainly on the ground that, although it was known to Rowe, he does not allude to it in his *Life of Shakespeare*, 1709; but there is no improbability in the supposition that the story was not related to him until after the publication of that work, the second edition of which in 1714 is a mere reprint of the first. Other reasons for the omission may be suggested, but even if it be conceded that the anecdote was rejected as suspicious and improbable, that circumstance alone cannot be decisive against the opinion that there may be glimmerings of truth in it. This is, indeed, all that is contended for. Few would be disposed to accept the story literally as related by Johnson, but when it is considered that the tradition must be a very early one, that its genealogy is respectable, and that it harmonizes with the general old belief of the great poet having, when first in London, subsisted by "very mean employments," little doubt can fairly be entertained that it has at least in some way or other a foundation in real occurrences. It should also be remembered that horse-stealing was one of the very commonest offenses of the period, and one which was probably stimulated by the facility with which delinquents of that class obtained pardons. The safe custody of a horse was a matter of serious import, and a person who had satisfactorily fulfilled such a trust would not be lightly estimated.

It is important to observe that all the early traditions, to which any value can be attached, concur in the belief that Shakespeare did not leave his native town with histrionic intention. Even in the absence of those evidences, although it might not necessarily, still it might, and most

likely would, be a fallacy to assume that his dramatic tastes impelled him to undertake an arduous and premeditated journey to encounter the risk of an engagement at a metropolitan theater, however powerfully they may have influenced his choice of a profession after he had once arrived in London. For, residing throughout his youth in what may fairly be considered a theatrical neighborhood, with continual facilities for the cultivation of those tastes, if he had yielded in his boyish days to an impulsive fascination for the stage, it is most likely that he would in some way have joined the profession while its doors were readily accessible through one of the numerous itinerant companies, and before, not after, such inclinations must have been in some measure restrained by the local domestic ties that resulted from his marriage. If he had quitted Stratford-on-Avon in his early youth, there would be no difficulty in understanding that he became one of the elder player's boys or apprentices, but it is extremely unlikely that, at the age of twenty-one, he would have voluntarily left a wife and three children in Warwickshire for the sake of obtaining a miserable position on the London boards.

It is not, therefore, requisite to assume that Shakespeare rushed in the first instance to the theater or its neighborhood in search of employment, and a plausible explanation can be given of the circumstances which led him to the occupation mentioned in the Davenant anecdote. It appears that James Burbage, the owner of the theater, rented premises close by Smithfield in which he "usually kept horses at liverye for sundry persons"; his assistant, or rather manager, of the stable being "a northerne man usually called by the name of Robyn," possibly the same indi-

vidual whose life was afterwards sacrificed by the unfortunate rise in the price of oats. If the course adopted by Sadler on his arrival in London was, as is most likely, the one also taken by the poet, the latter would at once have proceeded to Smithfield to obtain the best price for the horse which carried him to the metropolis, the further retention of the animal being no doubt beyond his means. He might readily upon this occasion have become acquainted with James Burbage at a time when he was desirous of obtaining any kind of situation that presented itself, the tradition leading to the inference that he was engaged by the latter to act in some equestrian capacity. If so, one of his duties would have been the care, during the performances, of the horses of those of Burbage's Smithfield customers who visited the theater. This enterprising manager was also the landlord of a tavern in Shoreditch, where it is possible that his own horses may have been kept. He must, at all events, have been just the kind of person to be ready to take an active and intelligent rustic into his service, without being too inquisitive respecting the history of the young man's antecedents.

The transition from the stable and the fields to the interior of the theater may not have been long deferred, but all the evidences unite in affirming that Shakespeare entered the latter in a very humble capacity. The best authority on this point is one William Castle, who was the parish-clerk of Stratford-on-Avon during nearly all the latter part of the seventeenth century, and used to tell visitors that the poet "was received into the playhouse as a serviture," in other words, an attendant on the performers. A later account is somewhat more explicit. We are informed by Malone, writing in 1780, that there was "a stage

tradition that his first office in the theater was that of prompter's attendant, whose employment it is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage"; nor can the future eminence of Shakespeare be considered to be opposed to the reception of the tradition. "I have known men within my remembrance," observes Downes, in 1710, "arrive to the highest dignities of the theater, who made their entrance in the quality of mutes, joint-stools, flower-pots, and tapestry hangings." The office of prompter's attendant was at least as respectable as any of the occupations which are here enumerated.

No one has recorded the name of the first theater with which Shakespeare was connected, but if, as is almost certain, he came to London in or soon after the year 1585, there were at the time of his arrival only two in the metropolis, both of them on the north of the Thames. The earliest legitimate theater on the south was the Rose, the erection of which was contemplated in the year 1587, but it would seem from Henslowe's *Diary* that the building was not opened till early in 1592. The circus at Paris Garden, though perhaps occasionally used for dramatic performances, was not a regular theater. Admitting, however, the possibility that companies of players could have hired the latter establishment, there is good reason for concluding that Southwark was not the locality alluded to in the Davenant tradition. The usual mode of transit, for those Londoners who desired to attend theatrical performances in Southwark, was certainly by water. The boatmen of the Thames were perpetually asserting at a somewhat later period that their living depended on the continuance of the Southwark, and the suppression of the

London, theaters. Some few of the courtly members of the audience, perhaps for the mere sake of appearances, might occasionally have arrived at their destination on horseback, having taken what would be to most of them the circuitous route over London Bridge; but the large majority would select the more convenient passage by boat. The Southwark audiences mainly consisted of Londoners, for in the then sparsely inhabited condition of Kent and Surrey very few could have arrived from those counties. The number of riders to the Bankside theaters must, therefore, always have been very limited, too much so for the remunerative employment of horse-holders, whose services would be required merely in regard to the still fewer persons who were unattended by their lackeys. The only theaters upon the other side of the Thames, when the poet arrived in London, were the Theater and the Curtain, for, notwithstanding some apparent testimonies to the contrary, the Blackfriars Theater, as will be afterwards seen, was not then in existence. It was to the Theater or to the Curtain that the satirist alluded when he speaks of the fashionable youth riding "into the fieldes playes to behold." Both these theaters were situated in the parish of Shoreditch, in the fields of the Liberty of Halliwell, in which locality, if the Davenant tradition is in the slightest degree to be trusted, Shakespeare must have commenced his metropolitan life. This new career, however, was initiated not absolutely in London, but in a thinly populated outskirt about half a mile from the city walls, a locality possessing outwardly the appearance of a country village, but inwardly sustaining much of the bustle and all the vices of the town. These latter inconveniences could easily be avoided, for there were in the neighboring meadows ample

opportunities for quiet meditation or scientific enquiry. Here it was that Gerard, the celebrated botanist, stumbled a few years afterwards upon a new kind of crow-foot which he describes as being similar to the ordinary plant, "saving that his leaves are fatter, thicker, and greener, and his small twiggie stalkes stand upright, otherwise it is like; of which kinde it chanced that, walking in the fielde next unto the Theater by London, in company of a worshipfull marchant named master Nicholas Lete, I founde one of this kinde there with double flowers, which before that time I had not seene,"(The Herball, 1597, p. 804). Thus Shakespeare's observation of the wild flowers was not necessarily limited, as has been supposed, to his provincial experiences, two of the principal theaters with which he was connected having been situated in a rural suburb, and green fields being throughout his life within an easy walk from any part of London.

Nothing has been discovered respecting the history of Shakespeare's early theatrical life, but there is an interesting evidence that no estrangement between his parents and himself had followed the circumstances that led him to the metropolis, a fact which is established by his concurrence with them in an endeavor that they were making in 1587 to obtain favorable terms for a proposed relinquishment of Asbies. Nine years previously they had borrowed the sum of £40, on the security of that estate, from their connection, Edmund Lambert of Barton-on-the-Heath. The loan remaining unpaid, and the mortgagee dying in April, 1587, his son and heir, John, threatened shortly after that event with the institution of a law-suit for the recovery of the property, was naturally desirous of having the matter settled, and it was arranged in the fol-

lowing September that Lambert should, on canceling the mortgage and paying also the sum of £20, receive from the Shakespeares an absolute title to the estate, or, to speak more accurately, the best title which it was in their power to grant. Having obtained the assent of William, who was his mother's heir-apparent, they were enabled to offer all but a perfect security; but it appears, from the records of a subsequent litigation, that the intended compromise was abandoned.

It clearly appears, from the account given by Rowe, that Shakespeare returned to his native town after the dangers from the Lucy prosecution had subsided. The same writer informs us that the visit occurred subsequently to his junction with one of the theatrical companies. The exact dates of these events are unknown, but it is not likely that he would have ventured into Sir Thomas's neighborhood for a considerable time after his escapade. Country justices wielded in those days tremendous power in adjudication on minor offenses. There were no newspapers to carry the intelligence of provincial tyranny to the ears of a sensitive public opinion, and there is no doubt that a youth in Shakespeare's position, who had dared to lampoon the most influential magistrate of the locality, would have been for some time in a critical position. However greatly he may have desired to rejoin his family, it is, therefore, not probable that the poet would be found again at Stratford-on-Avon before the year 1587, and then we have, in the Lambert episode, a substantial reason for believing that he had at that time a conference with his parents on the subject of the Asbies mortgage. The sum of £20, equivalent to at least £240 now-a-days, to be paid in cash by Lambert, would have

been an element of serious importance to them all in their then financial circumstances. It must have been a subject for anxious deliberation, one that could hardly have been arranged without a personal interview, and, in the presence of Rowe's testimony, it may fairly be assumed that the meeting took place at Stratford, not in London.

In the same year, 1587, an unusual number of companies of actors visited Stratford-on-Avon, including the Queen's Players and those of Lords Essex, Leicester, and Stafford. This circumstance has given rise to a variety of speculations respecting the company to which the poet may then have belonged; but the fact is that we are destitute of any information, and have no relative means of forming an opinion on the subject. Even if it be conceded that Burbage's theater was the first with which Shakespeare was connected, no progress is made in the enquiry. That personage, who had retired from the stage, was in the habit of letting the building to any public entertainers who would remunerate him either in cash or by a share of profits. There was no establishment at that time devoted for a long continuous period to the use of a single company.

It is, however, all but certain that the favorite theory of Shakespeare having been one of the Queen's servants at this period is incorrect, for his name is not found in the official list belonging to the following year; so that, if he was connected in any way with them, he could at the latter date have been merely one of the underlings who were not in a position of sufficient importance to be included in the register. With the single exception of the absence of his name from that list, no evidence whatever has been discovered to warrant a conjecture on the subject. But although there is no reason for believing that

he was ever one of the royal actors, we may be sure that he must have witnessed, either at Stratford or London, some of the inimitable performances of the company's star, the celebrated Richard Tarlton. This individual, the "pleasant Willy" of Spenser, who died in September, 1588, was the most popular comedian of the day, one of those instinctive humorists who have merely to show their faces to be greeted with roars of merriment. It may have been, when the part of Derick, the clown, was in his hands, that Shakespeare became acquainted with the *Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, a lively play, some of the incidents of which he unquestionably recollected when composing his histories of that sovereign and his predecessor. There was another drama that was played in London about the same time, one in which Tarlton's personation of a dissolute youth was singularly popular and long remembered. In this latter was a death-bed scene, a notice of which may be worth giving as an example of the dramatic incidents that were relished in the poet's early days;—A wealthy father, in the last extremity of illness, communicates his testamentary intentions to his three sons. His landed estates are alloted to the eldest, who, overcome with emotion, expresses a fervent wish that the invalid may yet survive to enjoy them himself. To the next, who is a scholar, are left a handsome annuity and a very large sum of money for the purchase of books. Affected equally with his brother, he declares that he has no wish for such gifts, and only hopes that the testator may live to enjoy them himself. The third son, represented by Tarlton, was now summoned to the bed-side, and a grotesque figure he must have appeared in a costume which is described by an eye-witness as including a torn and dirty shirt, a one-

sleeved coat, stockings out at heels, and a head-dress of feathers and straw. "As for you, sirrah," quoths the indignant parent, "you know how often I have fetched you out of Newgate and Bridewell;—you have been an ungracious villain;—I have nothing to bequeath to you but the gallows and a rope." Following the example of the others, Tarlton bursts into a flood of tears, and then, falling on his knees, sobbingly exclaims,—"O, father, I do not desire them;—I trust to Heaven you shall live to enjoy them yourself."

It may be gathered, from the poet's subsequent history, that his return to Stratford-on-Avon was merely of a temporary character. The actors of those days were, as a rule, individual wanderers, spending a large portion of their time at a distance from their families; and there is every reason for believing that this was the case with Shakespeare from the period of his arrival in London until nearly the end of his life. All the old theatrical companies were more or less of an itinerant character, and it is all but impossible that he should not have already commenced his provincial tours. But what were their directions, or who were his associates, have not been discovered. There is not, indeed, a single particle of evidence respecting his career during the next five years, that is to say, from the time of the Lambert negotiation, in 1587, until he is discovered as a rising actor and dramatist in 1592.

This interval must have been the chief period of Shakespeare's literary education. Removed prematurely from school; residing with illiterate relatives in a bookless neighborhood; thrown into the midst of occupations adverse to scholastic progress—it is difficult to believe that, when he

first left Stratford, he was not all but destitute of polished accomplishments. He could not, at all events, under the circumstances in which he had then so long been placed, have had the opportunity of acquiring a refined style of composition. After he had once, however, gained a footing in London, he would have been placed under different conditions. Books of many kinds would have been accessible to him, and he would have been almost daily within hearing of the best dramatic poetry of the age. There would also no doubt have been occasional facilities for picking up a little smattering of the continental languages, and it is almost beyond a doubt that he added somewhat to his classical knowledge during his residence in the metropolis. It is, for instance, hardly possible that the *Amores* of Ovid, whence he derived his earliest motto, could have been one of his school-books.

Although Shakespeare had exhibited a taste for poetic composition before his first departure from Stratford-on-Avon, all traditions agree in the statement that he was a recognized actor before he joined the ranks of the dramatists. This latter event appears to have occurred on March 3, 1592, when a new drama, entitled *Henry*, or *Harry, the Sixth*, was brought out by Lord Strange's Servants, then acting either at Newington or Southwark under an arrangement with Henslowe, a wealthy stage manager, to whom no doubt the author had sold the play. In this year, as we learn on unquestionable authority, Shakespeare was first rising into prominent notice, so that the history then produced, now known as the *First Part of Henry the Sixth*, was, in all probability, his earliest complete dramatic work. Its extraordinary success must have secured for the author a substantial position in the theatrical world

of the day. The play had, for those times, an unusually long run, so that Nash, writing in or before the following month of July, states that the performances of it had, in that short interval, been witnessed by "ten thousand spectators at least," and, although this estimate may be overstrained, there can be no hesitation in receiving it as a valid testimony to the singular popularity of the new drama. The *Second Part of Henry the Sixth* must have appeared soon afterward, but no record of its production on the stage has been preserved. The former drama was published for the first time in the collective edition of 1623. A garbled and spurious version of the second play, the unskillful work of some one who had not access to a perfect copy of the original, appeared in the year 1594 under the title of the *First Part of the Contention betwixt the Houses of York and Lancaster.* It was published by Millington, the same bookseller who afterwards issued the surreptitious edition of *Henry the Fifth.*

Robert Greene, a popular writer and dramatist, who had commenced his literary career nine years previously, died on September 3, 1592. In a work entitled the *Groatsworth of Wit*, written shortly before his death, he had travestied, in an interesting sarcastic episode respecting some of his contemporaries, a line from one of Shakespeare's then recent compositions,—*O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!* This line is of extreme interest as including the earliest record of words composed by the great dramatist. It forms part of a vigorous speech which is as Shakespearean in its natural characterial fidelity, as it is Marlowean in its diction. That speech of the unfortunate Duke of York's is one of the most striking in the play, and the above line was probably selected for quo-

tation by Greene on account of its popularity through effective delivery. The quotation shows that the *Third Part of Henry the Sixth* was written previously to September, 1592, and hence it may be concluded that all Shakespeare's plays on the subject of that reign, although perhaps subsequently revised in a few places by the author, were originally produced in that year. A surreptitious and tinkered version of the third part, made up by an inferior hand chiefly out of imperfect materials, appeared in 1595 under the title of the *Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, and therein stated to have been "sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembroke's servants."

There is no reason for wonder in the style of a young author being influenced by that of a popular and accomplished contemporary, and judgment on the authorship of much of the above-named plays should not be ruled by a criticism which can only fairly be applied to the rapidly approaching period when the great dramatist had outlived the possibility of appearing in the character of an imitative writer. That Shakespeare commenced his literary vocation as, to some extent, a follower of Marlowe can hardly be denied, even were the line quoted by Greene the only remnant of his early plays; and that the three parts of *Henry the Sixth* had been some years on the stage, when *Henry the Fifth* was produced in 1599, may be gathered from that interesting relic of literary autobiography, the final chorus to the latter play. No theory respecting the history of the former dramas is wholly free from embarrassing perplexities, but that which best agrees with the positive evidences is that which concedes the authorship of the three plays to Shakespeare, their production to the year 1592, and the quarto editions of the second and

third parts as vamped, imperfect, and blundering versions of the poet's own original dramas.

The *Groatsworth of Wit* was published very soon after the unfortunate writer's decease, that is to say, it appeared towards the end of September, 1592; and it is clear that one portion of it had been composed under the influence of a profound jealousy of Shakespeare. Greene is addressing his fellow-dramatists, and speaking of the actors of their plays, thus introduces his satirical observations on the author of the *Third Part of Henry the Sixth*, with a travesty of the line above mentioned,—"trust them not, for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is, in his owne conceit, the onely Shake-scene in a countrie." It was natural that these impertinent remarks should have annoyed the object of them, and that they were so far effective may be gathered from an interesting statement made by the editor, Henry Chettle, in a work of his own, entitled *Kind-Heart's Dream*, that he published a few weeks afterward, in which he specially regrets that the attack had proved offensive to Shakespeare, whom, he observes,—"at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that, as I have moderated the heate of living writers, and might have usde my owne discretion, especially in such a case, the author beeing dead, that I did not I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because myselfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill than he exelent in the qualitie he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace

in writting, that aprooves his art." Apologies of this kind are so apt to be overstrained that we can hardly gather more from the present one than the respectable position Shakespeare held as a writer and actor, and that Chettle, having made his acquaintance, was desirous of keeping friends with one who was beginning to be appreciated by the higher classes of society. The annoyance, however, occasioned by Greene's posthumous criticism was soon forgotten by the poet amid the triumphs of his subsequent career.

Removing now the scene of our fragmentary history from the metropolis to the country, we find, at the time of Greene's lampoonry, the poet's father busily engaged with his counters in appraising the goods of one Henry Field, a tanner of Stratford-on-Avon, whose inventory, attached to his will, was taken in August, 1592. This tradesman's son, Richard, who was apprenticed to a printer in London in the year 1579, took up his freedom in 1587, and soon afterwards commenced business on his own account, an elegant copy of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 1589, being among the numerous works that issued from his press. It is most likely, indeed all but certain, that Shakespeare participated in his father's acquaintance with the printer's relatives, and at all events there was the provincial tie, so specially dear to Englishmen when at a distance from the town of their birth, between the poet and Richard Field. When, therefore, the latter is discovered, early in the year 1593, engaged in the production of *Venus and Adonis*, it is only reasonable to infer that the author had a control over the typographical arrangements. The purity of the text and the nature of the dedication may be thought to strengthen this opinion, and although poems

were not then generally introduced to the public in the same glowing terms usually accorded to dramatic pieces, the singularly brief and anonymous title-page does not bear the appearance of a publisher's handywork. Field, however, registered the copyright to himself on April 18, and the work was offered for sale, at the White Greyhound in St. Paul's Churchyard, by his friend, John Harrison, the publisher of the first three editions, and who next year became the owner both of the *Venus* and *Lucrece*. It may be well to record that the publication had what was probably the vicarious sanction of no less an individual than the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, although no Puritan, would scarcely have considered its exquisite versification sufficient to atone for its voluptuous character.

The poem of *Venus and Adonis*, which was favorably received and long continued to be the most popular book of the kind, is termed by the author "the first heir of my invention." If these words are to be literally interpreted, it must have been written in or before the year 1592; but Shakespeare may be referring only to works of a strictly poetical character, which were then held in far higher estimation than dramatic compositions. However that may be, the oft-repeated belief that *Venus and Adonis* was a production of his younger days at Stratford-on-Avon can hardly be sustained. It is extremely improbable that an epic, so highly finished and so completely devoid of patois, could have been produced under the circumstances of his then domestic surroundings, while, moreover, the notion is opposed to the best and earliest traditional opinions. It is also to be observed that there is nothing in the dedication in favor of such a conjecture, although the fact, had it been one, would have formed a ready and natural defense

against the writer's obvious timidity. The work was inscribed, apparently without permission, to Lord Southampton, a young nobleman then only in his twentieth year, who about this time had commenced to exhibit a special disposition to encourage the rising authors of the metropolis.

Literature, in Shakespeare's time, was nearly the only passport of the lower and middle class to the countenance and friendship of the great. It was no wonder that the poet, in days when interest was all but omnipotent, should have wished to secure the advantages that could hardly fail to be derived from a special association with an individual in the favored position, and with the exceptionally generous character, of Lord Southampton. Wealthy, accomplished and romantic,—with a temperament that could listen to a metrical narrative of the follies of Venus without yielding to hysterics,—the young nobleman was presumably the most eligible dedicatee that Shakespeare could have desired for the introduction of his first poem to the literary world. It is evident, however, that, when he was penning the inscription to *Venus and Adonis*, whatever presentiment he may have entertained on the subject, he was by no means sure that his lordship would give a friendly reception to, much less so that he would be gratified by, the intended compliment. But all doubts upon these points were speedily removed, and little more than a twelvemonth elapsed before the poet is found warmly attached to Lord Southampton, and eagerly taking the opportunity, in his second address, of tendering his gratitude for favors conferred in the interval.

In the winter season of 1593–4, Shakespeare's earliest tragedy, which was, unfortunately, based on a repulsive tale, was brought out by the Earl of Sussex's actors, who

were then performing, after a tour in the provinces, at one of the Surrey theaters. They were either hired by, or playing under some financial arrangement with, Henslowe, who, after the representation of a number of revivals, ventured upon the production of a drama on the story of *Titus Andronicus*, the only new play introduced during the season. This tragedy, having been successfully produced before a large audience on January 23, 1594, was shortly afterward entered on the books of the Stationers' Company and published by Danter. It was also performed, almost if not quite simultaneously, by the servants of the Earls of Derby and Pembroke. Thus it appears that Shakespeare, up to this period, had written all his dramas for Henslowe, and that they were acted, under the sanction of that manager, by the various companies performing from 1592 to 1594 at the Rose Theater and Newington Butts. The acting copies of *Titus Andronicus* and the three parts of *Henry the Sixth* must of course have been afterwards transferred by Henslowe to the Lord Chamberlain's company.

Hideous and repulsive as the story of Tamora and the Andronici is now considered, it was anything but repugnant to the taste of the general public in Henslowe's day. Neither was it regarded as out of the pale of the legitimate drama by the most cultivated, otherwise so able a scholar and critic as Meres would hardly, several years after the appearance of *Titus Andronicus*, have inserted its title among those of the noteworthy tragedies of Shakespeare. The audiences of Elizabeth's time reveled in the very crudity of the horrible, so much so that nearly every kind of bodily torture and mutilation, or even more revolting incidents, formed part of the stock business of the

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theater. Murders were in special request in all kinds of serious dramas. Wilson, one of Lord Leicester's servants, was thought in 1581 to be just the person to write a play then urgently desired, which was not only to "be original and amusing," but was also to include "plenty of mystery," and "be full of all sorts of murders, immorality, and robberies." Nor was the taste for the predominance of the worst kind of sensational incidents restricted to the public stage, as any one may see who will care to peruse the *Misfortunes of Arthur*, produced with great flourish by the students of Gray's Inn in 1588. This deplorable fancy was nearly in its zenith at the time of the appearance of *Titus Andronicus*. In the same year, 1594, there was published the *Tragicall Raigne of Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes*, a composition offering similar attractions, but the writer was so afraid of his massacres being considered too insipid, he thus reveals his misgivings to the audience,—

> "If this First Part, gentles, do like you well,
> The Second Part shall greater murders tell."

The character of the theatrical speculations of Henslowe was obviously influenced, in common with that of nearly all managers, by the current tastes of the public, and, in an age like the one now spoken of, is it wonderful that he should have considered the story of Titus Andronicus a fit theme for the dramatist? Is it also marvelous that Shakespeare, a young author then struggling into position, should not have felt it his duty, on æsthetic grounds, to reject an offer the acceptance of which invited no hostile criticism, while it opened out a prospect of material advantages? Henslowe's judgment, regulated by thoughts of the money-box, not by those of attempted reforms of

the drama, were no doubt in his own opinion amply justified by the result. A certain deference to the expectations of a popular audience is, indeed, nearly always essential to the continuous support of a theater, and it is not unlikely that the very incidents now so offensive were those which mainly contributed to the success of the tragedy. As for the poet's share in the transaction, we are too apt to consider it indefensible under any measure of temptation, without reflecting to what extent a familiarity with representative horrors might produce an unconscious indifference to their ghastliness even in the tenderest of natures. Such horrors belong to the taste of the age, not to that of the individual. We must try to reconcile ourselves, as best we may, to the obvious fact that Shakespeare did not always consider it necessary to deviate from the course of his foundation-tales for the sake of avoiding the barbarities of the ancient stage. Had it been otherwise, the story of *Titus Andronicus* might have been purified, and we also mercifully spared from a contemplation of the appalling eye-scene in the tragedy of *Lear*.

No discussion on either of the last-named plays, or on many of the others, can be satisfactorily conducted so long as the influences of the older drama, and the theatric usages of the time, are not ever carefully borne in mind. It is a fallacy to admit, with many, the necessity of true criticism being grounded upon a reverential belief that the whole of Shakespeare's plays, in the forms in which they have descended to us, are examples of the unvarying perfection of the writer's judgment and dramatic art. That he was endowed with an exquisite judgment there is ample evidence, but that it was not always utilized is equally indisputable. It is obvious that, in several in-

stances, when vivifying some of the most popular old English dramas, he was contented to transfer irrational plots and defective constructions that had been firmly established in public favor. The latter were sometimes adopted without an effort to bring them into harmony with the conduct of the action; and there appears to have been generally a disinclination on his part to originate either plots or incidents. So numerous were the popular and other tales that were suited for contemporary dramatic purposes, there was, as a rule, no theatrical necessity for his inventing either; while the creation of a new story, never an easy and generally a hazardous task for a dramatist, might have been more trouble to him than the composition of a play. Shakespeare was leading a busy life, and there are no indications that he would have delayed the completion of any one of his works for the sake of art. It should be remembered that his dramas were not written for posterity, but as a matter of business, never for his own speculation but always for that of the managers of the theater, the choice of subject being occasionally dictated by them or by patrons of the stage; his task having been to construct out of certain given or elected materials successful dramas for the audiences of the day. It is not pretended that he did not invariably take an earnest interest in his work, his intense sympathy with each character forbidding such an assumption; but simply that his other tastes were subordinated when necessary to his duty to his employers. If the managers considered that the popular feeling was likely to encourage, or if an influential patron or the Court desired, the production of a drama on some special theme, it was composed to order on that subject, no matter how repulsive the character of the plot or how

intrinsically it was unfitted for dramatic purposes. Working thus under the domination of a commercial spirit, it is impossible to say to what extent his work was affected by unfavorable influences; such, for example, as the necessity of finishing a drama with undue haste, the whole, as it may have been, especially in his early days, written under disturbing circumstances in the room of a noisy tavern or in an inconvenient lodging that served him for "parlor, kitchen, and hall." And, again, besides the incongruities derived from the older plays or novels, his control over his art was occasionally liable to be governed by the customs and exigencies of the ancient stage, so much so that, in a few instances, the action of a scene was diverted for the express purpose of complying with those necessities. From some of these causes may have arisen simultaneous inequalities in taste and art which otherwise appear to be inexplicable, and which would doubtlessly have been removed had Shakespeare lived to have given the public a revised edition of his works during his retirement at Stratford-on-Avon, and had also wished to display that uniformity of excellence which he alone, of all prolific writers, might have achieved.

The Burbages, however, had no conception of his intellectual supremacy, and, if they had, it is certain that they would not have deviated on that account from the course they were in the habit of pursuing. In their estimation, however, he was merely, to use their own words, a "deserving man," an effective actor and a popular writer, one who would not have been considered so valuable a member of their staff had he not also worked as a practical man of business, knowing that the success of the theater was identified with his own, and that, within certain limits, it was

necessary that his art should be regulated by expediency. There is, indeed, no evidence that Shakespeare wrote, at any period of his life, without a constant reference to the immediate effect of his dramas upon the theatrical public of his own day; and it may reasonably be suspected that there is not one of them which is the result of an express or cherished literary design. He was sometimes, moreover, in such a hurry of composition that a reference to the original foundation-story is necessary for the complete elucidation of his meaning, another circumstance which is incompatible with a resolute desire for the construction of perfect artistic work. This is one of the several indications which lead to the high probability that his theatrical success was neither the result of a devotion to art, nor of a solicitude for the eulogy of readers, but of his unrivaled power of characterization, of his intimate knowledge of stage business, and of a fidelity to mental nature that touched the hearts of all. These qualities, although less prominently developed in *Titus Andronicus* than in many other of his plays, are yet to be observed in that inferior work. Even amid its display of barbarous and abandoned personages, neither sternness nor profligacy is permitted to altogether extinguish the natural emotions, while, at the same time, the unities of character are well sustained. It is by tests such as these, not by counting its syllables or analyzing its peculiarities of style, that the authenticity of Shakespeare's earliest tragedy should be determined.

Although it is dangerous nowadays to enter upon the history of Shakespeare's art with the language of commonsense, the risk must be encountered if we are not contented to lose interesting examples of the poet's youthful genius. If, indeed, all is to be discarded that offends the extra-

judicial taste of modern purists, the object of our idolatry will be converted into a king of dramatic shreds and patches. The evil arises from the practice of discussing the intricacies of that art without reference to the conditions under which it was evolved. Those which have been above-mentioned will go far to explain many difficulties, and especially the singular variations of power that are occasionally to be traced in one and the same drama. A few words on the general question may now be added. In one sense, that of being the delineator of the passions and character, Shakespeare was the greatest artist that ever lived, as he was also in melody, in humor, and in all kinds of dramatic expression. But in another and very usual meaning of that personal term, in that of being an elaborator intent on rendering his component work artistically faultless in the eye of criticism, he can hardly be thought to have even a slight claim to the title. When Ben Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, that "Shakespeare wanted art," he referred no doubt to his general negligence in the latter respect, and perhaps especially to his occasional defects in construction. One of Shakespeare's most wonderful gifts was his unlimited power of a characterial invention to suit any kind of plot, no matter how ill-advised, and, at the same time harmonize with theatrical expediencies, however incongruous, which might have been considered by the managers or actors to have been essential to the maintenance of popularity. "His wit," observes the same Rare Ben, dissatisfied with what he no doubt thought a reckless mode of composition, "was in his own power;—would *the rule* of it had been so too!" It was natural that Jonson, with his reverence for classical models, should regard his

great contemporary's indifference to them with dismay. But Shakespeare, endowed with an universal genius, created his personages by unfettered instinct, and, most happily, the times and circumstances were alike favorable to the development of the dramatic power by which alone the perfect results of that genius could have been exhibited. Commencing his public life as an actor, he had the inestimable advantage of gaining a preliminary knowledge of all that was most likely to be effective on the stage, the then conventionalities of which, moreover, by their very simplicity, and notwithstanding one or two drawbacks, were eminently calculated for the fullest exercise of an author's poetic and imaginative faculties. Then there was a language which, having for some time past been emancipated from the influence of literal terminations, had attained a form that gave matchless facilities for the display of nervous expression, and this in the brightest period of earnest and vigorous English thought. That language found in Shakespeare its felicitous and unrivaled exponent, and although on occasion his words either imperfectly represent the thought or are philologically erroneous, becoming thus to mere readers inextricably obscure, it may be confidently averred that there is not one speech, the essential meanings of which, if it were properly delivered, would not have been directly intelligible to the auditory. He had also ready prepared to his hands the matured outward form of a drama, its personages and their histories, all waiting for the hand that was to endow them with grace and life. It was then his unconscious mission through the most effective agency, that of the stage, to interpret human nature to the people. That interpretation was fortunately neither cramped nor distorted by the necessity of

adherence to literary rule, while the popular tastes sanctioned its uncontrolled application to every variety of character, through all kinds of probable or improbable situation,—before fairy-land had been exiled, and the thunder of fie-foh-fum had lost its solemnity. Writing first for a living, and then for affluence, his sole aim was to please an audience, most of whom, be it remembered, were not only illiterate, but unable to either read or write. But this very ignorance of the large majority of his public, so far from being a disadvantage, enabled him to disregard restrictive canons and the tastes of scholars,—to make that appeal to the heart and intellect which can only be universal when it reaches the intuitive perceptions of the lowliest,—and by exhibiting his marvelous conceptions in the pristine form in which they had instinctively emanated, become the poet of nature instead of the poet of art. That Shakespeare wrote without effort, by inspiration not by design, was, so far as it has been recorded, the unanimous belief of his contemporaries and immediate successors. It was surely to this comprehensive truth, and not exclusively to the natural music of his verse, that Milton referred when, in two of the most exquisite lines respecting him that were ever penned, he speaks of Fancy's child, warbling "his native wood-notes wild." If those notes had been cabined by philosophy and methodically cultivated, they might have been as intrinsically powerful, but they would assuredly have lost much of their present charm.

It cannot be absolutely observed of Shakespeare, as it has been of another great poet, that he woke up one morning to discover that he was famous, but there is reason for believing that the publication of his *Lucrece*, in

the May of this year, 1594, almost immediately secured for its author a higher reputation than would then have been established by the most brilliant efforts of dramatic art. This magnificent poem, which was originally proposed to be entitled the *Ravishment of Lucrece*, must have been written after the dedication to *Venus and Adonis*, and before the entry of the former work at Stationers' Hall, that is to say, at some time between April, 1593, and May, 1594. There can be no doubt of the estimation in which it was held in the year of publication, the author of an elegy on Lady Helen Branch, 1594, including among our *greater poetes*,—"you that have writ of chaste Lucretia, = whose death was witnesse of her spotlesse life;" and Drayton, in his *Matilda*, of the same date, speaking of *Lucrece*, "lately reviv'd to live another age." Shakespeare's new poem is also mentioned in Willobie's *Avisa*, published in September, 1594, the earliest contemporary work in which he is introduced by name; and in the following year, "Lucrecia—sweet Shakespeare," is a marginal note to Polimanteia, 1595, one which implies that it was then considered his best work. Later references testify its continued appreciation, and it was received as the perfect exposition of woman's chastity, a sequel, or rather perhaps a companion, to the earlier one of her profligacy. The contemporaries of Shakespeare allude more than once to the two poems as being his most important works, and as those on which his literary distinction chiefly rested.

The prefixes to the *Venus* and *Lucrece* are, in the presence of so few biographical memorials, inestimable records of their author. The two dedications to Lord Southampton and the argument to the second work are the only

non-dramatic prose compositions of Shakespeare that have descended to modern times, while the former are, alas, the sole remaining samples of his epistolary writings. The latter are of course by far the more interesting, and, making allowances for the inordinate deference to rank which then prevailed, they are perfect examples of the judicious fusion of independence with courtesy in a suggestive application for a favor, and in expressions of gratitude for its concession.

In the June of this same year, 1594, *Titus Andronicus* was performed at Newington Butts by the Lord Chamberlain's, then acting in conjunction with the Lord Admiral's, Servants, the poet most likely taking a part in the representation. The earliest definite notice, however, of his appearance on the stage, is one in which he is recorded as having been a player in two comedies that were acted before Queen Elizabeth in the following December, at Greenwich Palace. He was then described as one of the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, and was associated in the performances with Kemp and Burbage, the former of whom was the most favorite comedian of the day. It is not known to what company or companies Shakespeare belonged previously to his adhesion to the one last named; but the probabilities are these.—It is well ascertained that Henslowe was an exceedingly grasping manager, and it is therefore, most unlikely that he would have speculated in new plays that were not intended for immediate use. We may then fairly assume that every drama composed for him would be, in the first instance, produced by the actors that occupied his theater when the manuscript was purchased. Now, as Shakespeare was an actor as well as a dramatist, there is an inclination

towards the belief that he would have been engaged at Henslowe's theater when employed to write for that personage, and, if we accept the theory of early production, would have belonged to those companies by whom the first representations of his dramas were given. If this view be taken, it would appear not altogether unlikely that the poet was one of Lord Strange's actors in March, 1592; one of Lord Pembroke's a few months later; and that he had joined the company of the Earl of Sussex in or before January, 1594.

There were rare doings at Gray's Inn in the Christmas holidays of the year last mentioned. The students of that house had usually excelled in their festive arrangements, and now they were making preparations for revels on a scale of exceptional magnificence, sports that were to include burlesque performances, masques, plays and dances, as well as processions through London and on the Thames. A mock Court was held at the Inn under the presidency of one Henry Helmes, a Norfolk gentleman, who was elected Prince of Purpoole, the ancient name of the manor, other students being elected to serve under him in all the various offices then appertaining to royalty and government. The grand entertainment of all was arranged for the evening of Innocent's Day, December 28, on which occasion high scaffolds had been erected in the hall for the accommodation of the revelers and the principal guests, a larger number of the latter having received invitations. Among the guests, the students of the Inner Temple, joining in the humor of their professional neighbors, and appearing as an embassy credited by their Emporer, arrived about nine o'clock "very gallantly appointed." The ambas-

sador, we are told, was "brought in very solemnly, with sound of trumpets, the King-at-Arms and Lords of Purpoole making to his company, which marched before him in order;—he was received very kindly by the Prince, and placed in a chair beside his Highness, to the end that he might be partaker of the sports intended." Complimentary addresses were then exchanged between the Prince and the Ambassador, but, owing to defective arrangements for a limitation of the number of those entitled to admission on the stage, there followed a scene of confusion which ended in the Templarians retiring in dudgeon. "After their departure," as we are told in the original narrative, "the throngs and tumults did somewhat cease, although so much of them continued as was able to disorder and confound any good inventions whatsoever; in regard whereof, as also for that the sports intended were especially for the gracing of the Templarians, it was thought good not to offer anything of account saving dancing and reveling with gentlewomen; and, after such sports, a *Comedy of Errors*, like to Plautus his *Menechmus*, was played by the players; so that night was begun and continued to the end in nothing but confusion and errors, whereupon it was afterwards called the Night of Errors." This is the earliest notice of the comedy which has yet been discovered, but that it was written before the year 1594 may be inferred from an allusion in it to the civil war for and against Henry IV, the Protestant heir to the French throne, a contest which terminated in 1593.

The spacious and elegant open-roofed hall of Gray's Inn, the erection of which was completed in the year 1560, is one of the only two buildings now remaining

in London in which, so far as we know, any of the plays of Shakespeare were performed in his own time. In accordance with the then usual custom of the Inns of Court, professional actors were engaged for the representation of the *Comedy of Errors*, and although their names are not mentioned, it may be safely inferred that the play was acted by the Lord Chamberlain's Company, that to which Shakespeare was then attached, and the owners of the copyright. The performance must have taken place very late on the night following the day in which the poet appeared before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich. On the next evening there was a Commission of Oyer and Terminer at Gray's Inn to enquire into the circumstances of the misfortunes of the previous night, the cause of the tumult being assigned to the intervention of a sorcerer; but it is hardly pleasant to be told, even in burlesque, that this personage was accused of having "foisted a company of base and common fellows to make up our disorders with a play of errors and confusions." The *Comedy of Errors*, the perfection of dramatic farce, long continued an acting play, it having been performed before James I on December 28, 1604.

When Greene thought to be sarcastic in terming Shakespeare "an absolute Johannes Factotum," he furnished an independent and valuable testimony to the poet's conspicuous activity. It is but reasonable to assume that part of this energy in theatrical matters was devoted, in accordance with the ordinary practice of the time, to the revision and enlargement of the plays of others, work then assigned by managers to any convenient hands, without reference to sentimental views of authorial integrity. No record, however, has been discovered of the name of

even one drama so treated by Shakespeare in the early period of his career, so that, if any such composition is preserved, the identification necessarily depends upon the tests of internal evidence. These are valueless in the chief direction, for there is surely not a known possible example in which is to be traced the incontestible supremacy of dramatic power that would on that account sanction the positive attribution of even one of its scenes to the pen of the great dramatist. Other tests, such as those of phraseology and mannerism, are nearly always illusory, but in an anonymous and popular drama entitled the *Reign of King Edward III*, produced in or before the year 1595, there are occasional passages which, by most judgments, will be accepted as having been written either by Shakespeare, or by an exceedingly dexterous and successful imitator of one of his then favorite styles of composition. For who but one or the other could have endowed a kind and gentle lady with the ability of replying to the impertinent addresses of a foolish sovereign in words such as these,—

> As easy may my intellectual soul
> Be lent away, and yet my body live,
> As lend my body, palace to my soul,
> Away from her, and yet retain my soul.
> My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,
> And she an angel,—pure, divine, unspotted!
> If I should lend her house, my lord, to thee,
> I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me.

or have enabled the king, when instinctively acknowledging the dread effect of her beauty, to thus express a wish that "ugly treason" might lie,—

> No farther off than her conspiring eye,
> Which shoots infected poison in my heart,

> Beyond repulse of wit or cure of art.
> Now in the sun alone it doth not lie,
> With light to take light from a mortal eye;
> For here two day-stars, that mine eyes would see,
> More than the sun steal mine own light from me.
> Contemplative desire!—desire to be
> In contemplation that may master thee.

or have made the royal secretary convey his impression of the lady's conquest in the following lines,—

> I might perceive his eye in her eye lost,
> His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance;
> And changing passion, like inconstant clouds,
> That rackt upon the carriage of the winds,
> Increase and die in his disturbed cheeks.
> Lo! when she blush'd even then did he look pale,
> As if her cheeks, by some enchanted power,
> Attracted had the cherry blood from his.
> Anon, with reverent fear, when she grew pale,
> His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments,
> But no more like her oriental red
> Than brick to coral, or live things to dead.

but, as it is possible that *Edward III* was composed some time before the year 1595, it may, of course, be assumed that Shakespeare himself was the imitator, in his own acknowledged works, of the style of the writer of this anonymous play, or that of some other author, the predecessor of both. Not one in fifty of the dramas of this period having descended to modern times, much of the reasoning upon this and similar questions must be received with grave suspicion of its validity, and the exact history of the composition of the play above quoted will most likely remain for ever a mystery. If, however, it is thought probable that Shakespeare's career of imitation expired with his treading in some of the footsteps of Marlowe, and that he had not, at the latest time when

Edward III could have appeared, achieved a popularity sufficient to attract imitators of his own style, then there will be at least an excusable surmise that his work is to be traced in parts of that historical drama. Every now and then one meets in it with passages, especially in the scenes referring to the King's infatuation for the Countess of Salisbury, which are so infinitely superior in composition to the rest of the play, and so exactly in Shakespeare's manner, this presumption, under the above named premises, can scarcely be avoided. Whether this view be accepted or not, *Edward III* will, under any circumstances, be indissolubly connected with the literary history of the great dramatist, for one of its lines is also found in his ninety-fourth sonnet. As the last-named poem, even if it had been written as early as 1595, was not printed for many years afterwards, it is unlikely that the line in question could have been transplanted from the sonnet into the play by any one but Shakespeare himself, who, however, might have reversed the operation, whether he were or were not the original author of the words. This is the passage in the drama in which the line of the sonnet is introduced,—

> A spacious field of reasons could I urge
> Between his gloomy daughter and thy shame,—
> That poison shows worst in a golden cup;
> Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;
> *Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds;*
> And every glory that inclines to sin,
> The shame is treble by the opposite.

In the summer of the year 1596, upon the death of the Lord Chamberlain on July 22, the company of actors to which the poet belonged became the servants of that nobleman's eldest son, Lord Hunsdon, and one of the first

dramas selected by them, while in their new position, was Shakespeare's tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, which was produced at the Curtain Theater and met with great success. *Romeo and Juliet* may be said, indeed, to have taken the metropolies by storm and to have become *the* play of the season. Its popularity led to the compilation of an imperfect and unauthorized edition which issued from Danter's press in the following year, one got up in such haste that two fonts of type were engaged in its composition. In 1599, Cuthbert Burby, a bookseller, whose shop was near the Royal exchange, published the tragedy with the overstrained announcement that it had been "newly corrected, augmented and amended." This is the version of the drama which is now accepted, and it appears to be an authentic copy of the tragedy produced in 1596, after a few passages in the latter had been revised by the author. The long-continued popularity of *Romeo and Juliet* may be inferred from several early allusions, as well as from the express testimony of Leonard Digges, but it is rather singular that the author's name is not mentioned in any of the old editions until some time after the year 1609. An interesting tradition respecting one of the characters in this tragedy is recorded in 1672 by Dryden, who observes that the great dramatist "showed the best of his skill in his Mercutio, and he said himself that he was forced to kill him in the third act, to prevent being killed by him." The eminent narrator of this little anecdote ingenuously adds,—"but, for my part, I cannot find he was so dangerous a person;—I see nothing in him but what was so exceeding harmless that he might have lived to the end of the play, and died in his bed, without offense to any man."

A severe domestic affliction marred the pleasure that the author might otherwise have derived from his last-mentioned triumph. His only son Hamnet, then in his twelfth year, died early in August, 1596, and was buried at Stratford-on-Avon on the eleventh of that month. At the close of the year the poet also lost his uncle Henry, the farmer of Snitterfield, during the same Christmas holidays in which his company had the honor of performing on two occasions before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall Palace.

No positive information on the subject has been recorded, but the few evidences there are lead to the belief that the Shakespeare family continued, throughout his life, to reside in the poet's native town. They had not accompanied him in his first visit to the metropolis, and, from the circumstance of the burial of Hamnet at Stratford-on-Avon, it may be confidently inferred that they were living there at the time of the poor youth's decease. It is in the highest degree unlikely that they could have taken up an abode anywhere else but in London, and no hint is given of the latter having been the case. Let it also be borne in mind that Shakespeare's occupations debarred him from the possibility of his sustaining even an approach to a continuous domestic life, so that, when his known attachment to Stratford is taken into consideration, it seems all but certain that his wife and children were but waiting there under economical circumstances, perhaps with his parents in Henley Street, until he could provide them with a comfortable residence of their own. Every particular that is known indicates that he admitted no disgrace in the irresponsible persecution which occasioned his retreat to London, and that he persistently entertained the wish to make Stratford his and his family's

only permanent home. This desire was too confirmed to be materially affected even by the death of his only son, for, shortly after that event, he is discovered taking a fancy to one of the largest houses in the town, and becoming its purchaser in the following year. At this time, 1596, he appears to have been residing, when in town, in lodgings near the Bear Garden in Southwark.

There is preserved at the College of Arms the draft of a grant of coat-armor to John Shakespeare, dated in October, 1596, the result of an application made no doubt some little time previously. It may be safely inferred, from the unprosperous circumstances of the grantee, that this attempt to confer gentility on the family was made at the poet's expense. This is the first evidence that we have of his rising pecuniary fortunes, and of his determination to advance in social position.

Early in the year 1597,—on New Year's Day, Twelfth Night, Shrove Sunday, and Shrove Tuesday,—Shakespeare's company again performed before the Queen at Whitehall. In the summer they made a tour through Sussex and Kent, visiting Faversham and Rye in August, and acting at Dover on September 3. In their progress to the latter town, he who was hereafter to be the author of *Lear* might have witnessed, and been impressed with, the samphire gatherers on the celebrated rock that was afterwards to be regarded the type of Edgar's imaginary precipice. By the end of the month they had quitted the southern counties, and traveled westward as far as Bristol; acting about the same time at Marlborough and Bath.

In the spring of this year the great dramatist made his first investment in realty by the purchase of New Place, consisting of a mansion and nearly an acre of land in the

center of the town of Stratford-on-Avon. The estate was sold to him for £60, a moderate sum for so considerable a property, but in a paper of the time of Edward VI the residence is described as having then been for some time "in great ruyne and decay and unrepayred," so that it was probably in a dilapidated condition when it was transferred to Shakespeare. There are reasons for believing that it was renovated by the new owner; but whatever may have been its state of repair at the time of its acquisition, it was unquestionably one of the largest domiciles in the town, there having been no other, with the single exception of the College, that was conspicuously more important. Sir Hugh Clopton, for whom it was erected, speaks of it in 1496 as his "great house," a title under which, as it will be observed anon, it was popularly known at Stratford for upwards of two centuries. Neither its history nor its magnitude sufficed, however, to attract the serious consideration of our early topographers, and thus it is that scarcely any details of a precise character have been discovered respecting the nature of the house, one which, if now in existence, would have been the most interesting edifice on the surface of the globe. We know indeed, that it was mainly constructed of brick raised on stone foundations, that it was gabled, and that there was a bay-window on the eastern or garden side, but little beyond this. Two eye-witnesses only, out of the numbers who had seen the building previously to its destruction, have left memorials, and those but faint notices, of its appearance. Leland, who wrote about the year 1540, simply describes it as "a praty house of bricke and tymbre," words which may imply either that the upper part was formed entirely of wood or that there

were large portions of bricknogging in the outer walls. Our other informant was a native of Stratford-on-Avon, one Richard Grimmitt, who was very familiar with New Place in the years immediately preceding its demolition, and whose old-age dim memory of the locality in 1767 is thus recorded by the Rev. Joseph Greene, an intelligent Warwickshire antiquary of the last century,—"this Richard said he in his youth had been a playfellow with Edward Clopton, senior, eldest son of Sir John Clopton, knight, and had been often with him in the Great House near the Chapel in Stratford call'd New Place; that, to the best of his remembrance, there was a brick wall next the street, with a kind of porch at that end of it next the Chapel, when they cross'd a small kind of green court before they enter'd the house, which was bearing to the left and fronted with brick, with plain windows, consisting of common panes of glass set in lead, as at this time." It appears from this statement that the main entrance was then in Chapel-lane, and this was no doubt the case at a much earlier period, arrangements of that kind being very rarely changed. We may rest assured, therefore, that, when Ben Jonson or Drayton visited the provincial home of the author of *Twelfth Night*, he would arrive there from the lane through a porched gateway, entering in front of the lawn, a barn on his right hand and the house on the left. All this is in consonance with what is known respecting the surroundings of a large number of other contemporary mansions. "The architecture of an old English gentleman's house," observes Aubrey, alluding to the Shakespearean era, "was a good high strong wall, a gate-house, a great hall and parlor, and within the little green court

where you come in stood on one side the barne;—they then thought not the noise of the threshold ill musique." In the poet's time there were two barns on the Chapel-lane side of New Place between the open area mentioned by Grimmitt and the eastern termination of the grounds, but this is all that we know respecting the outbuildings, unless, indeed, there can be included under the latter term an ancient well, the stone-work of which yet remains in a nearly perfect condition. The chief fact of interest, however, in the personal annals of this year, 1597, is the remarkable circumstance that Shakespeare, after leaving his native town in indigence only twelve years previously, should now have been enabled to become, so far as material advantages were concerned, one of its leading inhabitants.

However limited may have been the character of the poet's visits to his native town, there is no doubt that New Place was henceforward to be accepted as his established residence. Early in the following year, on February 4, 1598, corn being then at an unprecedented and almost famine price at Stratford-on-Avon, he is returned as the holder of ten quarters in the Chapel Street Ward, that in which the newly acquired property was situated, and in none of the indentures is he described as a Londoner, but always as "William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman." There is an evidence in the same direction in the interest that he took in the maintenance of his grounds, a fact elicited from two circumstances that are worthy of record. It appears from a comparison of descriptions of parcels, 1597 and 1602, that in the earlier years of his occupancy, he arranged a fruit-orchard in that portion of his garden which adjoined the neighboring premises in Chapel

Street. Then there is the well-authenticated tradition that, in another locality near the back of the house, he planted with his own hands the first mulberry-tree that had ever been brought to Stratford-on-Avon. The date of the latter occurrence has not been recorded, but it may be assigned, with a high degree of probability, to the spring of 1609, in which year a Frenchman named Verton distributed an immense number of young mulberry plants through the midland counties of England. This novel arrangement was carried out by the order of James I, who vigorously encouraged the cultivation of that tree, vainly hoping that silk might thence become one of the staple productions of England.

The establishment of the fruit-orchard and the tradition respecting the mulberry-tree are the only evidences which have reached us of any sort of interest taken by the great dramatist in horticulture. It has, indeed, been attempted to prove his attachment to such pursuits by various allusions in his works, but no inferences as to his personal tastes can be safely drawn from any number of cognate references. There was, no doubt, treasured in the store-house of his perfect memory, and ready for immediate use, every technical expression, and every morsel of contemporary popular belief, that had once come within his hearing. So marvelous also was Shakespeare's all but intuitive perception of nearly every variety of human thought and knowledge, the result of an unrivaled power of rapid observation and deduction, if once the hazardous course of attempting to realize the personal characteristics or habits of the author through his writings be indulged in, there is scarcely an occupation that he might not be suspected of having adopted at one period or other of his

life. That he was familiar with and fondly appreciated the beauty of the wild flowers; that he was acquainted with many of the cultivated plants and trees; that he had witnessed and understood a few of the processes of gardening;—these facts may be admitted, but they do not prove that he was ever a botanist or a gardener. Neither are his numerous allusions to wild flowers and plants, not one of which appears to be peculiar to Warwickshire, evidences, as has been suggested, of the frequency of his visits to Stratford-on-Avon. It would be about as reasonable to surmise that he must have taken a journey to Elsinore before or when he was engaged on the tragedy of *Hamlet*, as to adopt the oft-repeated suggestion that the nosegay of Perdita could only have been conceived when he was wandering on the banks of the Avon. To judge in that manner from allusions in the plays it might be inferred that *The Winter's Tale* must have been written in London, for there is little probability that a specimen of one of the flowers therein mentioned, the crown-imperial, could have been then seen in the provinces, whereas there is Gerard's excellent authority that it had "been brought from Constantinople among other bulbus rootes, and made denizons in our London gardens" (Herball, ed. 1597, p. 154). All inductions of this kind must be received with the utmost caution. Surely the poet's memory was not so feeble that it is necessary to assume that the selection of his imagery depended upon the objects to be met with in the locality in which he was writing. Even were this extravagant supposition to be maintained, no conclusion can be derived from it, for it is not probable that London would have had the exclusive

possession of any cultivated flower, while it is certain that Stratford had not the monopoly of every wild one. It should be recollected that the line of demarcation between country and town life was not strongly marked in Shakespeare's day. The great dramatist may be practically considered never to have relinquished a country life during any part of his career, for even when in the metropolis he must always have been within a walk of green fields, woods and plant-bordered streams, and within a few steps of some of the gardens which were then to be found in all parts of London, not even excepting the limited area of the city. Wild plants, as has been previously observed, were to be seen in the immediate vicinity of the Shoreditch theaters, and there is perhaps no specimen mentioned by Shakespeare which was not to be met with in or near the metropolis; but even were this not the case, surely the fact of his having resided in Warwickshire during at least the first eighteen years of his life is sufficient to account for his knowledge of them. Then again at a later period he must, in those days of slow and leisurely travel, have been well acquainted with the rural life and natural objects of many other parts of the country which were traversed by him when the members of his company made their professional tours, and with the district between London and Stratford-on-Avon he must of course have been specially familiar.

The metropolis in those days was the main abode of English letters and refined culture, but in other respects there could have been very few experiences that were absolutely restricted to its limits. If this is carefully borne in mind, it will save us from falling into numerous delusions, and, among others, into the common one of

fancying that Shakespeare must have drawn his tavern-life from an acquaintance with its character as it was exhibited on the banks of the Thames. There was no more necessity for him to have traveled from London in search of flowers than there was to have gone there for the,—"anon, anon, sir; score a pint of bastard in the Half Moon." We have, indeed, the direct testimony of Harrison, in 1586, to the effect that the metropolitan were then inferior to many of the provincial hotels. There was certainly at least one inn at Stratford-on-Avon which could bear comparison in essential respects with any to be found elsewhere in England. The Bear near the foot of the bridge possessed its large hall, its nominated rooms such as the Lion and Talbot chambers, an enormous quantity of house linen, a whole pipe of claret, two butts of sack, plenty of beer, upwards of forty tankards of different sizes, and, among its plate, "one goblet of silver, parcel-gilt." The last-named vessel need not be converted into the prototype of the one used by Mrs. Quickly in the Dolphin, nor, as a rule, in the absence of palpable evidence to the contrary, are there grounds for believing that the great dramatist was thinking of special localities when he was penning his various allusions or characterizations.

When the amazing number of different characters in the plays of Shakespeare is borne in mind, it is curious that he should have left so few traces in them of what is exclusively provincial. There are yet fewer, if any, of language or customs that can be thought to be absolutely peculiar to Stratford-upon-Avon, but examples of both are frequently to be met with that may fairly be supposed to have been primarily derived from the poet's local experiences. Among these is the expression,—*aroint thee,*

witch!—one that is so rare in our literature, either in print or manuscript, that the combined labors of philologists have failed to produce a single early instance of its use in the works of other authors. That it was, however, a familiar phrase in Shakespeare's time with the lower classes of his native place, is apparent from one of the town records. It is there narrated how one Goodie Bromlie, in an altercation with a woman named Holder, was so exceedingly free-spoken that she had the audacity to wind up a torrent of abuse with the unseemly execration,—*arent the, wich!* There is no doubt that Stratford yielded many another unusual expression,—many a quaint observation,—to the recollection of the great dramatist, and it is just possible that an occasional specimen may yet be met with in the locality. One of the inhabitants, so recently as the year 1843, was put into stocks for intoxication, and a passer-by, asking the captive how he liked the discipline, was met with the reply,—"I beant the first mon as ever were in the stocks, so I don't care a farden about it." If it were not an impossible view of the case, it might be fancied that the jovial delinquent had been travestying one of the reflections that Richard II is made to utter in the dungeon of Pomfret Castle.

Those who would desire to realize the general appearance of the Stratford-on-Avon of the poet's days must deplore the absence, not merely of a genuine sketch of New Place, but of any kind of view or engraving of the town as it appeared in the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. Its aspect must then have been essentially different from that exhibited at a subsequent period. Relatively to ourselves, Shakespeare may practically be considered to have existed in a different land, not more than glimpses of

the real nature of which are now to be obtained by the most careful study of existing documents and material remains. Many enthusiasts of these times who visit Stratford-on-Avon are under the delusion that they behold a locality which recalls the days of the great dramatist, but, with the exception of a few diffused buildings, scarcely one of which is precisely in its original condition, there is no resemblance between the present town and the Shakespearean borough,—the latter with its medieval and Elizabethan buildings, its crosses, its numerous barns and thatched hovels, its water-mills, its street bridges and rivulets, its mud walls, its dunghills and fetid ditches, its unpaved walks and its wooden-spired church, with the common fields reaching nearly to the gardens of the Birth-Place. Neither can there be a much greater resemblance between the ancient and modern general views of the town from any of the neighboring elevations. The tower and lower part of the church, the top of the Guild Chapel, a few old tall chimneys, the course of the river, the mill-dam, and the outlines of the surrounding hills, would be nearly all that would be common to both prospects. There were, however, until the last few years, the old mill-bridge, which, excepting that rails had been added, preserved its Elizabethan form, the Cross-on-the-Hill, and the Wier Brake, the two latter fully retaining their original character. Now, alas, a hideous railway has obliterated all trace of the picturesque from what was one of the most interesting and charming spots in Warwickshire.

A former inhabitant of Stratford-on-Avon, writing in the year 1759, asserts that "the unanimous tradition of this neighborhood is that, by the uncommon bounty of the Earl of Southampton, he was enabled to purchase

houses and land at Stratford." According to Rowe,—"there is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakespeare's that, if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to." A comparison of these versions would indicate that, if the anecdote is based on truth, the gift was made on the occasion of the purchase of New Place in 1597; and it is probable that it was larger than the sum required for that object, although the amount named by Rowe must be an exaggeration. Unless the general truth of the story be accepted, it is difficult to believe that Shakespeare could have obtained, so early in his career, the ample means he certainly possessed in that and the following year. The largest emoluments that could have been derived from his professional avocations would hardly have sufficed to have accomplished such a result, and the necessity of forwarding continual remittances to Stratford-on-Avon must not be overlooked.

It was not until the year 1597 that Shakespeare's public reputation as a dramatist was sufficiently established for the booksellers to be anxious to secure the copyright of his plays. The first of his dramas so honored was the successful and popular one of King Richard II, which was entered as a tragedy on the books of the Stationers' Company by Andrew Wise, a publisher in St. Paul's Churchyard, on August 29, 1597. In the impression heralded by this entry the deposition scene was omitted for political reasons, objections having been made to its

introduction on the public stage, and it was not inserted by the publishers of the history until some years after the accession of James. Considering the small space that it occupies and its inoffensive character, the omission may appear rather singular, but during the few years that closed the eventful reign of Elizabeth, the subject of the deposition of Richard II bore so close an analogy, in the important respects of the wishes of those who desired a repetition of a similar occurrence, it was an exceedingly dangerous theme for the pen of contemporary writers.

One of the most popular subjects for the historical drama at this period was the story of Richard III. A piece on the events of this reign had been acted by the Queen's Company in or before the month of June, 1594, but there is no evidence that this production was known to the great dramatist. The earliest notice of Shakespeare's play hitherto discovered is in an entry of it as a tragedy on the books of the Stationers' Company in October, 1597, and it was published by Wise in the same year. The historical portions are to a certain extent taken from More and Holinshed, but with an utter defiance of chronology, the imprisonment of Clarence, for instance, preceding the funeral of Henry VI. There are, also, slight traces of an older play to be observed, passages which may belong to an inferior hand, and incidents, such as that of the rising of the ghosts, suggested probably by similar ones in a more ancient composition. That the play of *King Richard III*, as we now have it, is essentially Shakespeare's, cannot admit of a doubt; but as little can it be questioned that to the circumstance of an anterior work on the subject having been used do we owe some of its weakness and excessively turbulent character. No

copy of this older play is known to exist, but one brief speech and the two following lines have been accidentally preserved—"My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is ta'en, = And Banister is come for his reward"—from which it is clear that the new dramatist did not hesitate to adopt an occasional line from his predecessor, although he entirely omitted the character of Banister. Both plays must have been successful, for, notwithstanding the great popularity of Shakespeare's, the more ancient one sustained its ground on the English stage until the reign of Charles I.

Dick Burbage, the celebrated actor, undertook the character of Richard III, a part in which he was particularly celebrated. There was especially one telling speech in this most fiery of tragedies,—"a horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"—which was enunciated by him with so much vigor and effect that the line became an object for the imitation, and occasionally for the ridicule, of contemporary writers. The speech made such an impression on Marston that it appears in his works not merely in its authentic form, but satirized and travestied into such lines as,—"a man! a man! a kingdom for a man" (*Scourge of Villanie*, ed. 1598)—"a boate, a' boate, a boate, a full hundred markes for a boate" (*Eastward Hoe*, 1605)—"a foole, a foole, a foole, my coxcombe for a foole" (*Parasitaster*, 1606). Burbage continued to enact the part of Richard until his death in 1619, and his supremacy in the character lingered for many years in the recollection of the public; so that Bishop Corbet, writing in the reign of Charles I, and giving a description of the battle of Bosworth as narrated to him on the field by a provincial tavern-keeper, tells us

that, when the perspicuous guide—"would have said, King Richard died, = And called, a horse! a horse! he Burbage cried."

In the autumn of 1597, in the midst of the incipient popularity of this animated drama, John and Mary Shakespeare filed a bill in Chancery against Lambert for the recovery of Asbies, a design that the poet must have been very desirous of furthering to the utmost of his ability. It is most likely that he furnished the means for the prosecution of the suit, a course to which he would have been impelled not merely from a knowledge of the slender resources of his aged parents, but also from his having, as his mother's heir, so large a prospective interest in the success of the litigation. The acquisition of the farm had now become a matter of special importance. There were not merely the associations twining around the possession of a family estate to stimulate a desire for its restoration, but there was nearly at hand a very large increase in its annual value through the termination of a lease under which all but the dwelling was held from 1580 to 1601 at the inadequate rental of half a quarter of wheat and half a quarter of barley. Our knowledge of the course taken by the plaintiffs in furtherance of their object is imperfect, Lambert, in his answer to the above-mentioned bill, declaring that another one of like import had been afterwards exhibited against him by John Shakespeare in his individual capacity, and of this independent action no explanatory records have been discovered. The mere facts, however, of the last-named suit having been instituted, and of John Shakespeare having taken out two commissions under it for the examination of witnesses, show that there was a tolerably

well-furnished purse at his disposal, a circumstance which, unless the expense were borne by the poet, is difficult to reconcile with the plaintive appeal of his wife and himself when they asked the Court to bear in mind that "the sayde John Lamberte ys of greate wealthe and abilitie, and well frended and alied amongest gentlemen and freeholders of the countrey in the saide countie of Warwicke, where he dwelleth, and your saide oratours are of small wealthe, and verey fewe frends and alyance in the saide countie." The terms of this sample of legal policy must be attributed to the Counsel, but the facts, so far at least as they affect the parents of the great dramatist, were no doubt correctly stated. It appears that the suit was carried on for very nearly two years, publication having been granted in October, 1599, but, as no decree is recorded, it is all but certain that either the plaintiffs retired from the contest or that there was a compromise in favor of the possession of the land by the defendants. Had it been otherwise, something must have been afterwards heard of the Shakespearean ownership of the estate.

Queen Elizabeth held her court at Whitehall in the Christmas holidays of 1597, and among the plays then performed was, on December 26, the comedy of *Love's Labor's Lost*, printed early in the following year, 1598, under the title of,—*A Pleasant Conceited Comedie called, Loues labors lost*. No record has been discovered of the time at which this drama was first produced, but on the present occasion it had been "newly corrected and augmented," that is to say, it had received some additions and improvements from the hands of the author, but the play itself had not been re-written. A few scraps of the original version of the comedy have been accidentally pre-

served, and are of extreme interest as distinctly exhibiting Shakespeare's method of working in the revision of a play. Thus, for example, the following three lines of the earlier drama,—

> "From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
> They are the ground, the books, the academes
> From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire."

are thus gracefully expanded in the corrected version which has so fortunately descended to us,—

> "From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;
> They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
> They are the books, the arts, the academes,
> That show, contain, and nourish all the world;
> Else none at all in ought proves excellent."

Love's Labor's Lost is mentioned by Tofte and Meres in 1598, and was no doubt successful on the stage, or otherwise it would scarcely have been revised and published. Burbage, at all events, had a high opinion of the comedy, for when the company to which the author belonged selected it for a contemplated representation before Queen Anne of Denmark at Southampton House early in the year 1605, he observed that it was one "which for wit and mirth will please her exceedingly." That the great actor correctly estimated its attractions may be gathered from its being performed about the same time before the Court.

The *Firt Part of Henry IV*, the appearance of which on the stage may be confidently assigned to the spring of the year 1597, was followed immediately, or a few months afterwards, by the composition of the second part. It is recorded that both these plays were very favorably received by Elizabeth, the Queen especially relishing the character of Falstaff, and they were most probably among

the dramas represented before that sovereign in the Christmas holidays of 1597–1598. At this time, or then very recently, the renowned hero of the Boar's Head Tavern had been introduced as Sir John Oldcastle, but the Queen ordered Shakespeare to alter the name of the character. This step was taken in consequence of the representations of some member or members of the Cobham family, who had taken offense at their illustrious ancestor, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, the Protestant martyr, being disparagingly introduced on the stage; and, accordingly, in or before the February of the following year, Falstaff took the place of Oldcastle, the former being probably one of the few names invented by Shakespeare.

The great dramatist himself, having nominally adopted Oldcastle from a character who is one of Prince Henry's profligate companions in a previous drama, a composition which had been several years before the public, and had not encountered effective remonstrance, could have had no idea that his appropriation of the name would have given so much displeasure. The subject, however, was viewed by the Cobhams in a very serious light. This is clearly shown, not merely by the action taken by the Queen, but by the anxiety exhibited by Shakespeare, in the epilogue to the second part, to place the matter beyond all doubt by the explicit declaration that there was in Falstaff no kind of association, satirical or otherwise, with the martyred Oldcastle. The whole incident is a testimony to the popularity of, and the importance attached to, these dramas of Shakespeare's at their first appearance, and it may be fairly questioned if any comedy on the early English stage was more immediately or enthusiastically appreciated than was the *First Part of Henry*

IV. Two editions of the latter play appeared in 1598, and, in the same year, there were quoted from it passages that had evidently already become familiar household words in the mouths of the public. Strangely enough, however, the earliest edition that bore the author's name on the title-page was not published till the following year.

The inimitable humor of Falstaff was appreciated at the Court as heartily as by the public. The Queen was so taken with the delineation of that marvelous character in the two parts of *Henry IV*, that she commanded Shakespeare to write a third part in which the fat knight should be exhibited as a victim to the power of love. Sovereigns in the olden time, especially one of Elizabeth's temperament, would never have dreamed of consulting the author as to the risk of the selected additional passion not harmonizing with the original conception. Shakespeare's business was to obey, not to indulge in what would have been considered an insolent and unintelligible remonstrance. His intention of continuing the history of the same Falstaff in a play on the subject of *Henry V* was, therefore, abandoned, and thus we have, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, a comedy in which some of the names are adopted from the previous dramas, but the natures of the characters to which those names are attached are either modified or altogether transformed. The transient allusions which bring the latter play into the historical series are so trivial that they would appear to have been introduced merely out of deference to the Queen's expressed wishes for a continuation. The comedy diverges in every other respect from the two parts of *Henry IV*, and remains, with the induction to the *Taming of the*

Shrew, the only examples in the works of Shakespeare of absolute and continuous representations of English life and manners of the author's own time.

There is an old tradition which avers that the *Merry Wives of Windsor* was written, at the desire of the Queen, in the brief space of a fortnight, and that it gave immense satisfaction at the Court. Nor in those days of rapid dramatic composition, when brevity of time in the execution of such work was frequently part of an ordinary theatrical agreement, could such a feat have been impossible to Shakespeare. It could have been no trouble to him to write, and the exceptional celerity of his pen is recorded by several of his friends. Hence, probably, are to be traced most of the numerous little discrepancies which, by a careful analysis, may be detected throughout the works of the great dramatist, and which are seen perhaps more conspicuously in this play than in most of the others. Shakespeare had evidently, as a writer, neither a topographical nor a chronometrical mind, and took small care to avoid inconsistencies arising from errors in his dispositions of localities and periods of time; provided always of course that such oversights were not sufficiently palpable in the action to disturb the complete reception of the latter by the audience. We may rest assured that the poet, when engaged in dramatic writing, neither placed before his eyes an elaborate map of the scenes of the plot; nor reckoned the exact number of hours to be taken by a character in moving from one spot to another; nor, in the composition of each line of verse, repeated the syllables to ascertain if they developed the style of meter it was his duty to posterity to be using at

that special period of his life. Such precautions may best be indefinitely reserved for the use of that visionary personage—a scientific and arithmetical Shakespeare.

The earliest notice of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, hitherto discovered, is in an entry on the registers of the Stationers' Company bearing date in January, 1602, in which year a catch-penny publisher surreptitiously issued a very defective copy, one made up by some poetaster, with the aid of short-hand notes, into the form of a play. That it was composed, however, before the death of Sir Thomas Lucy in July, 1600, may be safely taken for granted, for it is contrary to all records of Shakespeare's nature to believe that the more than playful allusions it contains to that individual would have been written after the decease of Shallow's prototype; and most probably also before the production of *King Henry V* in the summer of 1559, the royal command being the most feasible explanation that can be given of the author's change of purpose in the elimination of Falstaff from the action of the latter drama.

The *Second Part of Henry IV* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor* are, so far as we know, the only dramas of Shakespeare that are in any way connected with his personal history. They include scenes that could not have been written exactly in their present form if the great dramatist had not entertained an acute grudge against Sir Thomas Lucy. The knight of Charlecote was to be lampooned on the stage, then by far the most effective medium for public irrision, and hence arose the necessity of making Falstaff take his circuitous journeys to the "old pike's" house in Gloucestershire, to a locality within reach of Stratford-on-Avon and Henley-in-Arden, towns

that are faintly veiled under the names of Stamford and Hinckley. Hence also the direct and practically undisguised banter of the Lucys in the *Merry Wives*, for no one in Warwickshire could possibly have mistaken the allusion to the luces, the fishes otherwise termed pikes, that held so conspicuous a position in the family shield; and hence the rapidity with which the quarrel with Falstaff is dismissed after the object of its introduction had been satisfied. And although it may be consistent with dramatic possibilities that Shallow, when he arrives at Windsor on a mission of complaint to the King, should be welcomed there by an intimate friend, an inhabitant of that town, and at the same time a fellow-sportsman on the Cotswold,—one may be pardoned for suspecting that the Gloucestershire magistrate would not have been transferred to the royal borough if his presence had not been required for the effective illustration of the Charlecote escapade. Be this as it may, there is sufficient outside the region of conjecture to enable us to infer that the poet designed, in his satirical notices of the justice, an individual as well as a general application, and where could the listeners be found that would be likely to appreciate the former? Certainly neither in London nor at the Court, even on the very unlikely supposition that intelligence of the deer-stealing affair had reached so far, for Sir Thomas's public life, at the earliest date at which either of the comedies could have been produced, had for many years been restricted to the midland counties. It may, therefore, be assumed that the great dramatist had in view representations of his pieces that he knew would be organized at or near Stratford after the termination of their first runs in the metropolis. But although a long-sustained re-

sentment, under conditions of special insult or oppression, is not incompatible with the possession of an essentially gentle nature, it is not at all necessary to fancy that Shakespeare was here acting in the mere irrational spirit of retaliation. The owner of New Place had a social position to consolidate in his native town, and he took the best means of neutralizing a vexatious piece of scandal by holding up to local ridicule the individual whose line of treatment had attached to him whatever there was in the matter of personal degradation. And he would have been encouraged by the sympathy of the many who detested Sir Thomas's fanatical policy, even if the quarrel with him had not been in itself a passport to their favor. The news of the performance would somehow or other reach the ears of that potentate, who would naturally have been highly incensed at the unpardonable liberty that had been taken; the more so if, as it would appear, he was peculiarly sensitive to the opinion of his neighbors. The flight to London is an incontestable evidence that Shakespeare had no dread at that time of a metropolitan prosecution, and it was probably now, if ever, that Sir Thomas threatened to make his conduct, even at that late day, the subject of an appeal to the Star Chamber. Then would have followed the more pointed attack in the opening scene at Windsor, that in which his judicial dignities and his coat-armor, as well as the poaching adventure itself, are so mercilessly caricatured. It is not probable, however, that the entire significance of that dialogue will ever be ascertained. Much that is now obscure was no doubt immensely relished by the contemporary Stratfordians. It is easy to imagine, for example, the roars of laughter that might have greeted the

poet's declaration made through Falstaff, that he had never kissed the keeper's daughter, if so be that the lady in question had chanced to have been one of nature's scarecrows; and who will venture to be confident that there is no quaint hidden meanings in the references to the salt fish and the old coat? And again, as the assiduous knight never appears to have declined an invitation to take a glass of wine, it is very likely that the bacchanalian tournament with Silence is no overdrawn picture, one, moreover, that would have been thoroughly enjoyed in a neighborhood in which the jovial host had taken an active part in a commission for the reformation of tipplers.

Exaggeration is one of the legitimate resources of satirical art, and that it has largely affected the dramatic portraiture of Sir Thomas Lucy cannot admit of a reasonable doubt. A tolerable degree of business and even of administrative capacity is, indeed, sometimes to be observed in men of no great wisdom, but there are substantial reasons for believing that Sir Thomas could not have been the precise intellectual counterpart of Justice Shallow. This may be gathered from a perusal of his correspondence, from the notices of his parliamentary doings, and, so far as marble can be a faithful guide in such matters, from the expression of his features in the Charlecote effigy, the only authentic likeness of him known to exist. Neither would it be inferred from that memorial that he could have been correctly represented as a starveling, but here allowance must be made for Falstaff's imagery having been in a great measure dependent upon his relative estimate of the standard of personal expanse. That there was much, however, of existing personation in the dramatic character and sur-

roundings of the Gloucestershire justice that would have been readily interpreted by the Stratford audience is unquestionable. Although our supplies of information on this point are very defective, there are still contemporary records which tell us of the special interest taken by Sir Thomas in the details of archery, of the hospitality that was the order of his mansion, of his familiarity with recruits and the muster-roll, of the antiquity of his family, and, above all, of that appreciation of "friends at court" through whose influence he contrived to bask in the divergent sunshines of Mary and Elizabeth. Nor is there the least reason for suspecting that his violent Protestantism, so convenient in the latter reign, was in any way connected with an asceticism that would have decried the stage or excluded a festive evening with a brother magistrate. We know, on the contrary, that he was the patron of a company of itinerant actors, and that he had an intelligent estimate of the virtues of sack. Much, indeed, has been said of his dislike to the Shakespeares on religious grounds, but there is really nothing to warrant such an assumption beyond the bare and inadequate fact that he served on a commission under which the poet's father was named in a list of suspected recusants.

Two plays, the titles of which have not been recorded, were acted by Shakespeare's company in the early part of the year 1598, the poet being then in London. It is certain, however, that his thoughts were not at this time absorbed by literature or the stage. So far from this being the case there are good reasons for concluding that they were largely occupied with matters relating to pecuniary affairs, and to the progress of his influence at Stratford-on-Avon. He was then considering the advisa-

bility of purchasing an "odd yard land or other" in the neighborhood, and this circumstance, indicating the possession of redundant means, becoming known, his friend, Richard Quiney, who was in the metropolis, was strongly urged both in English and Latin to suggest to him the policy of trying to obtain one of the valuable tithe-leases, and to name, among other inducements,—"by the friends he can make therefore, we think it a fair mark for him to shoot at;—it obtained would advance him in deed and would do us much good," letter of Abraham Sturley dated from Stratford-on-Avon, January 24, 1598. These expressions indicate that Shakespeare's desire to establish a good position for himself in his native town was well known to his provincial friends.

When Shakespeare was meditating the purchase of the "odd yard," that is to say, most likely rather more than forty acres of land or thereabouts, he appears to have had a predilection in favor of Shottery, a hamlet in the immediate neighborhood of Stratford. It was in this village that he is generally believed, but on somewhat inconclusive grounds, to have met with his future wife, and hence has arisen the inevitable surmise that the inclination in favor of the particular investment emanated from recollections of the days of courtship. Some of those days may, indeed, have been passed in that locality, but whether this be the case or no, it is obvious, from the terms in which the contemplated acquisition is introduced that he was desirous of becoming one of the proprietors of its open fields. These latter, which were very extensive, comprising altogether about sixteen hundred acres, have long been enclosed, while there is nothing on their site, and little in their vicinity, to recall

the Shottery that was now in the poet's thoughts. Most of its numerous ancient footpaths have been suppressed; its mud-walls have disappeared; very few of its dwellings exhibit outward traces of genuine Elizabethan work, and a hideous culvert is the modern substitute for what was once a stepping-stone passage across a gurgling brook. It may be confidently stated that there is only one of its buildings that can be thought to have retained an approach to a complete preservation of its original external features, a farm-house that belonged to a family of the name of Hathaway, and one that is usually considered to be the birth-place of Shakespeare's own Anne. But although it cannot be said that "the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage," the truthful biographer is compelled to admit, in my case more than reluctantly, that the balance of evidence is hardly in favor of the attribution.

It was natural that the poet, having not only himself bitterly felt the want of resources not so many years previously, but seen so much inconvenience arising from a similar deficiency in his father's household, should now be determining to avoid the chance of a recurrence of the infliction. That he did not love money for its own sake, or for more than its relative advantages, may be gathered from his liberal expenditure in after life; but that he had the wisdom to make other tastes subservient to its acquisition, so long as that course was suggested by prudence, is a fact that cannot fairly be questioned. However repugnant it may be to the flowery sentiments of the æsthetic critics, no doubt can arise, in the minds of those who will listen to evidence, that when Pope asserted that—

> Shakespeare, whom you and ev'ry playhouse bill
> Style the divine, the matchless, what you will,
> For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
> And grew immortal in his own despight.

he not only expressed the traditional belief of his own day, but one which later researches have unerringly verified. With all Shakespeare's gentleness of disposition and amiable qualities, it is evident from the records that there was very little of the merely sentimental in his nature; that is to say, of such matters as a desire for posthumous fame, or the excitable sympathy which is so often recklessly appeased without thought of results. In the year now under consideration, 1598, he appears not only as an advancer of money, but also one who negotiated loans through other capitalists.

The comedy of *The Merchant of Venice*, the plot of which was either grounded on that of an older drama, or formed out of tales long familiar to the public, was represented with success in London in or before the month of July, 1598. It then had another title, being "otherwise called *The Jew of Venice*," and a bookseller named Roberts was anxious to secure the copyright, but the registrars of Stationers' Hall withheld their consent until he had obtained the sanction of the Lord Chamberlain, in other words, that of the author and his colleagues; and upwards of two years elapsed before the earliest editions of the comedy appeared. It continued for a long time to be one of the acting plays of Shakespeare's company, and, as lately as 1605, it attracted the favorable notice of James I, who was so much pleased with one performance that he ordered a repetition of it two days afterward.

One of the most interesting of the recorded events

of Shakespeare's life occurred in the present year. In September, 1598, Ben Jonson's famous comedy of *Every Man in his Humor* was produced by the Lord Chamberlain's company, and there is every probability that both writer and manager were indebted for its acceptance to the sagacity of the great dramatist, who was one of the leading actors on the occasion. "His acquaintance with Ben Jonson," observes Rowe, "began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature; Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players in order to have it acted, and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public." The statement that Rare Ben was then absolutely new to literature is certainly erroneous, however ignorant the Burbages or their colleagues may have been of his primitive efforts; but he was in a state of indigence, rendering the judgment on his manuscript of vital consequence, and the services of a friendly advocate of inestimable value. He had been engaged in dramatic work for Henslowe some months before the appearance of the new comedy, but about that time there seems to have been a misunderstanding between them, the latter alluding to Jonson simply as a bricklayer, not as one of his company, in his record of the unfortunate duel with Gabriel. There had been, in all probability, a theatrical disturbance resulting in the last-

named event, and in Ben's temporary secession from the Rose. Then there are the words of Jonson himself, who, unbiased by the recollection that he had been defeated in, at all events, one literary skirmish with the great dramatist, speaks of him in language that would appear hyperbolical had it not been sanctioned by a feeling of gratitude for a definite and important service,—"I loved the man and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any." This was a personal idolatry, not one solely in reference to his works, moderately adverse criticisms upon which immediately follow the generous panegyric. It may, then, fairly be said that the evidences at our disposal favor, on the whole, the general credibility of the anecdote narrated by Rowe.

In the same month in which Shakespeare was acting in Ben Jonson's comedy,—September, 1598,—there appeared in London the *Palladis Tamia*, a work that contains more elaborate notices of the great dramatist than are elsewhere to be found in all contemporary literature. Its author was one Francis Meres, a native of Lincolnshire, who had been educated at Cambridge, but for some time past resident in the metropolis. Although his studies were mostly of a theological character, he was interested in all branches of literature, and had formed intimacies with some of its chief representatives. He had been favored with access to the unpublished writings of Drayton and Shakespeare, and had either seen a manuscript, or witnessed a representation, of Rare Ben's earliest tragedy. In the important enumeration of Shakespeare's plays given by Meres, four of them,—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love Labors Won*, *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *King John*,—are mentioned for the first time. There can

be no doubt that the first of these dramas had been written some years previously, and *Love Labors Won*, a production which is nowhere else alluded to, is one of the numerous works of that time which have long since perished, unless its graceful appellation be the original or a secondary title of some other comedy. Neither *King John* nor *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was printed during the author's lifetime, but two editions of *The Midsummer Night's Dream* appeared in the year 1600. This last-mentioned circumstance indicates the then popularity of that exquisite but singular drama, the comic scenes of which appear to have been those specially relished by the public. One little fragment of the contemporary stage humor, displayed in the representation of this play, has been recorded. When Thisbe killed herself, she fell on the scabbard, not on the trusty sword, the interlude doubtlessly having been acted in that spirit of extreme farce which was naturally evolved from the stupidity and nervousness of the clowns.

It is in the *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, that we first hear of those remarkable productions, the *Sonnets*. "As the soul of Euphorbus," observes Meres in that quaint collection of similitudes, "was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared *Sonnets* among his private friends," etc. These last-mentioned dainty poems were clearly not then intended for general circulation, and even transcripts of a few were obtainable with difficulty. A publisher named Jaggard who, in the following year, 1599, attempted to form a collection of new Shakesperean poems, did not manage to obtain more than two of the *Sonnets*. The words of Meres, and the insignificant result of Jag-

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gard's efforts, when viewed in connection with the nature of these strange poems, lead to the inference that some of them were written in clusters, and others as separate exercises, either being contributions made by their writer to the albums of his friends, probably no two of the latter being favored with identical compositions. There was no tradition adverse to a belief in their fragmentary character in the generation immediately following the author's death, as may be gathered from the arrangement found in Benson's edition of 1640; and this concludes the little real evidence on the subject that has descended to us. It was reserved for the students of the last century, who have ascertained so much respecting Shakespeare that was unsuspected by his own friends and contemporaries, to discover that his innermost earnest thoughts, his mental conflicts, and so on, are revealed in what would then be the most powerful lyrics yet given to the world. But the victim of spiritual emotions that involve criminatory reflections does not usually protrude them voluntarily on the consideration of society; and, if the personal theory be accepted, we must concede the possibility of our national dramatist gratuitously confessing his sins and revealing those of others, proclaiming his disgrace and avowing his repentance, in poetical circulars distributed by the delinquent himself among his most intimate friends.

There are no external testimonies of any description in favor of a personal application of the *Sonnets*, while there are abundant difficulties arising from the reception of such a theory. Among the latter is one deserving of special notice, for its investigation will tend to remove the displeasing interpretation all but universally given of two of the poems, those in which reference is supposed

to be made to a bitter feeling of personal degradation allowed by Shakespeare to result from his connection with the stage. Is it conceivable that a man who encouraged a sentiment of this nature, one which must have been accompanied with a distaste and contempt for his profession, would have remained an actor years and years after any real necessity for such a course had expired? By the spring of 1602 at the latest, if not previously, he had acquired a secure and definite competence independently of his emoluments as a dramatist, and yet, eight years afterwards, in 1610, he is discovered playing in company with Burbage and Hemmings at the Blackfriars Theater. · When, in addition to this voluntary long continuance on the boards, we bear in mind the vivid interest in the stage, and in the purity of the acted drama, which is exhibited in the well-known dialogue in *Hamlet*, and that the poet's last wishes included affectionate recollections of three of his fellow-players, it is difficult to believe that he could have nourished a real antipathy to his lower vocation. It is, on the contrary, to be inferred that, however greatly he may have deplored the unfortunate estimation in which the stage was held by the immense majority of his countrymen, he himself entertained a love for it that was too sincere to be repressed by contemporary disdain. If there is, among the defective records of the poet's life, one feature demanding special respect, it is the unflinching courage with which, notwithstanding his desire for social position, he braved public opinion in favor of a continued adherence to that which he felt was in itself a noble profession, and this at a time when it was not merely despised, but sur-

rounded by an aggressive fanaticism that prohibited its exercise even in his own native town.

These considerations may suffice to eliminate a personal application from the two sonnets above mentioned, and as to the remainder, if the only safe method, that of discarding all mere assumptions, be strictly followed, the clearer the ideality of most of them, and the futility of arguments resting on any other basis, will be perceived. It will be observed that all the hypotheses, which aim at a complete biographical exposition of the *Sonnets*, necessitate the acceptance of interpretations that are too subtle for dispassionate reasoners. Even in the few instances where there is a reasonable possibility that Shakespeare was thinking of living individuals, as when he refers to an unknown poetical rival or quibbles on his own Christian name, scarcely any, if any, light is thrown on his personal feelings or character. In the latter case, it is a mere assumption that the second Will is the youth of the opening series, or, at least, that position cannot be sustained without tortuous interpretations of much which is found in the interval. With respect to other suggested personal revelations, such as those which are thought to be chronicled in Shakespeare's addresses to the dark-eyed beauty of more than questionable reputation, —unless, with a criminal indifference to the risk of the scandal traveling to the ears of his family, he had desired to proclaim to his acquaintances his own infidelity and folly,—he might, perhaps, have repeated the words of the author of *Licia*, who published his own sonnets in the year 1593, and thus writes of their probable effects,—"for the matter of love, it may bee I am so

devoted to some one, into whose hands these may light by chance, that she may say, which thou nowe saiest, that surelie he is in love, which if she doe, then have I the full recompence of my labour, and the poems have dealt sufficientlie for the discharge of their owne duetie." The disguise of the ideal under the personal was then, indeed, an ordinary expedient.

In the Christmas holidays of 1598–1599, three plays, one of them in all probability having been the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, were acted by Shakespeare's company before the Queen at Whitehall, after which they do not appear to have performed at Court until the following December, an the 26th of which month they were at Richmond Palace. The poet's distinguished friend, Lord Southampton, was in London in the autumn of this year, and no doubt favored more than one theater with his attendance. In a letter dated October 11, 1599, his lordship is alluded to as spending his time "merrily in going to plays every day."

In March, 1599, the Earl of Essex departed on his ill-starred expedition to Ireland, leaving the metropolis amid the enthusiastic cheers of the inhabitants. He was then the most popular man in all England, hosts of the middle and lower classes regarding him as their chief hope for the redress of their grievances. At some time in May or June, while the suppression of the Irish was considered in his able hands a mere work of time, Shakespeare completed his play of *King Henry the Fifth*, taking the opportunity of introducing in it a graceful compliment to the Earl, in terms which indicate that the poet himself sympathized with the thousands of Londoners who fondly expected hereafter to welcome

his victorious return to England. Independently, however, of his appreciation of Essex, it was natural that the great dramatist should have taken a special interest in the course of affairs in Ireland, his great patron and friend, Lord Southampton, holding the distinguished position of General of the Horse in the Earl's army. There is no record of this drama in the year of its composition, but there is little or rather no doubt that it was produced on the diminutive boards of the Curtain Theater in the summer of 1599. It was favorably received and the character of Pistol appears to have been specially relished by the audiences. In or before the August of the following year, 1600, an unsuccessful attempt was made to obtain a license for its publication, but the only copy of it, printed in the author's lifetime, was a miserably imperfect and garbled one which was surreptitiously published about that time by Millington and Busby, and transferred by them very soon afterwards to Thomas Pavier, the latter reprinting this spurious edition in 1602 and 1608. It is curious that Pavier, who was so unscrupulous in other instances in the use of Shakespeare's name, should have refrained from placing it on the title-pages of any of those impressions. There are unequivocal indications that the edition of 1600 was fraudulently printed from a copy made up from notes taken at the theater.

Toward the close of this year, 1599, a renewed attempt was made by the poet to obtain a grant of coat-armor to his father. It was now proposed to impale the arms of Shakespeare with those of Arden, and on each occasion ridiculous statements were made respecting the claims of the two families. Both were really descended

from obscure English country yeomen, but the heralds made out that the predecessors of John Shakespeare were rewarded by the Crown for distinguished services, and that his wife's ancestors were entitled to armorial bearings. Although the poet's relatives at a later date assumed his right to the coat suggested for his father in 1596, it does not appear that either of the proposed grants was ratified by the college, and certainly nothing more is heard of the Arden impalement.

The *Sonnets*, first mentioned in the previous year, are now again brought into notice. They had evidently obtained a recognition in literary circles, but restrictive suggestions had possibly been made to the recipients, for, as previously observed, when Jaggard, in 1599, issued a tiny volume under the fanciful title of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, he was apparently not enabled to secure more than two of them. These are in the first part of the book, the second being entitled *Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*, but Shakespeare's name is not attached to the latter division. The publisher seems to have had few materials of any description that he could venture to insert under either title, for, in order to make something like a book with them, he adopted the very unusual course of having nearly the whole of the tract printed upon one side only of each leaf. Not keeping a shop, he entrusted the sale to Leake, who was then the owner of the copyright of *Venus and Adonis*, and who published an edition of that poem in the same year, the two little volumes no doubt being displayed together on the stall of the latter at the Greyhound in St. Paul's Churchyard. With the exception of the two sonnets above alluded to, and a few verses taken from the already published

comedy of *Love's Labor's Lost*, Jaggard's collection does not include a single line that can be positively ascribed to the pen of the great dramatist, but much that has been ascertained to have been the composition of others. The entire publication bears evident marks of an attempted fraud, and it may well be doubted if any of its untraced contents, with perhaps three exceptions, justify the announcement of the title-page. The three pieces alluded to are those on the subject of *Venus and Adonis*, and these, with the beautiful little poem called *The Lover's Complaint*, may be included in the significant *et cetera* by which Meres clearly implies that Shakespeare was the author of other poetical essays besides those which he enumerates.

It is extremely improbable that Shakespeare, in that age of small London and few publishers, could have been ignorant of the use made of his name in the first edition of the *Passionate Pilgrim*. Although he may, however, have been displeased at Jaggard's unwarrantable conduct in the matter, it appears that he took no strenuous measures to induce him to disavow or suppress the ascription in the title-page of that work. There was, it is true, no legal remedy, but there is reason for believing that, in this case, at least, a personal remonstrance would have been effective. Owing, perhaps, to the apathy exhibited by Shakespeare on this occasion, a far more remarkable operation in the same kind of knavery was perpetrated in the latter part of the following year by the publisher of the *First Part of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600, a play mainly concerned with the romantic adventures of Lord Cobham. Although this drama is known not only to have been composed by other dramatists, but also

to have belonged to a theatrical company with whom Shakespeare had then no manner of connection, it was unblushingly announced as his work by the publisher, Thomas Pavier, a shifty bookseller, residing at the grotesque sign of the Cat and Parrots near the Royal Exchange. Two editions were issued in the same year by Pavier, the one most largely distributed being that which was assigned to the pen of the great dramatist, and another to which no writer's name is attached. As there are no means of ascertaining which of these editions is the first in order of publication, it is impossible to say with certainty whether the introduction of Shakespeare's name was an afterthought, or if it were withdrawn for a special reason, perhaps either at his instigation or at that of the real authors. It is most likely, however, that the anonymous impression was the first that was published, that the ascribed edition was the second, and that there was no cancel of the poet's name in either.

The most celebrated theater the world has ever seen was now to receive a local habitation and a name. The wooden structure belonging to the Burbages in Shoreditch had fallen into desuetude in 1598, and, very early in 1599, they had pulled it down and removed the materials to Southwark, using them in the erection of a new building which was completed towards the end of the year and opened early in 1600 under the title of the Globe. Ben Jonson's comedy of *Every Man Out of his Humour* was one of the first plays there exhibited, the author, in an epilogue written probably for the occasion, distinctly appealing to the judgment of "the happier spirits in this faire-fild Globe" (ed. 1600). Among the Shakes-

pearean dramas acted at the old Globe before its destruction by fire in 1613 may be mentioned, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard the Second*, *King Lear*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Pericles*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *The Winter's Tale*.

Shakespeare's company acted before Queen Elizabeth at Richmond Palace on Twelfth Night and Shrove Sunday, 1600, and at Whitehall on December 26. On March 6 they were at Somerset House, and there performed, before Lord Hunsdon and some foreign ambassadors, another drama on the subject of Oldcastle. A few weeks after the last occurrence, the poet, who was then in London, brought an action against one John Clayton to recover the sum of £7, and duly succeeded in obtaining a verdict in his favor. This is one of the several evidences that distinctly prove the great dramatist to have been a man of business, thoroughly realizing the necessity of careful attention to his pecuniary affairs. Here we have the highest example of all to tell us that the financial discretion is not incompatible with the possession of literary genius.

One of the most exquisite of Shakespeare's comedies, *As You Like It*, was most likely produced in the summer of this year, and was, as might be expected, favorably received. The celebrated speech of Jacques on the seven ages of man would have had an appropriate significance when uttered below the Latin motto under the sign of the Globe Theater, but the coincidence was no doubt accidental. An attempt to publish this drama was frustrated by an appeal to the Stationers' Company, a fact which testifies to its popularity; and one of its ditties was set to music by Thomas Morley, an eminent composer of the day, who published it, with some others of a cognate

description, in his *First Booke of Ayres, or Little Short Songs*, a small thin folio volume printed at London in the same year, 1600.

According to a tradition mentioned by several writers of the last century, there was a character in *As You Like It* that was performed by the author of the comedy. "One of Shakespeare's younger brothers," says Oldys, "who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles II, would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theaters, he continued, it seems, so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors to learn something from him of his brother, etc., they justly held him in the highest veneration; and it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatic character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities, which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects, that he could give them but little light into their inquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother Will in that station was the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man,

he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company who were eating, and one of them sung a song." This account contains several discrepancies, but there is reason for believing that it includes a glimmering of truth which is founded on an earlier tradition.

The earliest notice of the comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing* occurs in the entry in which we also first hear of *As You Like It*. Its attempted publication was stopped by an application made by the Stationers' Company on or before August 4, 1600, but, on the 23rd of the same month, Wise and Aspley succeeded in obtaining a license. It is not known if the prohibition was directed against the latter publication and afterwards removed, or whether it refers to a fraudulent attempt by some other bookseller to issue a surreptitious copy. Although *Much Ado About Nothing* was not reprinted in the author's lifetime, there is no doubt of its continued popularity.

The scene of this comedy is laid in Messina, but the satire on the constables obviously refers to those of the England of the author's own time. Aubrey, whose statements are always to be cautiously received, asserts that Shakespeare "happened to take" the "humor" of one of them "at Grendon in Bucks, which is in the road from London to Stratford, and there was living that constable about 1642." The eccentric biographer no doubt refers to Dogberry or Verges, but if the poet really had a special individual in his mind when portraying either of those characters, it is not likely that the Gren-

don constable could have been the person so honored, for unless he had attained an incredible age in the year 1612, he would have been too young for the prototype. It is far more likely that the satire was generally applicable to the English constables of the author's period, to such as were those in the neighborhood of London at the time of his arrival there, and who are so graphically thus described in a letter from Lord Burghley to Sir Francis Walsingham, written in 1586,—"as I came from London homeward in my coach, I saw at every town's end the number of ten or twelve standing with long staves, and, until I came to Enfield, I thought no other of them but that they had stayed for avoiding of the rain, or to drink at some alehouses, for so they did stand under pentices at alehouses; but at Enfield, finding a dozen in a plump when there was no rain, I bethought myself that they were appointed as watchmen for the apprehending of such as are missing; and thereupon I called some of them to me apart, and asked them wherefore they stood there, and one of them answered, to take three young men; and, demanding how they should know the persons,—Marry, said they, one of the parties hath a hooked nose; and have you, quoth I, no other mark? No, said they. Surely, sir, these watchmen stand so openly in plumps as no suspected person will come near them, and if they be no better instructed but to find three persons by one of them having a hooked nose, they may miss thereof."

It was toward the close of the present year, 1600, or at some time in the following one, that Shakespeare, for the first and only time, came forward in the avowed character of a philosophical writer. One Robert Chester

was the author of a long and tedious poem, which was issued in 1601, under the title of,—*Love's Martyr or Rosalins Complaint, allegorically shadowing the truth of Love in the constant fate of the Phœnix and Turtle,* and *to these are added some new compositions of severall moderne writers, whose names are subscribed to their severall workes, upon the first subject; viz., the Phœnix and Turtle.* The latter were stated, in a separate title page, to have been "done by the best and chiefest of our moderne writers, with their names subscribed to their particular workes; never before extant; and now first consecrated by them all generally to the love and merite of the true-noble knight, Sir John Salisburie",—the names of Shakespeare, Marston, Chapman, and Jonson being attached to the recognized pieces of this latter series. The contribution of the great dramatist is a remarkable poem in which he makes a notice of the obsequies of the phœnix and turtle-dove subservient to the delineation of spiritual union. It is generally thought that, in his own works, Chester meditated a personal allegory, but, if that be the case, there is nothing to indicate that Shakespeare participated in the design, nor even that he had endured the punishment of reading *Love's Martyr.*

The commencement of this year, 1601, is memorable for the development and suppression of the Essex conspiracy, one of the most singular events of the Queen's reign, and one in which Shakespeare's company was transiently implicated. The general history of this remarkable movement is too familiar to us all to sanction its repetition, but it is not so generally known that the Earl's friends, in their anxiety to seize every opportunity of influencing public opinion in favor of their schemes,

negotiated with the Lord Chamberlain's Servants for the representation at the Globe Theater of a drama that evinced a political significance in its treatment of the deposition of Richard II. The conspirators had selected as the one most suitable for their design a play that had been already exhibited on the stage, but, in a discussion on the subject with a few of the actors, it was strongly urged by the latter that the composition in question had so out-grown its popularity that a serious loss on its revival would inevitably accrue; and, under these circumstances, it was arranged that forty shillings should be paid to the company in augmentation of their receipts on the occasion. The interview at which this compromise was effected took place on Friday, February 6, a "play of the deposing and killing of King Richard," one which also dealt, it would appear, with a portion of the reign of his successor, being represented at the Globe on the afternoon of the following day; but none of the persons engaged in these transactions had then the remotest idea that the latter were to be immediately followed by the premature outbreak of the insurrection.

The rapidity, indeed, with which events now moved have most likely hidden from us forever the contemporary light in which the proceedings at the Globe were viewed; but that the public exhibition at this juncture of the history of the deposition of Richard was an unwonted bold step on the part of the company cannot admit of a question. Some of its members, at all events, and most probably all, must have been aware of the Queen's preternatural sensitiveness in everything that related to that history; so that it is difficult to avoid the impression that the leaders of the

theater shared in the all but universal desire of the community for the restoration of Essex to power. It is true that Shakespeare's friend and colleague, Augustine Phillipps, in an affidavit sworn before three of the judges eleven days afterwards, assigns the initiative of the pecuniary offer to the conspirators, but that offer of forty shillings, if viewed on either side as a bribe, was certainly too moderate an amount to have overcome the scruples of unwilling agents in so considerable a risk, and too much reliance should not be placed upon the terms of a document that may have been signed under conditions that admitted of serious peril to the witness and his friends. Now that the game was irretrievably lost, and the power of a despotic government again supreme, it is most likely that Phillipps dexterously said as little about the affair as he dared, and yet just enough to save himself and the other actors at the Globe from being, to use an expressive phrase of the time, "wrecked on the Essex coast." That they altogether escaped this calamity may be gathered from the fact that they performed before the Queen at Richmond Palace on Shrove Tuesday, February 24, the very evening before the lamented death of Essex; but it should be borne in mind that the selection of that movable feast-day for the performance was merely owing to the following of a long-established custom, not the result of a special order; and Elizabeth, now that the dangers to which she had been exposed were over, had too much wisdom, whatever she may have known or thought respecting their doings on the seventh, to make an impolitic display of superfluous animosities. Least of all is it probable that she would have been inclined, excepting in a case of dire emergency,

to have visited her displeasure upon the humble ministers of one of her favorite amusements, persons, moreover, who were then regarded in about the same light with jugglers and buffoons. As to her appearance at a theatrical representation the night before the execution, that was not more unseemly than her amusing herself by playing on the virginals the following morning, all this outward heartlessness emanating from a determination to assume before the court a demeanor of indifference to the cruel destiny of her quondam favorite.

That the poet was intimately acquainted, so far at least as the extreme social distinctions of the age permitted, with some of the leading members of the conspiracy, may be fairly assumed. It is all but impossible that he should not have been well-known to the readily-accessible Essex, —the object of the graceful compliment in the last act of *King Henry the Fifth*,—one who was not only distinguished by his widely extended impartial and generous patronage of literature and its votaries, but the bosom friend of Shakespeare's own Mæcenas. Then there were the Earl of Rutland, the frequent companion of the latter at the public theaters, and Sir Charles Percy, who, only a few weeks before the performance at the Globe, had shown how deeply he had been impressed by the humor of the *Second Part of Henry the Fourth*. But there is no evidence that tends to associate the great dramatist with any kind of participation in the furtherance of the objects of the conspirators beyond, of course, the natural inference that he shared with his colleagues the responsibility of their theatrical proceedings on February 7.

Apart from all this, even if it were thought possible that Shakespeare could have been altogether ignorant of

the treasonable designs of Essex and Southampton, there can be no doubt that his obligations to and relations with the latter, irrespective of other considerations, made him regard the memorable events of the following day,—in whatever way they may have come to his knowledge, either partially as an eye-witness or otherwise,—with feelings of the deepest anxiety and personal interest. The history of that Sunday thus becomes in a manner a portion of his own biography.

The poet's father,—Mr. Johannes Shakspeare, as he is called in the register,—was buried at Stratford-on-Avon on September 8, 1601; having no doubt expired a few days previously at his residence in Henley Street, which is noticed so recently as 1597 as being then in his occupation. He is mentioned as having been concerned with others in the former year in the discussion of matters respecting an action brought by Sir Edward Greville against the town, so there are no reasons for believing that his latest years were accompanied by decrepitude. In all probability the old man died intestate, and the great dramatist appears to have succeeded, as his eldest son and heir-at-law, to the ownership of the freehold tenements in Henley Street. It is not likely that the widow acquired more than her right to dower in that property but there can be no hesitation in assuming that such a claim would have been merged in a liberal allowance from her son.

Twelfth Night, the perfection of English comedy and the most fascinating drama in the language, was produced in the season of 1601–2, most probably on January 5. There is preserved a curious notice of its performance in the following month before the benchers of the Middle

Temple in their beautiful hall, nearly the only building now remaining in London in which it is known that any of Shakespeare's dramas were represented during the author's lifetime. The record of this interesting occurrence is embedded in the minutely written contemporary diary of one John Manningham, a student at that inn of court, who appears to have been specially impressed with the character of Malvolio. "A good practice in it," he observes, "to make the steward believe his lady widow was in love with him, by counterfeiting a letter as from his lady in general terms, telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparel, etc., and then, when he came to practice, making him believe they took him to be mad." This representation of *Twelfth Night* took place at the Feast of the Purification, February 2, one of the two grand festival days of the lawyers, on which occasion professional actors were annually engaged at the Middle Temple, the then liberal sum of ten pounds being given to them for a single performance. There is no doubt that the comedy was performed by the Lord Chamberlain's servants, and very little that Shakespeare himself was one of the actors who were engaged. *Twelfth Night* was appreciated at an early period as one of the author's most popular creations. There is not only the testimony of Manningham in its favor, but Leonard Digges, in the verses describing this most attractive of Shakespeare's acting dramas, expressly alludes to the estimation in which the part of Malvolio was held by the frequenters of the theater.

The Queen kept her Court at Whitehall in the Christmas of 1601–1602, and, during the holidays, four plays, one of them most probably *Twelfth Night*, were exhib-

ited before her by Shakespeare's company. In the following May, the great dramatist purchased from the Combes, for the sum of £320, one hundred and seven acres of land near Stratford-on-Avon, but, owing to his absence from that town, the conveyance was delivered for his use to his brother Gilbert. It is not likely, indeed, that he visited the locality within any brief period after this transaction, for otherwise the counterpart of the indenture, which was duly engrossed in complete readiness for the purchaser's attestation, would hardly have been permitted to remain without his signature. But this was not the only legal business of the year in which the poet was interested. It appears that a flaw had been discovered in the validity of his title to New Place, the vendor's relative, Hercules Underhill, possessing some unknown kind of interest that had not been effectually barred by the terms of the conveyance. In order to meet this difficulty it was necessary for a fine to be levied through which the absolute ownership of the purchaser should be recognized by Hercules, and of so much importance was this considered that, upon the deforciant representing in June, 1602, that the state of his health prevented his undertaking a journey to London, a special commission was arranged for obtaining his acknowledgment. This important ratification was procured in Northamptonshire in the following October, Shakespeare no doubt being responsible for the considerable expenditure that must have been incurred by these transactions, which, there is reason to believe, were conducted exclusively by his own professional advisers.

The pecuniary resources of Shakespeare must now have been very considerable, for, notwithstanding the

serious expenditure incurred by this last acquisition, a few months afterwards he is recorded as the purchaser of a small copyhold estate near his country residence. On September 28, 1602, at a Court Baron of the Manor of Rowington, one Walter Getley transferred to the poet a cottage and garden which were situated in Chapel Lane opposite the lower grounds of New Place. They covered the space of a quarter of an acre, with a frontage in the lane of forty feet, and were held practically in fee simple at the annual rental of two shillings and sixpence. It appears from the roll that Shakespeare did not attend the manorial court then held at Rowington, there being a stipulation that the estate should remain in the hands of the lady of the manor until he appeared in person to complete the transaction with the usual formalities. At a later period he was admitted to the copyhold, and then he surrendered it to the use of himself for life, with a remainder to his two daughters in fee. The cottage was replaced about the year 1690 by a brick and tiled building, and no representation of the original tenement is known to be in existence. The latter, in all probability, had, like most other cottages at Stratford-on-Avon in the poet's time, a thatched roof supported by mud walls. The adjoining boundary wall that enclosed the vicarage garden on the lane side continued to be one of mud until the latter part of the eighteenth century.

In the spring of this year, 1602, the tragedy, known originally under the title of *The Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, was in course of representation by the Lord Chamberlain's players at the Globe Theater, and had then, in all probability, been recently composed.

Its popularity led to an unsuccessful attempt by Roberts, a London publisher, to include it among his dramatic issues, but it was not printed until the summer of the following year, 1603, when two booksellers, named Ling and Trundell, employed an inferior and clumsy writer to work up, in his own fashion, what scraps of the play had been furtively obtained from shorthand notes or other memoranda into the semblance of a perfect drama, which they had the audacity to publish as Shakespeare's own work. It is possible, however, that the appearance of this surreptitious edition, which contains several abnormous variations from the complete work, may have led the sharers of the theater to be less averse to the publication of their own copy. At all events, Ling in some way obtained an authentic transcript of the play in the following year, and it was "newly imprinted" by Roberts for that publisher, "enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie," 1604. The appearance of subsequent editions and various early notices evince the favor in which the tragedy was held by the public in the time of its author. The hero was admirably portrayed by Burbage, and has ever since, as then, been accepted as the leading character of the greatest actor of the passing day. It is worth notice that the incident of Hamlet leaping into Ophelia's grave, now sometimes omitted, was considered in Burbage's time to be one of the most striking features of the acted tragedy; and there is a high probability that a singular little by-play drollery, enacted by the First Grave-digger, was also introduced at the Globe performances. The once popular stage-trick of that personage taking off a number of waistcoats one after the other,

previously to the serious commencement of his work, is an artifice which has only been laid aside in comparatively recent years.

In February, 1603, Roberts, one of the Shakespearean printers, attempted to obtain a license for an impression of the play of *Troilus and Cressida*, then in the course of representation by the Lord Chamberlain's servants. The subject had been dramatized by Decker and Chettle for the Lord Admiral's servants in 1599, but although the two companies may have been then, as in former years, on friendly terms, there is no probability that their copyrights were exchangeable, so that the application made by Roberts is not likely to refer to the jointly-written drama. When that printer applied for a license for the publication of the new tragedy, he had not obtained, nor is there any reason for believing that he ever succeeded in procuring, the company's sanction to his projected speculation. At all events, Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* was not printed until early in the year 1609, when two other publishers, Bonian and Walley, having surreptitiously procured a copy, ventured on its publication, and, in the hope of attracting purchasers, they had the audacity to state, in an unusual preface, that it had never been represented on the stage. They even appeared to exult in having treacherously obtained a manuscript of the tragedy, but the triumph of their artifices was of brief duration. The deceptive temptation they offered of novelty must have been immediately exposed, and a pressure was no doubt exerted upon them by the company, who probably withdrew their opposition on payment of compensation, for, by January 28, the printers had received a license from the Lord Chamberlain for the pub-

lication. The preface was then entirely canceled, and the falsity of the assertion that *Troilus and Cressida* had never been acted was conspicuously admitted by the reissue professing to appear "as it *was* acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Globe,"—when is not stated. The suppressed preface could hardly have been written had the drama been one of the acting plays of the season of 1608–1609, and, indeed, the whole tenor of that preamble is against the validity of such an assumption. There can be little doubt that *Troilus and Cressida* was originally produced at the Globe in the winter season of 1602–1603.

The career of the illustrious sovereign, who had so highly appreciated the dramas of our national poet, was now drawing to an end. Shakespeare's company, who had acted before her at Whitehall on December 26, 1602, were summoned to Richmond for another performance on the following Candlemas Day, February 2, 1603. The Queen was then in a very precarious state of health, and this was the last occasion on which the poet could have had the opportunity of appearing before her. Elizabeth died on March 24, but, among the numerous poetical tributes to her memory that were elicited by her decease, there was not one from the pen of Shakespeare.

The poetical apathy exhibited by the great dramatist on this occasion, although specially lamented by a contemporary writer, can easily be accounted for in more than one way; if, indeed, an explanation is needed beyond a reference to the then agitated and bewildered state of the public mind. The company to which he belonged might have been absent, as several others were at the time, on a provincial tour. Again, they were no doubt intent

on obtaining the patronage of the new sovereign, and may have fancied that too enthusiastic a display of grief for Elizabeth would have been considered inseparable from a regret for the change of dynasty. However that may be, James I arrived in London on May 7, 1603, and ten days afterwards he granted, by bill of Privy Signet, a license to Shakespeare and the other members of his company to perform in London at the Globe Theater, and, in the provinces, at town-halls or other suitable buildings. They itinerated a good deal during the next few months, records of their performances being found at Bath, Coventry, Shrewsbury, and Ipswich. It was either in this year, or early in the following one, and under this license, that the company, including the poet himself, acted at the Globe in Ben Jonson's new comedy of *Sejanus*.

The King was staying in December, 1603, at Wilton, the seat of one of Shakespeare's patron's, William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, and on the second of that month the company had the honor of performing before the distinguished party then assembled in that noble mansion. In the following Christmas holidays, 1603-1604, they were acting on several occasions at Hampton Court, the play selected for representation on the first evening of the new year being mentioned by one of the audience under the name of *Robin Goodfellow*, possibly a familiar title of *The Midsummer Night's Dream*. Their services were again invoked by royalty at Candlemas and on Shrove Sunday, on the former occasion at Hampton Court before the Florentine ambassador, and on the latter at Whitehall. At this time they were prohibited from acting in or near London, in fear that public gatherings might imperil the diminution of the pestilence,

the King making the company on that account the then very handsome present of thirty pounds.

Owing in some degree to the severe plague of 1603, and more perhaps to royal disinclination, the public entry of the King into the metropolis did not take place until nearly a year after the death of Elizabeth. It was on March 15, 1604, that James undertook his formal march from the Tower to Westminister, amid emphatic demonstrations of welcome, and passing every now and then under the most elaborate triumphal arches London had ever seen. In the royal train were the nine actors to whom the special license had been granted the previous year, including of course Shakespeare and his three friends, Burbage, Hemmings, and Condell. Each of them was presented with four yards and a half of scarlet cloth, the usual dress allowance to players belonging to the household. The poet and his colleagues were termed the King's Servants, and took rank at Court among the Grooms of the Chamber.

Shortly after this event the poet made a visit to Stratford-on-Avon. It appears, from a declaration filed in the local court, that he had sold in that town to one Philip Rogers several bushels of malt at various times between March 27 and the end of May, 1604, and that the latter did not, or could not, pay the debt thus incurred, amounting to £1. 15s. 10d. Shakespeare had sold him malt to the value of £1. 19s. 10d., and, on June 25, Rogers borrowed two shillings of the poet at Stratford, making in all £2. 1s. 10d. Six shillings of this were afterwards paid, and the action was brought to recover the balance.

In the following August the great dramatist was in London, there having been a special order, issued in that

month by desire of the King, for every member of the company to be in attendance at Somerset House. This was on the occasion of the visit of the Spanish ambassador to England, but it may be perhaps that their professional services were not required, for no notice of them has been discovered.

The tragedy of *Othello*, originally known under the title of *The Moor of Venice*, is first heard of in 1604, it having been performed by the King's players, who then included Shakespeare himself, before the Court, in the Banqueting House at Whitehall, on the evening of Hallowmas day, November 1. This drama was very popular, Leonard Digges speaking of the audiences preferring it to the labored compositions of Ben Jonson. In 1609, a stage-loving parent, one William Bishop, of Shoreditch, who had perhaps been taken with the representation of the tragedy, gave the name of Othello's perfect wife to one of his twin daughters. A performance at the Globe in the April of the following year, 1610, was honored with the presence of the German ambassador and his suite, and it was again represented at Court before Prince Charles, the Princess Elizabeth, and the Elector Palatine, in May, 1613. These scattered notices, accidentally preserved, doubtlessly out of many others that might have been recorded, are indicative of its continuance as an acting play; a result that may, without disparagement to the author, be attributed in some measure to the leading character having been assigned to the most accomplished tragic actor of the day,—Richard Burbage. The name of the first performer of Iago is not known, but there is a curious tradition, which can be traced as far back as the close of the seventeenth century, to the effect that the part was

originally undertaken by a popular comedian, and that Shakespeare adapted some of the speeches of that character to the peculiar talents of the actor.

The company are found playing at Oxford in the early part of the summer of 1604. In the Christmas holidays of the same year, on the evening of December 26, the comedy of *Measure for Measure* was performed before the Court at Whitehall, and if it were written for that special occasion, it seems probable that the lines, those in which Angelo deprecates the thronging of the multitude to royalty, were introduced out of special consideration to James I, who, as is well known, had a great dislike to encountering crowds of people. The lines in the mouth of Angelo appear to be somewhat forced, while their metrical disposition is consistent with the idea that they might have been the result of an afterthought.

Shakespeare's company performed a number of dramas before the Court early in the following year, 1605, including several of his own. About the same time a curious old play, termed *The London Prodigal*, which had been previously acted by them, was impudently submitted by Nathaniel Butter to the reading public as one of the compositions of the great dramatist. On May 4, a few days before his death, the poet's colleague, Augustine Phillips, made his will, leaving "to my fellowe, William Shakespeare, a thirty shillinges peece in goold." And in the following July, Shakespeare made the largest, and, in a monetary sense very likely the most judicious, purchase he ever completed, giving the sum of £440 for the unexpired term of the moiety of a valuable lease of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton and Welcombe.

On October 9 in the same year, 1605, Shakespeare's company, having previously traveled as far as Barnstaple, gave another performance before the Mayor and Corporation of Oxford. If the poet, as was most likely the case, was one of the actors on the occasion, he would have been lodging at the Crown Inn, a wine-tavern kept by one John Davenant, who had taken out his license in the previous year, 1604. The landlord was a highly respectable man, filling in succession the chief municipal offices, but, although of a peculiarly grave and saturnine disposition, he was, as recorded by Wood in 1692, "an admirer and lover of the plays and play-makers, especially Shakespeare, who frequented his house in his journies between Warwickshire and London." His wife is described by the same writer as "a very beautiful woman, of a good wit and conversation." Early in the following year the latter presented her husband with a son, who was christened at St. Martin's Church on March 3, 1606, receiving there the name of William. They had several other children, and their married life was one of such exceptional harmony that it elicited the unusual honor of metrical tributes. A more devoted pair the city of Oxford had never seen, and John Davenant, in his will, 1622, expressly desires that he should be "buryed in the parish of St. Martin's in Oxford as nere my wife as the place will give leave where shee lyeth."

It was the general belief in Oxford, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, that Shakespeare was William Davenant's godfather, and there is no reason for questioning the accuracy of the tradition. Anthony Wood alludes to the special regard in which the poet was held by the worthy innkeeper, while the christian name

that was selected was a new one in the family of the latter. There was also current in the same town a favorite anecdote, in which a person was warned not to speak of his godfather lest he should incur the risk of breaking the Third Commandment. This was a kind of representative story, one which could be told of any individual at the pleasure of the narrator, and it is found in the generic form in a collection of tavern pleasantries made by Taylor, the Water-Poet, in 1629. This last fact alone is sufficient to invest a personal application with the gravest doubt, and to lead to the inference that the subsequent version related of Shakespeare was altogether unauthorized. If so, there can be little doubt that with the spurious tale originated its necessary foundation, —the oft-repeated intimation that Sir William Davenant was the natural son of the great dramatist. The latter surmise is first heard of in one of the manuscripts of Aubrey, written in or before the year 1680, in which he says, after mentioning the Crown tavern,—"Mr. William Shakespeare was wont to goe into Warwickshire once a yeare, and did commonly in his journey lye at this house in Oxen, where he was exceedingly respected." He then proceeds to tell us that Sir William, considering himself equal in genius to Shakespeare, was not averse to being taken for his son, and would occasionally make these confessions in his drinking bouts with Sam Butler and other friends. The writer's language is obscure, and might have been thought to mean simply that Davenant wished to appear in the light of a son in the poetical acceptation of the term, but the reckless gossip must needs add that Sir William's mother not only "had a very light report," but was looked upon in her own day

as a perfect Thais. Sufficient is known of the family history of the Davenants, and of their social position and respectability, to enable us to be certain that this onslaught upon the lady's reputation is a scandalous mis-statement. Anthony Wood also, the conscientious Oxonian biographer, who had the free use of Aubrey's papers, eliminates every kind of insinuation against the character of either Shakespeare or Mrs. Davenant. He may have known from reliable sources that there could have been no truth in the alleged illegitimacy, and anyhow he no doubt had the independent sagacity to observe that the reception of the libel involved extravagant admissions. It would require us to believe that the guilty parties, with incredible callousness, united at the font to perpetuate their own recollection of the crime; and this in the presence of the injured husband, who must be presumed to have been then, and throughout his life, unconscious of a secret which was so insecurely kept that it furnished ample materials for future slander. Even Aubrey himself tacitly concedes that the scandal had not transpired in the poet's time, for he mentions the great respect in which the latter was held at Oxford. Then, as if to make assurance to posterity doubly sure, there is preserved at Alnwick Castle a very elaborate manuscript poem on the Oxford gossip of the time of James I, including especially everything that could be raked up against its innkeepers and taverns, and in that manuscript there is no mention either of the Crown Inn or of the Davenants.

It is, indeed, easy to perceive that we should never have heard any scandal respecting Mrs. Davenant, if she had not been noted in her own time, and for long after-

wards, for her exceptional personal attractions. Her history ought to be a consolation to ugly girls, that is to say, if the existence of such rarities as the latter be not altogether mythical. Listen to the antique words of Flecknoe, 1654, referring to Lord Exeter's observation that the world spoke kindly of none but people of the ordinary types. "There is no great danger," he writes, even of the latter escaping censure, "calumny being so universal a trade now, as every one is of it; nor is there any action so good they cannot find a bad name for, nor entail upon 't an ill intention; insomuch as one was so injurious to his mistress's beauty not long since to say,—she has more beauty than becomes the chaste."

A considerable portion of this year, 1606, was spent by the King's company in provincial travel. They were at Oxford in July, at Leicester in August, at Dover in September, and, at some unrecorded periods, at Maidstone, Saffron Walden, and Marlborough. Before the winter had set in they had returned to London, and in the Christmas holidays, on the evening of December 26, the tragedy of *King Lear*, some of the incidents of which were adopted from one or more older dramas on the same legend, was represented before King James at Whitehall, having no doubt been produced at the Globe in the summer of that year. No record of the character of its reception by the Court has been preserved, but it must have been successful at the theater for the booksellers, late in the November of the following year, made an arrangement with the company to enable them to obtain the sanction of the Master at the Revels for the publication of the tragedy, two editions of which shortly afterwards appeared, both dated in 1608. In these issues the author's

name is curiously given in one line of large type at the very commencement of each title-page, a singular and even unique testimony to the popularity of a dramatic author of the period.

The poet's eldest daughter, Susanna, then in her twenty-fifth year, was married at Stratford-on-Avon on June 5, 1607, to John Hall, M.A., a physician who afterwards rose to great provincial eminence. He was born in the year 1575, and was most probably connected with the Halls of Acton, co. Middlesex, but he was not a native of that village. In his early days, as was usual with the more highly educated youths of the time, he had traveled on the continent, and attained a proficiency in the French language. The period of his arrival at Stratford-on-Avon is unknown, but, from the absence of all notice of him in the local records previously to his marriage, it may be presumed that his settlement there had not then been of long duration. It might even have been the result of his engagement with the poet's daughter. He appears to have taken up his first Stratford abode in a road termed the Old Town, a street leading from the churchyard to the main portion of the borough. With the further exceptions that, in 1611, his name is found in a list of supporters to a highway bill, and that, in 1612, he commenced leasing from the Corporation a small piece of wooded land on the outskirts of the town, nothing whatever is known of his career during the lifetime of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's company were playing at Oxford on September 7, 1607, and towards the close of the same year he lost his brother Edmund, who, on Thursday, December 31, was buried at Southwark, in the church of

St. Saviour's, "with a forenoone knell of the great bell." It may fairly be assumed that the burial in the church, a mark of respect which was seldom paid to an actor, and which added very considerably to the expenses of the funeral, resulted from the poet's own affectionate directions; while the selection of the morning for the ceremony, then unusual at St. Saviour's, may have arisen from a wish to give some of the members of the Globe company the opportunity of attendance. Edmund Shakespeare was in the twenty-eighth year of his age at the time of his death, and is described in the register as a player. There can be little doubt that he was introduced to the stage by the great dramatist, but, from the absence of professional notice of him, it may be concluded that he did not attain to much theatrical eminence.

Elizabeth, the only child of the Halls, was born in February, 1608, an event which conferred on Shakespeare the dignity of grandfather. The poet lived to see her attain the engaging age of eight, and the fact of his entertaining a great affection for her does not require the support of probability derived from his traditionally recorded love of children. If he had not been extremely fond of the little girl, it is not likely that he would have specifically bequeathed so mere a child nearly the whole of his plate in addition to a valuable contingent interest in his pecuniary estate. It appears, from the records of some chancery proceedings, that she inherited in after life the shrewd business qualities of her grandfather, but, with this exception, nothing is known of her disposition or character.

In the spring of the year 1608, the apparently inartificial drama of *Pericles* was represented at the Globe Theater.

It seems to have been well received, and Edward Blount, a London bookseller, lost no time in obtaining the personal sanction of Sir George Buck, the Master of the Revels, for its publication, but the emoluments derived from the stage performances were probably too large for the company to incur the risk of their being diminished by the circulation of the printed drama. Blount was perhaps either too friendly or too conscientious to persist in his designs against the wishes of the actors, and it was reserved for a less respectable publisher to issue the first edition of *Pericles* early in the following year, 1609, an impression followed by another surreptitious one in 1611. As Blount, the legitimate owner of the copyright, was one of the proprietors of the first folio, it may safely be inferred that the editors of that work did not consider that the poet's share in the composition of *Pericles* was sufficiently large to entitle it to a place in their collection. This curious drama has, in fact, the appearance of being an earlier production, one to which, in its present form, Shakespeare was merely responsible for a number of re-castings and other improvements.

About the time that *Pericles* was so well received at the Globe, the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra* was in course of performance at the same theater, but, although successful, it did not equal the former in popularity. It was, however, sufficiently attractive for Blount to secure the consent of the Master of the Revels to its publication, and also for the company to frustrate his immediate design.

Almost simultaneously with the contemplated publication of the admirable tragedy last mentioned, an insignificant piece, of some little merit but no dramatic

power, entitled *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, was dishonestly introduced to the public as having been "written by W. Shakespeare." It was "printed by R. B. for Thomas Pavier" in 1608, the latter being a well-known unscrupulous publisher of the day, but it is of considerable interest as one of the few domestic tragedies of the kind and period that have descended to us, as well as from the circumstance of its having been performed by Shakespeare's company at the Globe Theater. When originally produced, it appears to have had the title of *All's One*, belonging to a series of four diminutive plays that were consecutively acted by the company as a single performance in lieu of a regular five-act-drama. This was a curious practice of the early stage of which there are several other examples. *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, the only one of this Globe series now preserved, was founded on a real occurrence which happened in the spring of the year 1605,—one of those exceptionally terrible murders that every now and then electrify and sadden the public. A Yorkshire squire of good family, maddened by losses resulting from a career of dissipation, having killed two of his sons, unsuccessfully attempted the destruction of his wife and her then sole remaining child. The event created a great sensation in London at the time, and it is most likely that this drama on the subject was produced at the theater shortly after the occurrence, or, at least, before the public excitement respecting it had subsided. This is probable, not merely from the haste with which it was apparently written, but from its somewhat abrupt termination indicating that it was completed before the execution of the murderer at York in August, 1605. It appears to have been the crim-

inal's professed object to blot out the family in sight of their impending ruin, intending perhaps to consummate the work by suicide, but he exhibited at the last some kind of desire to atone for his unnatural cruelty. In order to save the remnant of the family estates for the benefit of his wife and surviving child, he refused to plead to the indictment, thus practically electing to suffer the then inevitable and fearful alternative of being pressed to death.

It is not unlikely that the publisher of *The Yorkshire Tragedy* took advantage of the departure of Shakespeare from London to perpetrate his nominated fraud, for the poet's company were traveling on the southern coast about the time of its appearance. A few months later the great dramatist was destined to lose his mother, the Mary Arden of former days, who was buried at Stratford-on-Avon on September 9, 1608. He would naturally have desired, if possible, to attend the funeral, and it is nearly certain that he was at his native town in the following month. On October 16 he was the principal godfather at the baptism of the William Walker to whom, in 1616, he bequeathed "twenty shillings in gold." This child was the son of Henry Walker, a mercer and one of the aldermen of the town. It should be added that the King's Servants were playing at Coventry on the twenty-ninth of the last-named month, and that they acted in the same year upon some unknown occasion at Marlborough.

The records of Stratford exhibit the poet, in 1608 and 1609, engaged in a suit with a townsman for the recovery of a debt. In the August of the former year he commenced an action against one John Addenbroke, but it then seems to have been in abeyance for a time, the first precept for a jury in the cause being dated December 21,

1608; after which there was another delay, possibly in the hope of the matter being amicably arranged, a peremptory summons to the same jury having been issued on February 15, in the following year. A verdict was then given in favor of the poet for £6 and £1. 4s. costs, and execution went forth against the defendant; but the sergeant-at-mace returning that he was not to be found within the liberty of the borough, Shakespeare proceeded against a person of the name of Horneby, who had become bail for Addenbroke. This last process is dated on June 7, 1609, so that nearly a year elapsed during the prosecution of the suit. It must not be assumed that the great dramatist attended personally to these matters, although of course the proceedings were carried on under his instructions. The precepts, as appears from memoranda in the originals, were issued by the poet's cousin, Thomas Greene, who was then residing, under some unknown conditions, at New Place.

The spring of the year 1609 is remarkable in literary history for the appearance of one of the most singular volumes that ever issued from the press. It was entered at Stationers' Hall on May 20, and published by one Thomas Thorpe under the title of—*Shake-speares Sonnets, neuer before imprinted*,—the first two words being given in large capitals, so that they might attract their full share of public notice. This little book, a very small quarto of forty leaves, was sold at what would now be considered the trifling price of five-pence. The exact manner in which these sonnets were acquired for publication remains a mystery, but it is most probable that they were obtained from one of the poet's intimate friends who alone would be likely to have copies, not only of so many of those pieces but also one of *The Lover's Complaint*. However that

may be, Thorpe,—the well-wishing *adventurer*,— was so elated with the opportunity of entering into the speculation that he dedicated the work to the factor in the acquisition, one Mr. W. H., in language of hyperbolical gratitude, wishing him every happiness and an eternity, the latter in terms which are altogether inexplicable. The surname of the addressee, which has not been recorded, has been the subject of numerous futile conjectures; but the use of initials in the place of names, especially if they referred to private individuals, was then so extremely common that it is not necessary to assume that there was an intentional reservation.

At the time that the *Sonnets* issued from the press the author's company were itinerating in Kent, playing at Hythe on May 16 and at New Romney on the following day. They were also at Shrewsbury at some unrecorded period in the same year, a memorable one in the theatrical biography of the great dramatist, for in the following December, the eyry of children quitted the Blackfriars Theater to be replaced by Shakespeare's company. The latter then included Hemmings, Condell, Burbage, and the poet himself.

The exact period is unknown, but it was in the same year, 1609, or not very long afterwards, that Shakespeare and two other individuals either commenced or devised a law-suit bearing upon a question in which he was interested as a partial owner of the Stratford tithes. Our only information on the subject is derived from the draft of a bill of complaint, one that was penned under the following circumstances.—Nearly all the valuable possessions of the local college, including the tithes of Stratford-on-Avon, Old Stratford, Welcombe and Bishopton were granted by

Edward VI, a few days before his death in 1553, to the Corporation, but the gift was subject to the unexpired term of a lease for ninety-two years which had been executed in 1544 by the then proprietors in favor of one William Barker. The next owner of the lease, John Barker, assigned it in 1580 to Sir John Huband, but he reserved to himself a rent charge of £27. 13s. 4d., with the usual power of reëntry in case of non-payment. The above mentioned tithes were of course involved in this liability, but, when Shakespeare purchased a moiety of them in 1605, it was arranged that his share of that charge should be commuted by an annual payment of £5. An observance of this condition should have absolved the poet from further trouble in the matter, but this unfortunately was not the case. When the bill of complaint was drafted there were about forty persons who had interests under Barker's lease, and commutations of the shares of the rent-charge had only been made in two cases, that is to say, in those of the owners of the tithe-moieties. A number of the other tenants had expressed their willingness to join in an equitable arrangement, provided that it was legally carried out; but there were some who declined altogether to contribute, and hence arose the necessity of taking measures to compel them to do so, a few, including Shakespeare, having had to pay more than their due proportions to avoid the forfeitures of their several estates. The result of the legal proceedings, if any were instituted, is not known, but there are reasons for believing that the movement terminated in some way in favor of the complainants.

The annual income which Shakespeare derived from his moiety is estimated in the bill of complaint at £60, but this was not only subject to the payment of the above-named

£5, but also to that of one-half of another rent-charge, one of £34, that belonged to the Corporation of Stratford. His net income from the tithes would thus be reduced to £38, but it was necessarily of a fluctuating character, the probability, however, being that there was a tendency towards increase, especially in the latter part of his career. It is most likely that he entered into an agreement each year with a collector, whose province it would have been to relieve him of all trouble in the matter, and pay over a stipulated amount. It is not probable that he himself visited the harvest field to mark, as was then the local practice, every tenth sheaf with a dock, or that he personally attended to the destination of each of his tithe-pigs.

The next year, 1610, is nearly barren of recorded incidents, but in the early part of it Shakespeare purchased twenty acres of pasture land from the Combes, adding them to the valuable freeholds that he had obtained from those parties in 1602. After this transaction he owned no fewer than a hundred and twenty-seven acres in the common fields of Stratford and its neighborhood. His first purchase consisted entirely of arable land, but although he had the usual privilege of common of pasture that was attached to it, the new acquisition was no doubt a desirable one. The concord of the fine that was prepared on the latter occasion is dated April 13, 1610, and, as it was acknowledged before Commissioners, it may be inferred that Shakespeare was not in London at the time. His company were at Dover in July, at Oxford in August, and at Shrewsbury at some period of the year which has not been recorded.

There are an unusual number of evidences of Shake-

speare's dramatic popularity in the following year. We now first hear of his plays of *Macbeth*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Tempest*. New impressions of *Titus Andronicus*, *Hamlet*, and *Pericles* also appeared in 1611, and, in the same year, a publisher named Helme issued an edition of the old play of *King John*, that which Shakespeare so marvelously re-dramatized, with the deceptive imputation of the authorship to one W. Sh., a clear proof, if any were needed, of the early commercial value of his name.

The tragedy of *Macbeth* was acted at the Globe Theater, in April, 1611, and Forman, the celebrated astrologer, has recorded a graphic account of its performance on that occasion, the only contemporary notice of it that has been discovered. The eccentric Doctor appears to have given some of the details inaccurately, but he could hardly have been mistaken in the statement that Macbeth and Banquo made their first appearance on horseback, a curious testimony to the rude endeavors of the stage-managers of the day to invest their representations with something of reality. The weird sisters were personated by men whose heads were disguised by grotesque periwigs. Forman's narrative decides a question, which has frequently been raised, as to whether the Ghost of Banquo should appear, or only be imagined, by Macbeth. There is no doubt that the Ghost was personally introduced on the early stage as well as long afterwards, when the tragedy was revived by Davenant; but the audiences of the seventeenth century were indoctrinated with the common belief that spirits were generally visible only to those connected with their object or mission, so in this play, as in some others of the period, an artificial

stimulus to credulity in that direction was unnecessary. It is a singular circumstance that, in Davenant's time, Banquo and his Ghost were performed by different actors, a practice not impossibly derived from that of former times.

A performance of the comedy of *The Winter's Tale,* the name of which is probably owing to its having been originally produced in the winter season, was witnessed by Dr. Forman at the Globe Theater on May 15, 1611. It was also the play chosen for representation before the Court on November 15 in the same year. Although it is extremely unlikely that Camillo's speech respecting "anointed Kings" influenced the selection of the comedy, there can hardly be a doubt that a sentiment so appropriate to the anniversary celebrated on that day was favorably received by a Whitehall audience. *The Winter's Tale* was also performed in the year 1613 before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine, some time before the close of the month of April, at which period the two last of the above-named personages left England for the Continent.

Among the performances of other dramas witnessed by Dr. Forman was one of the tragedy of *Cymbeline,* and although he does not record either the date or the locality, there can be little hesitation in referring the incident to the spring of the year 1611; at all events, to a period not later than the following September, when that marvelously eccentric astrologer died suddenly in a boat while passing over the Thames from Southwark to Puddle Dock. It may be suspected that the poet was in London at the time of that occurrence, for in a subscription list originated at Stratford-on-Avon on the eleventh of that month, his name is the only one found on the margin, as if it were a later

insertion in a folio page of donors "towardes the charge of prosecutyng the bill in Parliament for the better repayre of the highe waies." The moneys were raised in anticipation of a Parliament which was then expected to be summoned, but which did not meet until long afterwards. The list includes the names of all the leading inhabitants of the town, so that it is impossible to say whether the poet took a special interest in the proposed design, or if he allowed his name to appear merely out of consideration for its promoters.

The comedy of *The Tempest*, having most likely been produced at one of the Shakespearean theaters in 1611, was represented before King James and the Court at Whitehall on the evening of November 1 in that year, the incidental music having been composed by Robert Johnson, one of the Royal "musicians for the lutes." The record of the performance includes the earliest notice of that drama which has yet been discovered. It was also acted with success at the Blackfriars Theater, and it was one of the plays selected early in the year 1613 for the entertainment of Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth and the Elector Palatine.

The four years and a half that intervened between the performance of *The Tempest* in 1611 and the author's death, could not have been one of his periods of great literary activity. So many of his plays are known to have been in existence at the former date, it follows that there are only six which could by any possibility have been written after that time, and it is not likely that the whole of those belong to so late an era. These facts lead irresistibly to the conclusion that the poet abandoned literary occupation a considerable period before his decease, and, in

all probability, when he disposed of his theatrical property. So long as he continued to be a shareholder in the Globe Theater, it was incumbent upon him to supply the company with two plays annually. It may therefore, be reasonably inferred that he parted with his shares within two or three years after the performance above alluded to, the drama of *King Henry the Eighth* being, most likely, his concluding work.

Among the six plays above mentioned is the amusing comedy of *The Taming of the Shrew*. Most of the incidents of that drama, as well as those of its exquisite induction, are taken from an old farce which was written at some time before May, 1594, and published in that year under the nearly identical title of *The Taming of a Shrew*. This latter work had then been acted by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, and was probably well known to Shakespeare when he was connected with that company, or shortly afterwards, for it was one of the plays represented at the Newington Butts Theater by the Lord Admiral's and the Lord Chamberlain's men in the June of the same year. The period at which he wrote the new comedy is at present a matter solely of conjecture; but its local allusions might induce an opinion that it was composed with a view to a contemplated representation before a provincial audience. That delicious episode, the induction, presents us with a fragment of the rural life with which Shakespeare himself must have been familiar in his native county. With such animated power is it written that we almost appear to personally witness the affray between Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, and Christopher Sly, to see the nobleman on his return from the chase discovering the insensible drunkard, and to hear the strolling actors make

the offer of professional services that was requited by the cordial welcome to the buttery. Wincot is a secluded hamlet near Stratford-on-Avon, and there is an old tradition that the ale-house frequented by Sly was often resorted to by Shakespeare for the sake of diverting himself with a fool who belonged to a neighboring mill. Stephen Sly, one of the tinker's friends or relatives, was a known character at Stratford-on-Avon, and is several times mentioned in the records of that town. This fact, taken in conjunction with the references to Wilmecote and Barton-on-the-Heath, definitely proves that the scene of the induction was intended to be in the neighborhood of Stratford-on-Avon, the water-mill tradition leading to the belief that Little Wilmecote, the part of the hamlet nearest to the poet's native town, is the Wincot alluded to in the comedy. If—but the virtuous character of that interesting particle must not be overlooked—the local imagery extends to the nobleman, the play itself must be supposed to be represented at Clopton House, the only large private residence near the scene of Sly's intemperance; but if so, not until 1605, in the May of which year Sir George became Baron Carew of Clopton.

It was the general opinion in the convivial days of Shakespeare "that a quart of ale is a dish for a king." So impressed were nearly all classes of society by its attractions, it was imbibed wherever it was to be found, and there was no possible idea of degradation attached to the poet's occasional visits to the house of entertainment at Wincot. If, indeed, he had been observed in that village and to pass Mrs. Hacket's door without taking a sip of ale with the vigorous landlady, he might perhaps no longer have been enrolled among the members of good-fellowship. Such a

notion, at all events, is at variance with the proclivities recorded in the famous crab-tree anecdote, one which is of sufficient antiquity to deserve a notice among the more trivial records of Shakespearean biography. It would appear from this tradition that the poet, one summer's morning, set out from his native town for a walk over Bardon Hill to the village of Bidford, six miles distant, a place said to have been then noted for its revelry. When he had nearly reached his destination, he happened to meet with a shepherd, and jocosely enquired of him if the Bidford Drinkers were at home. The rustic, perfectly equal to the occasion, replied that the Drinkers were absent, but that he would easily find the Sippers, and that the latter might perhaps be sufficiently jolly to meet his expectations. The anticipations of the shepherd were fully realized, and Shakespeare, in bending his way homeward late in the evening, found an acceptable interval of rest under the branches of a crab-tree which was situated about a mile from Bidford. There is no great wonder and no special offense to record, when it is added that he was overtaken by drowsiness, and that he did not renew the course of his journey until early in the following morning. The whole story, indeed, when viewed strictly with reference to the habits and opinions of those days, presents no features that suggest disgrace to the principal actor, or imposition on the part of the narrator. With our ancestors the ludicrous aspect of intoxication completely neutralized, or rather, to speak more correctly, excluded the thought of attendant discredit. The affair would have been merely regarded in the light of an unusually good joke, and that there is, at least, some foundation for the tale may be gathered from the fact that, as early

as the year 1762, the tree, then known as Shakespeare's Canopy, was regarded at Stratford-on-Avon as an object of great interest.

In the year 1612 the third edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim* made its appearance, the publisher seeking to attract a special class of buyers by describing it as consisting of "Certain Amorous Sonnets between Venus and Adonis." These were announced as the work of Shakespeare, but it is also stated that to them were "newly added two love-epistles, the first from Paris to Helen, and Helen's answer back again to Paris;" the name of the author of the last two poems not being mentioned. The wording of the title might imply that the latter were also the compositions of the great dramatist, but they were in fact written by Thomas Heywood, and had been impudently taken from his *Troia Britanica*, a large poetical work that had appeared three years previously, 1609. "Here, likewise," observes that writer, speaking in 1612 of the last-named production, "I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke by taking the two Epistles of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a lesse volume under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steale them from him; and hee, to doe himselfe right, hath since published them in his owne name; but as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath publisht them, so the author I know much offended with M. Jaggard that (altogether unknowne to him) presumed to make so bold with his name."

Although Heywood thus ingeniously endeavors to make it appear that his chief objection to the piracy arose from a desire to shield himself against a charge

of plagiarism, it is apparent that he was highly incensed at the liberty that had been taken; and a new title-page to *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1612, from which Shakespeare's name was withdrawn, was afterwards issued. There can be little doubt that this step was taken mainly in consequence of the remonstrances of Heywood addressed to Shakespeare, who may certainly have been displeased at Jaggard's proceedings, but as clearly required pressure to induce him to act in the matter. If the publisher would now so readily listen to Shakespeare's wishes, it is difficult to believe that he would not have been equally compliant had he been expostulated with either at the first appearance of the work in 1599, or at any period during the following twelve years of its circulation. It is pleasing to notice that Heywood, in observing that the poet was ignorant of Jaggard's intentions, entirely acquits the former of any blame in the matter.

In the course of this year the King's Servants are found playing at Folkestone, New Romney, and Shrewsbury; and early in the following one, 1613, the great dramatist lost his younger, most probably now his only surviving, brother, Richard, who was buried at Stratford-on-Avon on Thursday, February 4. He was in the thirty-ninth year of his age. Beyond the records of his baptism and funeral no biographical particulars respecting him have been discovered; but it may be suspected that all the poet's brothers were at times more or less dependent on his purse or influence. When the parish-clerk told Dowdall, in 1693, that Shakespeare "was the best of his family," he used a provincial expression which implied not only that its other members of the same sex were less amiable

than himself, but that they were not held in very favorable estimation.

There is no record of the exact period at which the great dramatist retired from the stage in favor of a retreat at New Place, but it is not likely that he made the latter a permanent residence until 1613 at the earliest. Had this step been taken previously, it is improbable that he would, in the March of that year, have been anxious to secure possession of an estate in London, a property consisting of a house and a yard, the lower part of the former having been then and for long previously a haberdasher's shop. The premises referred to, situated within one or two hundred yards to the east of the Blackfriars Theater, were bought by the poet for the sum of £140, and for some reason or other, he was so intent on its acquisition that he permitted a considerable amount, £60, of the purchase-money to remain on mortgage. That reason can hardly be found in the notion that the property was merely a desirable investment, for it would appear to have been purchased at a somewhat extravagant rate, the vendor, one Henry Walker, a London musician, having paid but £100 for it in the year 1604. If intended for conversion into Shakespeare's own residence, that design was afterwards abandoned, for, at some time previously to his death, he had granted a lease of it to John Robinson, who was, oddly enough, one of the persons who had violently opposed the establishment of the neighboring theater. It does not appear that Shakespeare lived to redeem the mortgage, for the legal estate remained in the trustees until the year 1618. Among the latter was one described as John Hemyng of London,

gentleman, who signs himself Heminges, but it is not likely that he was the poet's friend and colleague of the same name.

The conveyance-deeds of this house bear the date of March 10, 1613, but in all probability they were not executed until the following day, and at the same time that the mortgage was effected. The latter transaction was completed in Shakespeare's presence on the eleventh, and that the occurrence took place in London or in the immediate neighborhood is apparent from the fact that the vendor deposited the original conveyance on the same day for enrollment in the Court of Chancery. The independent witnesses present on the occasion consisted of Atkinson, who was the Clerk of the Brewers' Company, and a person of the name of Overy. To these were joined the then usual official attestors, the scrivener who drew up the deeds and his assistant, the latter, one Henry Lawrence, having the honor of lending his seal to the great dramatist, who thus, to the disappointment of posterity, impressed the wax of both his labels with the initials H. L. instead of those of his own name.

This Blackfriars estate was the only London property that Shakespeare is known for certain to have ever owned. It consisted of a dwelling-house, the first story of which was erected partially over a gateway, and either at the side or back, included in the premises, was a diminutive enclosed plot of land. The house was situated on the west side of St. Andrew's Hill, formerly otherwise termed Puddle Hill or Puddle Dock Hill, and it was either partially on or very near the locality now and for more than two centuries known as Ireland Yard. At the bottom of the hill was Puddle Dock, a narrow creek of the

Thames which may yet be traced, with its repulsive very gradually inclined surface of mud at low water, and, at high, an admirable representative of its name. Stow, in his *Survay of London*, ed. 1603, p. 41, mentions "a water gate at Puddle Wharfe, of one Puddle that kept a wharfe on the west side thereof, and now of puddle water, by meanes of many horses watred there." It is scarcely necessary to observe that every vestige of the Shakespearean house was obliterated in the great fire of 1666. So complete was the destruction of all this quarter of London that, perhaps, the only fragment of its ancient buildings that remained to the present century is a doorway of the old church or priory of the Blackfriars, a relic which was afterwards built into the outer wall of a parish lumber-house adjoining St. Anne's burying ground.

The Globe Theater was destroyed by fire on Tuesday, June 29, 1613. The great dramatist was probably at Stratford-on-Avon at the time of this lamentable occurrence. At all events, his name is not mentioned in any of the notices of the calamity, nor is there a probability that he was the author of the new drama on the history of Henry VIII, which was then produced, the first one on the public stage in which the efforts of the dramatist were subordinated to theatrical display. It is true that some of the historical incidents in the piece that was in course of representation when the accident occurred are also introduced into Shakespeare's play, but it is not likely that there was any other resemblance between the two works. Among the actors engaged at the theater on this fatal day were Burbage, Hemmings, Condell, and one who enacted the part of the Fool, the two last being so dilatory in quitting the building that fears were en-

tertained for their safety. Up to this period, therefore, it may reasonably be inferred that the stage-fool had been introduced into every play on the subject of Henry VIII, so that when Shakespeare's pageant-drama appeared some time afterwards, the prologue is careful to inform the audience that there was to be a novel treatment of the history divested of some of the former accompaniments. This theory of a late date is in consonance with the internal evidence. The temperate introduction of lines with the hypermetrical syllable has often a pleasing effect, but during the last few years of the poet's career, their immoderate use was affected by other dramatists, and although, for the most part, Shakespeare's meter was a free offspring of the ear, owing little but its generic form to his predecessors and contemporaries, it appears certain that, in the present instance, he suffered himself to be overruled by this disagreeable innovation.

When Shakespeare's *King Henry VIII* was produced, the character of the King was undertaken by Lowin, a very accomplished actor. This fact, which was stated on the authority of an old manuscript note in a copy of the second folio preserved at Windsor Castle, is confirmed by Downes, in 1708, and by Roberts, the actor, in a tract published in 1729, the latter observing,—"I am apt to think, he (Lowin) did not rise to his perfection and most exalted state in the theater till after Burbage, tho' he play'd what we call second and third characters in his time and particularly *Henry VIII* originally; from an observation of whose acting it in his later days Sir William Davenant convey'd his instructions to Mr. Betterton." According to Downes, Betterton was instructed in the acting of the part by Davenant, "who had it from old Mr.

Lowin, that had his instructions from Mr. Shakespeare himself." There is a stage-tradition that, in Shakespeare's drama, as was also probably the case in all the old plays on the subject, the King's exclamation of *ha* was peculiarly emphasized. A story told by Fuller of a boy-actor in the part whose feeble utterance of this particle occasioned a colleague to warn him that, if he did not pronounce it more vigorously, his Parliament would never give him "a penny of money."

Shortly before the destruction of the Globe Theater in 1613, and in the same month of June, there was a malicious bit of gossip in circulation at Stratford-on-Avon respecting Mrs. Hall, Shakespeare's eldest daughter, and one Ralph Smith. The rumor was traced to an individual of the name of Lane, who was accordingly summoned to the Ecclesiastical Court to atone for the offense. The case was opened at Worcester on July 15, 1613, the poet's friend, Robert Whatcot, being the chief witness on behalf of the plaintiff. Nothing beyond the formal proceedings in the suit has been recorded, but there can be little doubt that Lane was one of those mean social basilisks who attack the personal honor of any one whom they may happen to be offended with. Slanderers, however, are notorious cowards. Neither the defendant nor his proctor ventured to appear before the court, and, in the end, the lady's character was vindicated by the excommunication of the former on July 27.

When itinerant preachers visited Stratford-on-Avon it was the fashion in those days for the Corporation to make them complimentary offerings. In the spring of the following year, 1614, one of these gentlemen arrived in town, and being either quartered at New Place,

or spending a few hours in that house, was there presented by the municipal authorities with one quart of sack and another of claret. There is no evidence that Shakespeare participated in the clerical festivity, the earliest notice of him in this year being in July, when John Combe, one of the leading inhabitants, died bequeathing him the then handsome legacy of £5. It is clear, therefore, that, at the time the will was made, there was no unfriendliness between the two parties, and that the lines commencing, "Ten-in-the-hundred," if genuine, must have been composed at a later period. The first two lines of that mock elegy are, however, undoubtedly spurious, and are omitted in the earliest discovered version of it, dated 1630, preserved at Thirlestane House. There is, moreover, no reason for believing that Combe was an usurious money-lender, ten per cent being then the legal and ordinary rate of interest. That rate was not lowered until after the death of Shakespeare.

The Globe Theater which had been rebuilt at a very large cost, had then been recently opened; and Chamberlain, writing from London on June 30, 1614, to a lady at Venice, says, "I heare much speach of this new playhouse, which is saide to be the fayrest that ever was in England."

In the autumn of the same year, 1614, there was great excitement at Stratford-on-Avon respecting an attempted enclosure of a large portion of the neighboring common-fields,—not commons, as so many biographers have inadvertently stated. The design was resisted by the Corporation, under the natural impression that, if it were realized, both the number of agricultural employees and the value of the tithes would be seriously diminished.

There is no doubt that this would have been the case, and, as might have been expected, William Combe, the squire of Welcombe, who originated the movement, encountered a determined and, in the end, a successful opposition. He spared, however, no exertions to accomplish the object, and, in many instances, if we may believe contemporary allegations, tormented the poor and coaxed the rich into an acquiescence with his views. It appears most probable that Shakespeare was one of the latter who were so influenced, and that, among perhaps other inducements, he was allured to the unpopular side by Combe's agent, one Replingham, guaranteeing him from prospective loss. However that may be, it is certain that the poet was in favor of the enclosures, for, on December 23, the Corporation addressed a letter of remonstrance to him on the subject, and another on the same day to a Mr. Manwaring. The latter, who had been practically bribed by some land arrangements at Welcombe, undertook to protect the interests of Shakespeare, so there can be no doubt that the three parties were acting in unison.

It appears that Shakespeare was in the metropolis when the Corporation decided upon the expostulary letter of December 23, 1614, and that he had arrived there on Wednesday, November 16, almost certainly, in those days of arduous travel, spending the entire interval in London. We are indebted for the knowledge of the former circumstances to the diary of Thomas Greene, the town-clerk of Stratford-on-Avon, who has recorded in that manuscript the following too brief, but still extremely curious, notices of the great dramatist in connection with the subject of the enclosures:

a.—Jovis, 17 Nov., my cosen Shakspeare comyng yesterday to towne, I went to see him how he did. He told me that they assured him they ment to inclose noe further then to Gospell Bushe, and soe upp straight (leavyng out part of the Dyngles to the Field) to the Gate in Clopton hedge, and take in Salisburyes peece; and that they mean in Aprill to survey the land, and then to gyve satisfaccion, and not before; and he and Mr. Hall say they think ther will be nothyng done at all.

b.—23 Dec. A hall. Lettres wryten, on to Mr. Maneryng, another to Mr. Shakspeare, with almost all the companies handes to eyther. I alsoe wrytte of myself to my cosen Shakspear the coppyes of all our actes, and then also a not of the inconvenyences wold happen by the inclosure.

c.—9 Jan. 1614. Mr. Replyngham, 28 Octobris, article with Mr. Shakspear, and then I was putt in by T. Lucas.

d.—11 Januarii, 1614. Mr. Manyryng and his agreement for me with my cosen Shakspeare.

e.—Sept. Mr. Shakspeare tellyng J. Greene that I was not able to beare the encloscing of Welcombe.

Greene was in London at the date of the first entry, and at Stratford at that of the second. The exact day on which the fifth memorandum was written is not given, but it was certainly penned before September 5. Why the last observation should have been chronicled at all is a mystery, but the note has a mournful interest as the register of the latest recorded spoken words of the great dramatist. They were uttered in the autumn of the year 1615, when the end was very near at hand.

Had it not been for its untimely termination, the concluding period of Shakespeare's life would have been regarded with unmixed pleasure. It "was spent," observes Rowe, "as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and conversation of his friends." The latter were not restricted to his provincial associates, for he retained his literary intimacies until the end; while it is clear, from what is above recorded, that his retirement to Stratford did not exclude an occasional visit to the

metropolis. He had, moreover, the practical wisdom to be contented with the fortune his incessant labors had secured. He had gathered, writes his first real biographer, "an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, *to his wish*," language which suggests a traditional belief that the days of accumulation had passed. In other words, he was one of the few who knew when to commence the enjoyment of acquired wealth, avoiding the too common error of desiring more when in full possession of whatever there is in the ability of money to contribute to happiness.

It is not likely that the poet, with his systematic forethought, had hitherto neglected to provide for the ultimate devolution of his estates, but, as usual, it is only the latest will that has been preserved. This important record was prepared in January, 1616, either by or under the directions of Francis Collins, a solicitor then residing at Warwick, and it appears, from the date given to the superscription and from some of the erasures in the manuscript itself, that it was a corrected draft ready for an engrossment that was to have been signed by the testator on Thursday, the twenty-fifth of that month. For some unknown reason, but most probably owing to circumstances relating to Judith's matrimonial engagement, the appointment for that day was postponed, at Shakespeare's request, in anticipation of further instructions, and before Collins had ordered a fair copy to be made. The draft, therefore, remained in his custody, his client being then "in perfect health," and taking no doubt a lively interest in all that concerned his daughter's marriage. Under such conditions a few weeks easily pass away unheeded, so that, when he was unexpectedly seized with a dangerous fever in March, it is not very surprising that the business of

the will should be found to have been neglected. Hence it was that his lawyer was hurriedly summoned from Warwick, that it was not considered advisable to wait for the preparation of a regular transcript, and that the papers were signed after a few more alterations had been hastily effected. An unusual number of witnesses were called in to secure the validity of the informally written document, its draftsman, according to the almost invariable custom at that time, being the first to sign.

The corrected draft of the will was so hastily revised at Shakespeare's bedside, that even the alteration of the day of the month was overlooked. It is probable that the melancholy gathering at New Place happened somewhat later than March 25, the fourth week after a serious attack of fever being generally the most fatal period. We may at all events safely assume that, if death resulted from such a cause on April 23, the seizure could not have occurred much before the end of the preceding month. It is satisfactory to know that the invalid's mind was as yet unclouded, several of the interlineations that were added on the occasion having obviously emanated from himself. And it is not necessary to follow the general opinion that the signatures betray the tremulous hand of illness, although portions of them may indicate that they were written from an inconvenient position. It may be observed that the words, *by me*, which, the autographs excepted, are the only ones in the poet's handwriting known to exist, appear to have been penned with ordinary firmness.

The first interlineation, that which refers to Judith, was apparently the result of her marriage, an event considered as a probability on January 25, and shortly afterwards, that is to say in less than three weeks, definitely arranged.

That the poet, as is so often assumed, was ignorant, in January, of an attachment which resulted in a marriage in February, is altogether incredible. It is especially so when it is recollected that the Quiney and Shakespeare families were at least on visiting terms, and all residing in a small country town, where the rudiment of every love-affair must have been immediately enrolled among the desirable ingredients of the gossips' caldron. But there is evidence in the will itself that Shakespeare not only contemplated Judith's marriage, but was extremely anxious for her husband to settle on her an estate in land equivalent in value to the bequest of £150. He makes the failure of that settlement an absolute bar to the husband's life or other personal interest in the money, rigidly securing the integrity of the capital against the possibility of the condition being evaded so long as Judith or any of her issue were living. The singular limitation of the three years from the date of the will, not from that of the testator's decease, may perhaps be explained by the possibility of Thomas Quiney having a landed reversion accruing to him at the end of that period, such as a bequest contingent on his reaching the age of thirty. However that may be, it seems certain that the interlineated words, *in discharge of her marriage porcion*, must have reference to an engagement on the part of Shakespeare, one entered into after the will was first drawn up and before that paragraph was inserted, to give Judith the sum of £100 on the occasion of her marriage with Thomas Quiney. That event took place in their native town on Saturday, February 10, 1616. There was some reason for accelerating the nuptials, for they were married without a license, an irregularity for which, a few weeks afterwards, they were fined and threatened

with excommunication by the ecclesiastical court at Worcester. No evidence, however, has been discovered to warrant the frequent suggestion that the poet disapproved of the alliance. So far as is known, there was nothing in the bridegroom's position or then character to authorize a parent's opposition, nor have good reasons been adduced for the suspicion that there was ever any unpleasantness between the married Quineys and their Shakespeare connections. Their first-born son was christened after the great dramatist, and they remained on good terms with the Halls. Judith, the first and one of the most prominent legatees named in the will, was a tenant-for-life in remainder under the provisions of that document, so there is not the least reason for suspecting that the partiality therein exhibited to the testator's eldest daughter was otherwise than one elicited by aristocratic tendencies. It is not likely that it was viewed in any other light by the younger sister, who received what were for those days exceedingly liberal pecuniary legacies, while the special gift to her of "my broad silver gilt bole" is an unmistakable testimony of affection. Shakespeare, in devising his real estates to one child, followed the example of his maternal grandfather and the general custom of landed proprietors. He evidently desired that their undivided ownership should continue in the family, but that he had no other motive may be inferred from the absence of conditions for the perpetuation of his own name.

Following the bequests to the Quineys are those to the poet's sister Joan, then in her forty-seventh year, and five pounds a-piece to his nephews, her three children, lads of the respective ages of sixteen, eleven, and eight. To this lady, who became a widow very shortly before his own

decease, he leaves, besides a contingent reversionary interest, his wearing apparel, twenty pounds in money, and a life-interest in the Henley Street property, the last being subject to the manorial rent of twelve-pence. This limitation of real estate to Mrs. Hart, the anxiety displayed to secure the integrity of the little Rowington copyhold, and the subsequent devises to his eldest daughter, exhibit very clearly his determination to place under legal settlement every foot of land that he possessed. With this object in view, he settles his estates in tail male, with the usual remainders over, all of which, however, so far as the predominant intention was concerned, turned out to be merely exponents of the vanity of human wishes. Before half a century had elapsed, all possibility of the continuance of the family entail had been dispelled.

The most celebrated interlineation is that in which Shakespeare leaves his widow his "second-best bed with the furniture," the first-best being that generally reserved for visitors, and one which may possibly have descended as a family heir-loom, becoming in that way the undevisable property of his eldest daughter. Bedsteads were sometimes of elaborate workmanship, and gifts of them are often to be met with in ancient wills. The notion of indifference to his wife, so frequently deduced from the above-mentioned entry, cannot be sustained on that account. So far from being considered of trifling import, beds were even sometimes selected as portions of compensation for dower; and bequests of personal articles of the most insignificant description were never formerly held in any light but that of marks of affection. Among the smaller legacies of former days may be enumerated kettles, chairs, gowns, hats, pewter cups, feather bolsters, and cullenders.

In the year 1642 one John Shakespeare of Budbrook, near Warwick, considered it a sufficient mark of respect to his father-in-law to leave him "his best boots."

The expression "second-best" has, however, been so repeatedly and so seriously canvassed to the testator's prejudice, it is important to produce evidence of its strictly inoffensive character. Such evidence is to be found in instances of its testamentary use in cases where an approach to a disparaging significance could not have been entertained. Thus the younger Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, in a will made in the year 1600, bequeathed to his son Richard "my second-best horse and furnyture"; and among the legacies given by Bartholomew Hathaway to his son Edmund, in 1621, is "my second brass pott." But there is another example that is conclusive in itself, without other testimony, of the position which is here advocated. It is in the will, dated in April, 1610, of one John Harris, a well-to-do notary of Lincoln, who, while leaving his wife a freehold estate and other property, also bequeaths to her "the standing bedstead in the litle chaumber, *with the second-best featherbed I have, with a whole furniture therto belonging*, and allso a trundle-bedsted with a featherbed, and the furniture therto belonging, and six payer of sheetes, three payer of the better sorte and three payer of the meaner sorte." This extremely interesting parallel disposes of the most plausible reason that has ever been given for the notion that there was at one time some kind of estrangement between Shakespeare and his Anne. Let us be permitted to add that the opportunity which has thus presented itself of refuting such aspersion is more than satisfactory,—it is a consolation; for there are few surer tests of the want either of a man's real amiability or

of his moral conduct than his incompetence, excepting in very special cases, to remain on affectionate terms with the partner of his choice. And it is altogther impossible that there could have been an exculpatory special case in the present instance.

The conjugal history of Shakespeare would not have been so tarnished had more regard been given to contemporary practices. It has generally been considered that the terms of the marriage-bond favor a suspicion of haste and irregularity, but it will be seen on examination that they are merely copies of the ordinary forms in use at Worcester. We should not inspect these matters through the glasses of modern life. For the gift of a bed let us substitute that of one of its present correlatives, a valuable diamond-ring for example, and we should then instinctively feel not only that the gift was one of affection, but that its isolation was most probably due to the circumstance of a special provision of livelihood for her being unnecessary. This was undoubtedly the case in the present instance. The interests of the survivor were nearly always duly considered in the voluntary settlements formerly so often made between husband and wife, but even if there had been no such arrangements in this case, the latter would have been well provided for by free-bench in the Rowington copyhold, and by dower on the rest of the property.

It is curious that the only real ground for a belief in any kind of estrangement between them should not hitherto have been noticed, but something to favor that impression may be fancied to be visible in Shakespeare's neglect to give his widow a life-interest either in their own residence at New Place or in its furniture. However liberally she may

have been provided for, that circumstance would hardly reconcile us to the somewhat ungracious divorce of a wife from the control of her own household. It is clear that there must have been some valid reason for this arrangement, for the grant of such an interest would not have affected the testator's evident desire to perpetuate a family estate, and there appears to be no other obvious design with which a limited gift of the mansion could have interfered. Perhaps the only theory that would be consistent with the terms of the will, and with the deep affection which she is traditionally recorded to have entertained for him to the end of her life, is the possibility of her having been afflicted with some chronic infirmity of a nature that precluded all hope of recovery. In such a case, to relieve her from household anxieties and select a comfortable apartment at New Place, where she would be under the care of an affectionate daughter and an experienced physician, would have been the wisest and kindest measure that could have been adopted.

It has been observed that a man's character is more fully revealed in a will than in any other less solemn document, and the experiences of most people will tend to favor the impression that nothing is so likely to be a really faithful record of natural impulses. Dismissing, as unworthy of consideration, the possibility of there having been an intentional neglect of his wife, it is pleasing to notice in Shakespeare's indications of the designer having been a conscientious and kind-hearted man, and one who was devoid of any sort of affectation. Independently of the bequests that amply provided for his children and sister, there are found in it a very unusual number of legacies to personal friends, and if some of its omissions, such as those of reference to

the Hathaways, appear to be mysterious, it must be recollected that we are entirely unacquainted with family arrangements, the knowledge of some of which might explain them all. It has, moreover, been objected that "the will contains less of sentiment than might be wished," that is to say, it may be presumed, by those who fancy that the great dramatist must have been, by virtue of his art, of an æsthetic and sentimental temperament. When Mr. West of Alscot was the first, in 1747, to exhibit a biographical interest in this relic, the Rev. Joseph Greene, master of the grammar-school of Stratford-on-Avon, who made a transcript for him, was also disappointed with its contents, and could not help observing that it was "absolutely void of the least particle of that spirit which animated our great poet." It might be thought from this impeachment that the worthy preceptor expected to find it written in blank-verse.

The preponderance of Shakespeare's domestic over his literary sympathies is strikingly exhibited in this final record. Not only is there no mention of Drayton, Ben Jonson, or any of his other literary friends, but an entire absence of reference to his own compositions. When these facts are considered adjunctively with his want of vigilance in not having previously secured authorized publications of any one of his dramas, and with other episodes of his life, it is difficult to resist the conviction that he was indifferent to the posthumous fate of his own writings. The editors of the first folio speak, indeed, in a tone of regret at his death having rendered a personal edition an impossibility; but they merely allude to this as a matter of fact or destiny, and as a reason for the devolution of the task upon themselves. They nowhere say, as they might naturally have done had it been the case, that the poet

himself had meditated such an undertaking, or even that the slightest preparations for it had been made during the years of his retirement. They distinctly assure us, however, that Shakespeare was in the habit of furnishing them with the autograph manuscripts of his plays, so that, if he had retained transcripts of them for his own ultimate use, or had afterwards collected them, it is reasonable to assume that they would have used his materials and not been so careful to mention that they themselves were the only gatherers. It may, indeed, be safely averred that the leading facts in the case, especially the apathy exhibited by the poet in his days of leisure, all tend to the persuasion that the composition of his immortal dramas was mainly stimulated by pecuniary results that were desired for the realization of social and domestic advantages. It has been frequently observed that, if this view be accepted, it is at the expense of investing him with a mean and sordid disposition. Such a conclusion may well be questioned. Literary ambition confers no moral grace, while its possession, as it might in Shakespeare's case, too often jeopardizes the attainment of independence as well as the paramount claims of family and kindred. That a solicitude in these latter directions should have predominated over vanity is a fact that should enhance our appreciation of his personal character, however it may affect the direct gratitude of posterity for the infinite pleasure and instruction derived from his writings.

One more section of the poet's will has yet to be considered, that solemn one which has been so frequently held to express the limits of his faith; but the terms in which the soul was devised were almost invariably those that were thought to reflect the doctrine of the prevailing religion,

so that the opening clause is no more a declaration that he was a Protestant than is the bequest by his maternal grandfather, Robert Arden, of "my soul to Almighty God, and to our blessed Lady, Saint Mary, and to all the holy company of Heaven," a proof in itself that the last-named testator was a Catholic. Neither can it be determined that Shakespeare was one or the other from what is fancied to be the internal evidence on the subject afforded by his writings, for this has been the theme of innumerable essays with the result that the advocates for his Protestantism and those for his Catholicism are as nearly as may be on a level in respect to the validity of their inferences. Those who endeavor to ascertain a dramatist's own religious sentiments from the utterances of his characters,—each of whom should be to himself religiously true at the due moments of religious expression,—or from the variations in his mode of treating materials that had been dramatically fashioned by his predecessors, can only be successful amid the works of less impartial artists. With respect to allusions to facts that are dependent upon knowledge and become in that way a species of evidence, there is only one, the reference to evening-mass, which is of practical value in the enquiry; but this, assuming it to be as hopelessly incorrect as is generally represented, is either a casual oversight or due to the very little opportunity that the author could have had for becoming familiar with Catholic practice. And if the merciless rigor with which the Catholic ministrations were suppressed is fairly borne in mind, no heed will be given to arguments based on the resort of the Shakespeares to those of the governmental Church. The poet, moreover, was educated under the Protestant direction, or he would not have been educated at all. But there

is no doubt that John Shakespeare nourished all the while a latent attachment to the old religion, and although, like most unconverted conformists of ordinary discretion who were exposed to the inquisitorial tactics of the authorities, he may have attempted to conceal his views even from the members of his own household; yet still, however determinately he may have refrained from giving them expression, it generally happens in such cases that a wave from the religious spirit of a parent will imperceptibly reach the hearts of his children and exercise more or less influence on their perceptions. And this last presumption is an important consideration in assessing the degree of credit to be given to the earliest notice that has come down to us respecting the character of Shakespeare's own belief,—the assertion of Davies that "he died a Papist." That this was the local tradition in the latter part of the seventeenth century does not admit of rational question. If the statement had emanated from a man like Prynne, addressing fanatics whose hatred of a stage player would if possible have been intensified by the knowledge that he was a Romanist, then indeed a legitimate suspicion might have been entertained of the narrator's integrity; but here we have the testimony of a sober clergyman, who could have had no conceivable motive for deception, in what is obviously the casual note of a provincial hearsay. An element of fact in this testimony must be accepted in a biography in which the best, in this instance the only, direct evidence takes precedence over theories that are based on mere credibilities. At the same time it is anything but necessary to conclude that the great dramatist had very strong or pronounced views on theological matters. If that were the case, it is almost certain that there would have been some

other early allusion to them, and perhaps in himself less of that spirit of toleration for every kind of opinion which rendered him at home with all sorts and conditions of men,—as well as less of that freedom from inflexible preconceptions that might have affected the fidelity of his dramatic work. Many will hold that there was sufficient of those qualities to betray a general indifference to creeds and rituals, and, at all events, whatever there was of Catholicism in his faith did not exclude the maintenance of affectionate relations with his ultra-protestant son-in-law. There is nothing in the will, in the list of witnesses, in the monumental inscription, in selection of friends, in the history of his professional career, in the little that tells of his personal character,—there is nothing, in short, in a single one of the contemporary evidences to indicate that he ever entered any of the circles of religious partisanship. Assuming, as we fairly may, that he had a leaning to the faith of his ancestors, we may yet be sure that the inclination was not of a nature that materially disturbed the easy-going acquiescence in the conditions of his surrounding world that added so much to the happiness of his later days. With perhaps one exception. It is surely within the bounds of possibility that he gave utterance to that inclination in the course of his last illness, and that he then declined, almost in the same breath in which he directed the kindly remembrances to his fellow-actors, the offices of a vicar who preached the abolition of the stage, and regarded the writers of plays as so many Anti-Christs. This hypothesis would fully explain the currency of the tradition recorded by Davies, and at the same time meet the other conditions of the problem.

There was a funeral as well as a marriage in the family

during the last days of Shakespeare. William Hart, who was carrying on the business of a hatter at the premises now known as the Birth-place, and who was the husband of the poet's sister Joan, was buried at Stratford-on-Avon on April 17, 1616. Before another week had elapsed, the spirit of the great dramatist himself had fled.

Among the numerous popular errors of our ancestors was the belief that fevers often resulted from convivial indulgences. This was the current notion in England until a comparatively recent period, and its prevalence affected the traditional history of the poet's last illness. The facts were these. Late in the March of this calamitous year, or, accepting our computation, early in April, Shakespeare and his two frends, Drayton and Ben Jonson, were regaling themselves at an entertainment in one of the taverns at Stratford-on-Avon. It is recorded that the party was a jovial one, and according to a late but apparently genuine tradition, when the great dramatist was returning to New Place in the evening, he had taken more wine than was conducive to pedestrian accuracy. Shortly or immediately afterwards he was seized by the lamentable fever which terminated fatally on Tuesday, April 23, 1616, a day, which, according to our present mode of computation, would be May 3. The cause of the malady, then attributed to undue festivity, would now be readily discernible in the wretched sanitary conditions surrounding his residence. If truth, and not romance, is to be invoked, were there the woodbine and sweet honeysuckle within reach of the poet's death-bed, their fragrance would have been neutralized by their vicinity to middens, fetid watercourses, mud-walls and piggeries.

The funeral was solemnized on the following Thursday,

April 25, when all that was mortal of the great dramatist was consigned to his final resting-place in the beautiful parish-church of his native town. His remains were deposited in the chancel, the selection of the locality for the interment being due to the circumstance of its then being the legal and customary burial-place of the owners of the tithes.

The grave is situated near the northern wall of the chancel, within a few paces of the ancient charnel-house, the arch of the doorway that opened to the latter, with its antique corbels, still remaining. The sepulcher was covered with a slab that bore the following inscription,—

> Good frend, for Iesvs sake forbeare
> To digg the dvst enclosed heare;
> Bleste be the man that spares thes stones,
> And cvrst be he that moves my bones.

—lines which, according to an early tradition, were selected by the poet himself for his epitaph. There is another early but less probable statement that they were the poet's own composition; but, at all events, it may be safely gathered that they originated in some way from an aversion on his part to the idea of a disturbance of his remains. It should be remembered that the transfer of bones from graves to the charnel-house was then an ordinary practice at Stratford-on-Avon. There has long been a tradition that Shakespeare's feelings on this subject arose from a reflection on the ghastly appearance of that receptacle, which the elder Ireland, writing in the year 1795, describes as then containing "the largest assemblage of human bones" he had ever beheld. But whether this be the truth, or if it were merely the natural wish of a sensitive and thoughtful mind, it is a source of congratulation that the

simple verses should have protected his ashes from sacrilege. The nearest approach to an excavation into the grave of Shakespeare was made in the summer of the year 1796, in digging a vault in the immediate locality, when an opening appeared which was presumed to indicate the commencement of the site of the bard's remains. The most scrupulous care, however, was taken not to disturb the neighboring earth in the slightest degree, the clerk having been placed there, until the brickwork of the adjoining vault was completed, to prevent anyone making an examination. No relics whatever were visible through the small opening that thus presented itself, and as the poet was buried in the ground, not in a vault, the chancel earth, moreover, formerly absorbing a large degree of moisture, the great probability is that dust alone remains. This consideration may tend to discourage an irreverent opinion expressed by some, that it is due to the interests of science to unfold to the world the material abode which once held so great an intellect. It is not many years since a phalanx of trouble-tombs, lanterns and spades in hand, assembled in the chancel at dead of night, intent on disobeying the solemn injunction that the bones of Shakespeare were not to be disturbed. But the supplicatory lines prevailed. There were some among the number who, at the last moment, refused to incur the warning condemnation, and so the design was happily abandoned.

CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

	Malone	Chalmers	Drake
1. First Part of Henry VI	1589	1593	
2. Second Part of Henry VI	1591	1595	1592
3. Third Part of Henry VI	1591	1595	1592
4. Two Gentlemen of Verona	1591	1595	1595
5. Comedy of Errors	1592	1591	1591
6. Richard II	1593	1596	1596
7. Richard III	1593	1596	1595
8. Love's Labor's Lost	1594	1592	1591
9. Merchant of Venice	1594	1597	1597
10. A Midsummer Night's Dream	1594	1598	1593
11. Romeo and Juliet	1596	1592	1593
12. King John	1596	1598	1598
13. Taming of the Shrew	1596	1599	1594
14. Part I of Henry IV	1597	1597	1596
15. Part II of Henry IV	1599	1597	1596
16. Henry V	1599	1597	1599
17. As You Like It	1599	1602	1600
18. Much Ado About Nothing	1600	1599	1599
19. Hamlet	1600	1598	1597
20. Merry Wives of Windsor	1601	1596	1601
21. Troilus and Cressida	1602	1610	1601
22. Measure for Measure	1603	1604	1603
23. Henry VIII	1603	1613	1602
24. Othello	1604	1614	1612
25. King Lear	1605	1605	1604
26. All's Well That Ends Well	1606	1606	1598
27. Macbeth	1606	1606	1606
28. Julius Cæsar	1607	1607	1607
29. Twelfth Night	1607	1613	1613
30. Antony and Cleopatra	1608	1608	1608
31. Cymbeline	1609	1609	1605
32. Timon of Athens	1610	1611	1602
33. Coriolanus	1610	1619	1609
34. Winter's Tale	1611	1601	1610
35. The Tempest	1611	1613	1611
36. Pericles	Not acknowledged		1609
37. Titus Andronicus, not acknowledged by these critics, but originally published about 1589.			

CHIEF CONTEMPORARY PLAYS

	Acted	Printed
Udall, *Ralph Roister Doister*	1552	1567
Sackville and Norton, *Gorboduc* (*Ferrex and Porrex*)	1562	1565
Gammer, *Gurton's Needle*	1563?	1575
Gascoigne, *Supposes and Jocasta*	1566	1566
Wilmot, *Tancred and Gismunda*	1568	1591
Preston, *Cambises King of Percia*	1569	1570
Whetstone, *Promos and Cassandra*	1578	1578
Lyly, *Campaspe*	1580–1581	1584
Lyly, *Sapho and Phao*	1582	1584
Peele, *Arraignement of Paris*	1583	1584
Lyly, *Endimion*	1586	1591
Marlowe, *Samburlaine*	1587–1588	1590
Hughes, *Misfortunes of Arthur*	1587	1587
Marlowe, *Faustus*	1588	1604
Kyd, *Spanish Tragedie*	1588	1594
Troublesome Raigne of King John	1588	1591
Greene, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*	1589	1594
Peele, *David and Bethsabe*	ca. 1589	1599
Marlowe, *Rich Jew of Malta*	1589	1594?
Marlowe, *Edward II*	1590	1594
Peele, *Edward I*	1590	1593
Arden of Feversham	1591?	1592
Peele, *Old Wives' Tale*	1593?	1595
Lyly, *Woman in the Moone*	1593	1597
The Raigne of Edward III		1596
Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*	1598	1601
Dekker, *The Shoemaker's Holiday*	1599	1600
Chapman, *All Fools*	1600?	1605
The Return from Parnassus	1601–1602	1606
Marston, *The Malcontent*	1602?	1604
Jonson, *Sejanus*	1603	1605
Heywood, *A Woman killed with Kindness*	1603	1607
Dekker, *The Honest Whore.* Part I	1603?	1604
Day, *Ile of Guls*	1605	1606
Jonson, *Volpone*	1605	1607
Marston, Chapman, and Jonson, *Eastward Hoe*	1605	1605
Chapman, *Bussy d'Ambois*	1606?	1607
Tourneur, *The Revenger's Tragedy*		1607

	Acted	Printed
Chapman, *Conspiracy* and *Tragedy of Byron*		1608
Webster, *The White Devil*	1607–1608	1612
Dekker, *The Honest Whore.* Part II	1608	1630
Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess*	1608–1609	1610
Jonson, *The Silent Woman*	1609	1609?
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster*	1609	1620
Jonson, *The Alchemist*	1610	1612
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Maid's Tragedy*	1609–1610	1619
Beaumont and Fletcher, *A King and No King*	1611?	1619
Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*	1611	1613
Field, *A Woman is a Weathercock*	1611	1612
Fletcher (and Shakespeare?), *The Two Noble Kinsmen*	1613	1634
Chapman, *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*		1613
Jonson, *Bartholomew Fair*	1614	1631
Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*	1616	1623
Fletcher, *Valentinian*	1616?	1647
Fletcher and Massinger, *Thierry and Theodoret*	1617?	1621
Fletcher, *Bonduca*	1618?	1647
Fletcher, *The Humorous Lieutenant*	1619	1640
Fletcher and Massinger, *Little French Lawyer*	1620	1647
Dekker and Massinger, *The Virgin Martyr*		1622
Middleton, *The Changeling*	1622–1624	1653
Massinger, *The Duke of Milan*		1623
Fletcher, *The Pilgrim*	1621	1647
Fletcher (and another), *The Beggars' Bush*	1622	1647
Middleton and Rowley, *The Spanish Gipsie*	1623?	1653
Fletcher, *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*	1624	1640
Jonson, *The Staple of News*	1625	1631
Massinger, *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*	1625	1632
Ford, *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*	1628–1630	1633
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Middleton, *Women beware Women*		1657

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BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo, *Romeo and Juliet:* Act I, sc. i, ii, iv; Act II, sc. i, iv; Act III, sc. i

Bernardo, an officer, *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark:* Act I, sc. i, ii

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Bianca, daughter to Baptista, *The Taming of the Shrew:* Act I, sc. i; Act II, sc. i; Act III, sc. i, ii; Act IV, sc. ii; Act V, sc. i, ii

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Biron, lord attending on the King, *Love's Labor's Lost:* Act I, sc. i; Act II, sc. i; Act III, sc. i; Act IV, sc. iii; Act V, sc. ii

Blanch, of Spain, niece to King John, *King John:* Act II, sc. i; Act III, sc. i

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Bottom, a weaver, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream:* Act I, sc. ii; Act III, sc. i; Act IV, sc. i, ii

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Brutus, Junius, tribune of the people, *Coriolanus:* Act I, sc. i; Act II, sc. i, ii, iii; Act III, sc. i, iii; Act IV, sc. ii, vi; Act V, sc. i

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Feste, a clown, servant to Olivia, *Twelfth Night:* Act I, sc. v; Act II, sc. iii; Act III, sc. i; Act IV, sc. i, ii; Act V, sc. i

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GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, *King Henry VIII:* Act II, sc. ii; Act IV, sc. i; Act V, sc. i, iii

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GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, Mother to Hamlet, *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark:* Act I, sc. ii; Act II, sc. ii; Act III, sc. i, ii, iv; Act IV, sc. i, v, vii; Act V, sc. i, ii

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HERO, daughter to Leonato, *Much Ado About Nothing:* Act I, sc. i; Act II, sc. i; Act III, sc. i, iv; Act IV, sc. i; Act V, sc. iv

HIPPOLYTA, queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream:* Act I, sc. i; Act IV, sc. i; Act V, sc. i

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IACHIMO, an Italian, friend to Philario, *Cymbeline:* Act I, sc. iv, vi; Act II, sc. ii, iv; Act V, sc. ii, v

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JAQUES, lord attending on the banished Duke, *As You Like It:* Act II, sc. v, vii; Act III, sc. ii, iii; Act IV, sc. i; Act V, sc. iv

JAQUES, son of Sir Rowland de Boys, *As You Like It:* Act V, sc. iv

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock, *The Merchant of Venice:* Act II, sc. iii, v, vi; Act III, sc. ii, iv, v; Act V, sc. i

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Launce, a clownish servant to Proteus, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:* Act II, sc. iii, v; Act III, sc. i; Act IV, sc. iv

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Lavinia, daughter to Titus Andronicus, *Titus Andronicus:* Act I, sc. i; Act II, sc. ii, iii, iv; Act III, sc. i, ii; Act IV, sc. i; Act V, sc. ii, iii

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LORENZO, in love with Jessica, *The Merchant of Venice:* Act I, sc. i; Act II, sc. iv, vi; Act III, sc. ii, iv, v; Act V, sc. i

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LUCIUS, CAIUS, General of the Roman forces, *Cymbeline:* Act III, sc. i, v; Act IV, sc. ii; Act V, sc. ii, v

LUCIUS, son to Titus Andronicus, *Titus Andronicus:* Act I, sc. i; Act II, sc. ii, iii; Act III, sc. i; Act V, sc. i, iii

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MERCADE, lord attending on the Princess of France, *Love's Labor's Lost:* Act V, sc. ii

MERCUTIO, kinsman to Escalus, and friend to Romeo, *Romeo and Juliet:* Act I, sc. iv; Act II, sc. i, iv; Act III, sc. i

MESSALA, friend to Brutus and Cassius, *Julius Cæsar:* Act IV, sc. iii; Act V, sc. i, ii, iii, v

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MONTAGUE, head of his house at variance with the house of Capulet, *Romeo and Juliet:* Act I, sc. i; Act III, sc. i; Act V, sc. iii

MONTAGUE, LADY, wife to Montague, *Romeo and Juliet:* Act I, sc. i

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Morton, retainer of Northumberland, *King Henry IV:* Part 2, Act I, sc. i

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TITINIUS, friend to Brutus and Cassius, *Julius Cæsar:* Act IV, sc. ii, iii; Act V, sc. i, iii

TITUS, servant, *Timon of Athens:* Act III, sc. iv

TOUCHSTONE, a clown, *As You Like It:* Act I, sc. ii; Act II, sc. iv; Act III, sc. ii, iii; Act V, sc. i, iii, iv

TRANIO, servant to Lucentio, *The Taming of the Shrew:* Act I, sc. i, ii; Act II, sc. i; Act III, sc. ii; Act IV, sc. ii, iv; Act V, sc. i, ii

TRAVERS, retainer of Northumberland, *King Henry IV:* Part 2, Act I, sc. i

TREBONIUS, conspirator, *Julius Cæsar:* Act II, sc. i, ii; Act III, sc. i

TRINCULO, a Jester, *The Tempest:* Act II, sc. ii; Act III, sc. ii; Act IV, sc. i; Act V, sc. i

TROILUS, son of Priam, *Troilus and Cressida:* Act I, sc. i, ii; Act II, sc. ii; Act III, sc. ii; Act IV, sc. ii, iii, iv, v; Act V, sc. i, ii, iii, iv, vi, x

TUBAL, a Jew, friend to Shylock, *The Merchant of Venice:* Act III, sc. i

TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet, *Romeo and Juliet:* Act I, sc. i; Act III, sc. i

TYRREL, SIR JAMES, *King Richard III:* Act IV, sc. ii, iii

U

Ulysses, Grecian commander, *Troilus and Cressida:* Act I, sc. iii; Act II, sc. iii; Act III, sc. iii; Act IV, sc. v; Act V, sc. i, ii, v

Ursula, gentlewoman attending on Hero, *Much Ado About Nothing:* Act II, sc. i; Act III, sc. i, iv; Act V, sc. ii, iv

Urswick, Christopher, a priest, *King Richard III:* Act IV, sc. v

V

Valentine, A gentleman of Verona, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:* Act I, sc. i; Act II, sc. i, iv; Act III, sc. i; Act IV, sc. i; Act V, sc. iv

Valentine, gentleman attending on Orsino, *Twelfth Night:* Act I, sc. i, iv

Valeria, friend to Virgilia, *Coriolanus:* Act I, sc. iii; Act II, sc. i; Act V, sc. iii, v

Varrius, *Measure for Measure:* Act IV, sc. v; Act V, sc. i

Varrius, friend to Sextus Pompeius, *Antony and Cleopatra:* Act II, sc. i

Varro, servant to Brutus, *Julius Cæsar:* Act IV, sc. iii

Vaughan, Sir Thomas, *King Richard III:* Act III, sc. iii

Vaux, *King Henry VI:* Part 2, Act III, sc. ii

Vaux, Sir Nicholas, *King Henry VIII:* Act II, sc. i

Velutus, Sicinius, tribune of the people, *Coriolanus:* Act I, sc. i; Act II, sc. i, ii, iii; Act III, sc. i, iii; Act IV, sc. ii, vi; Act V, sc. i, iv

Venice, Duke of, *The Merchant of Venice:* Act IV, sc. i

Venice, Duke of, *Othello:* Act I, sc. iii

Ventidius, one of Timon's false friends, *Timon of Athens:* Act I, sc. ii

Ventidius, friend to Antony, *Antony and Cleopatra:* Act II, sc. ii, iii; Act III, sc. i

Verges, a headborough, *Much Ado About Nothing:* Act III, sc. iii, v; Act IV, sc. ii; Act V, sc. i

Vernon, of the White Rose or York faction, *King Henry VI:* Part 1, Act II, sc. iv; Act III, sc. iv; Act IV, sc. i

Vernon, Sir Richard, *King Henry IV:* Part 1, Act IV, sc. i, iii; Act V, sc. i, ii, v

Venus, *Passionate Pilgrim, Venus and Adonis*

Vincentio, Duke, *Measure for Measure:* Act I, sc. i, iii; Act II, sc. iii; Act III, sc. i, ii; Act IV, sc. i, ii, iii, v; Act V, sc. i

Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa, *The Taming of the Shrew:* Act IV, sc. v; Act V, sc. i, ii

Viola, *Twelfth Night:* Act I, sc. ii, iv, v; Act II, sc. ii, iv; Act III, sc. i, iv; Act V, sc. i

Violenta, neighbor and friend to the Widow, *All's well that ends well:* Act III, sc. v

Virgilia, wife to Coriolanus, *Coriolanus:* Act I, sc. iii; Act II, sc. i; Act IV, sc. i, ii; Act V, sc. iii, v

Voltimand, a courtier, *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark:* Act I, sc. ii; Act II, sc. ii

Volumnia, mother to Coriolanus,

Coriolanus: Act I, sc. iii; Act II, sc. i; Act III, sc. ii; Act IV, sc. i, ii; Act V, sc. iii, v

VOLUMNIUS, friend to Brutus and Cassius, *Julius Cæsar:* Act V, sc. v

W

WARWICK, EARL OF, *King Henry IV:* Part 2, Act III, sc. i; Act IV, sc. iv, v; Act V, sc. ii

WARWICK, EARL OF, *King Henry V:* Act I, sc. ii; Act IV, sc. vii, viii; Act V, sc. ii

WARWICK, EARL OF, *King Henry VI:* Part 1, Act I, sc. i; Act II, sc. iv; Act III, sc. i, iv; Act IV, sc. i; Act V, sc. iv; Part 2, Act I, sc. i, iii; Act II, sc. ii; Act III, sc. i, ii, iii; Act V, sc. i, ii, iii; Part 3, Act I, sc. i; Act II, sc. i, ii, iii, iv, vi; Act III, sc. iii; Act IV, sc. ii, iii, vi, viii; Act V, sc. i, ii

WESTMINSTER, ABBOT OF, *King Richard II:* Act IV, sc. i

WESTMORELAND, Earl of, *King Henry IV:* Part 1, Act I, sc. i; Act IV, sc. ii; Act V, sc. i, ii, iv, v; Part 2, Act IV, sc. i, ii, iii, iv; Act V, sc. ii

WESTMORELAND, EARL OF, *King Henry V:* Act I, sc. ii; Act II, sc. ii; Act IV, sc. iii; Act V, sc. ii

WESTMORELAND, EARL OF, *King Henry VI:* Part 3, Act I, sc. i

WHITMORE, WALTER, *King Henry VI:* Part 2, Act IV, sc. i

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey, *As You Like It:* Act V, sc. i

WILLIAMS, soldier in King Henry's army, *King Henry V:* Act IV, sc. i, viii

WILLOUGHBY, Lord, *King Richard II:* Act II, sc. i, iii; Act III, sc. i

WOLSEY, CARDINAL, *King Henry VIII:* Act I, sc. i, ii, iv; Act II, sc. ii, iv; Act III, sc. i, ii

WOODVILE, Lieutenant of the Tower, *King Henry VI:* Part 1, Act I, sc. iii

X, Y, Z

YORK, ARCHBISHOP OF, *King Richard III:* Act II, sc. iv

YORK, DUKE OF, son to King Edward IV, *King Richard III:* Act II, sc. iv; Act III, sc. i

YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, DUKE OF: *King Henry VI:* Part 1, Act II, sc. iv, v; Act III, sc. i, iv; Act IV, sc. i, iii; Act V, sc. iii, iv; Part 2, Act I, sc, i, iii, iv; Act II, sc. ii, iii; Act III, sc. i; Act V, sc. i, ii, iii; Part 3, Act I, sc. i, ii, iv

YORK, DUCHESS OF, *King Richard II:* Act V, sc. ii, iii

YORK, DUCHESS OF, mother to King Edward IV, *King Richard III:* Act II, sc. ii, iv; Act IV, sc. i, iv

YORK, DUKE OF, cousin to King Henry V, *King Henry V:* Act IV, sc. iii

YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius, *Titus Andronicus:* Act III, sc. ii; Act IV, sc. i, ii, iii; Act V, sc. iii

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

To those Gentlemen, his Quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making Plaies, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to present his extremities.

Thou famous gracer of Tragedians, . . . young Juvenall, that byting Satyrist, . . . and thou no less deserving than the other two. . . . Base-minded men al three of you, if by my miserie ye be not warned, for unto none of you (like me) sought those burres to cleave: those Puppets (I mean) that speake from our mouths, those anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Iohannes fac totum*, is in his own conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie. O that I might entreate your rare wits to be imployed in more profitable courses: and let these Apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions.

Greene's Groatsworth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance (*written before his death* [1592], *and published at his dying request*).

PREFACE TO THE THREE PARTS

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

FIRST EDITIONS

(I.) *The First Part of Henry the Sixth* was in all probability printed for the first time in the First Folio. On November 8, 1623, Blount & Jaggard entered, among other copies of Shakespeare's works "not formerly entered to other men," "the Thirde Parte of Henry the Sixt," by which term they evidently referred to the play which, chronologically considered, precedes the Second and Third Parts.

The opening lines of the play are sufficient to render it well-nigh certain that 1 *Henry VI* is not wholly Shakespeare's;[1] and there can be little doubt that "the hand of the Great Master is only occasionally perceptible" therein. Probably we have here an inferior production by some unknown dramatist,[2] writing about 1589, to which Shakespeare made important "additions" in the year 1591; to him may safely be assigned the greater part of Act IV. ii.-vii., especially the Talbot episodes (scene vii., in spite of its rhyme, has the Shakespearian note, and is noteworthy from the point of view of literary history); the wooing of Margaret by Suffolk (V. iii.) has, too, some-

[1] *Cp.* Coleridge, "If you do not feel the impossibility of [these lines] having been written by Shakespeare, all I dare suggest is, that you may have ears,—for so has another animal,—but an ear you cannot have, *me judice.*"

[2] Dr. Furnivall sees at least four hands in the play; Mr. Fleay assigns it to Peele, Marlowe, Lodge or Nash, and Shakespeare. The attempt to determine the authorship is futile, owing to the absence of all evidence on the point.

thing of Shakespeare's touch; finally, there is the Temple Garden scene (II. iv.), which is certainly Shakespeare's, though, judged by metrical peculiarities it may well have been added some years after 1591. We may be sure that at no time in his career could he have been guilty of the crude and vulgar presentment of Joan of Arc in the latter part of the play.

(II.) *The Second and Third Parts of Henry the Sixth*, forming together a two-sectioned play, have come down to us in two versions:—(*a*) The Folio version, authorized by Shakespeare's editors; (*b*) a carelessly printed early Quarto version, differing in many important respects from (*a*); about 3,240 lines in the Quarto edition appear either in the same or an altered form in the Folio edition, while about 2,740 lines in the latter are entirely new.[1] The title-pages of the first Quartos, corresponding to Parts I. and II. respectively, are as follows:—(i.) "The First part of the Con | tention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke | and Lancaster, with the death of the good | Duke Humphrey: | And the banishment and death of the Duke of | Suffolk, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall | of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion | of *Iacke Cade:* | *And the Duke of Yorke's first claime unto the* | *Crowne.* LONDON. Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, | and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peter's | Church in Cornwall. | 1594."[2] [Q.1.] (ii) "The | true Tragedie of Richard | *Duke of Yorke, and the death of* | good King Henrie the Sixt, | *with the whole contention betweene* | the two Houses Lancaster | and Yorke, as it was sundrie times | acted by the Right Honoura | ble the Earle of Pem-brooke his Seruants. | Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Mill-ing- | *ton, and are to be sold at his shoppe under* | *Saint*

[1] "Out of 3075 lines in Part II., there are 1715 new lines and some 840 altered lines (many but very slightly altered), and some 520 old lines. In Part III., out of 2902 lines, there are about 1021 new lines, about 871 altered lines, and above 1010 old lines."

[2] Entered in the Stationers' Register, March 12, 1593.

Peter's Church in | Cornwall, 1595." [Q. 1.] Second editions of both (i.) and (ii.) appeared in 1600, and in 1619 a third edition of the two plays together:—"The | Whole Contention | betweene the two Famous | Houses, LANCASTER and | YORKE. | *With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke* Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, *and King Henrie the Sixt.* Divided into two Parts: and newly corrected and enlarged. Written by *William Shakespeare,* Gent. | Printed at LONDON, for T. P." [Q. 3.]

(Both the First and Third Quartos have been reproduced by photolithography in the series of Quarto Facsimiles issued under the superintendence of Dr. Furnivall; Nos. 23, 24, 37, 38.) In the comparison of Quartos 1 and 3 one finds that the corrections are principally in Part I.; in Part II. the alterations are almost all of single words; taken altogether, however, the changes are slight, and are such "as may have been made by a Revizer who heard the Folio Play (2 Henry VI) with a copy of Q. 1 or Q. 2 in his hand, or who had a chance of taking a note or two from the Burbage-playhouse copy, and then made further corrections at home." At all events, Q. 3 is a more correct copy of the older form of 2, 3 *Henry VI* than we have in Q. 1, though its superiority does not bring it much nearer to the Folio version.[1]

THE RELATION OF THE QUARTOS TO 2 AND 3 HENRY VI

The most cursory glance at the Quartos is enough to convince one that scant justice has been done to the author of the plays, and that the printers of the Quartos must have had very careless copy before them. Probably many errors may be referred to the indifferent reporters employed by the pirate publisher.

"Some by stenography drew
The plot, put in print, scarce one word true";

[1] A condensed version of the three parts of Henry VI., in one play, was prepared by Charles Kemble, and has recently been printed for the first time in the *Irving Shakespeare* from the unique copy in Mr. Irving's possession.

so complained Thomas Heywood of the treatment to which one of his productions had been subjected; he complained, too, that "plays were copied only by the ear," "publisht in savage and ragged ornaments." But this probable cause of much corruption in *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* will not account for (*a*) the inherent weakness of a great part of both plays; (*b*) the un-Shakespearean character of many important passages and whole scenes. On the other hand, many of these latter passages are to be found (it is true, often in an improved form) in *the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI*, as printed in the Folio. Hence arises the most complex of Shakespearean problems, and scholars are divided on the question; their views may be grouped under four heads, according as it is maintained (1) that Shakespeare was the author of the four plays;[1] (2) that Shakespeare was merely the reviser, retaining portions of his predecessor's work, altering portions, and adding passages of his own;[2] (3) that the portions common to the old plays, and 2, 3 Henry VI, were Shakespeare's contribution to the original dramas (by Marlowe, Greene, Shakespeare, and, perhaps, Peele;[3] (4) that Marlowe, Greene, and, perhaps, Peele, were the authors of the old plays, while Shakespeare and Marlowe were the revisers, working as collaborators. The fourth view has been strenuously maintained in an elaborate study of the subject, contributed to the Transactions of the new Shakespeare Society,[4] where the Marlowan passages in the Quartos are definitely attributed to Marlowe, the Greenish to Greene, and others to Peele, while the Marlowan lines which occur for the first time in 2, 3 Henry VI are accounted for by assuming that Marlowe and Shakespeare jointly revised the older plays; so that in some cases we

[1] *Cp.* Knight's Essay on the subject in *The Pictorial Shakespeare.*

[2] Malone, *Variorum Shakespeare,* 1821, Vol. XVIII.

[3] R. Grant White, *Shakespeare* Vol. VII. *Cp.* Halliwell, *First Sketches of 2 and 3 Henry VI; Sh. Soc. Reprints,* 1843; Swinburne, *Study of Shakespeare;* &c.

[4] Miss Jane Lee, *New Shak. Soc.,* 1876.

have Shakespeare revising the work of Marlowe and Greene, at others Shakespeare and Marlowe revising the work of Greene.[1]

It is undoubtedly true that many passages in *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie* are reminiscent of Marlowe and Greene, and that such a passage as *2 Henry VI* (IV. i. 1–11), which occurs for the first time in the Folio, is also strongly Marlowan in character, but this and similar rhetorical sketches may very well have been in existence before 1594, being omitted from the acting version of the play, and hence not found in *The Contention.* Again, the famous Jack Cade scene (Act IV. ii.) is common to the Quarto and Folio; according to this fourth view it must be attributed to Greene, but there is nothing in the whole of his extant plays to justify the ascription.

[1] Miss Lee's conjectural table of Shakespeare's and Marlowe's shares in *2, 3 Henry VI* is none the less of value, as indicating the doubtful elements of the plays, though one may not accept her final conclusions. It is here printed as simplified by Prof. Dowden (Shakespeare Primer, p. 76; *cp. Shak. Soc. Trans.,* 1876, pp. 293–303). "The table shows in detail how the revision was effected. Thus 'Act I. Sc. i. S., *M. and G.*' means that in this scene Shakespeare was revising the work of Marlowe and Greene; 'Act IV. Sc. x. S. and M., *G.*' means that here Shakespeare and Marlowe were revising the work of Greene."

"*Henry VI. Part II.*—Act I. Sc. i. S., *M. and G.;* Sc. ii. S., *G.;* Sc. iii. S., *G. and M.;* Sc. iv. S., *G.* Act II. Sc. i. S., *G.;* Sc. ii. S., *M. and* (?) *G.;* Sc. iii. S. and (?) M., *G.;* Sc. iv. S., *G.* Act III. Sc. i. S. and (?) M., *M. and G.;* Sc. ii. S. and M., *M. and G.;* Sc. iii. S., *M.* Act IV. Sc. i. M., *G.;* Sc. ii., iii., iv. S., *G.;* Sc. v. unrevised, *G.;* Sc. vi., vii., viii., ix. S., *G.;* Sc. x. S. and M., *G.* Act V. Sc. i. M. and S., *M. and* (?) *G.;* Sc. ii. M. and S., *G. and M.;* Sc. iii. S., *G. and M.*

"*Henry VI. Part III.*—Act I. Sc. i. S., *M.;* Sc. ii. M., *M.;* Sc. iii. unrevised, *M.;* Sc. iv. S., *M. and* (?) *G.* Act II. Sc. i. M. and (?) S., *M. and* (?) *G.;* Sc. ii. (?) M., *M., G., and* (?) *P.;* Sc. iii. S. and M., *M.;* Sc. iv. M., *G.;* Sc. v. S. and (?) M., *G.;* Sc. vi. M., *M. and G.* Act III. Sc. i. S., *G.;* Sc. ii. S., *G. and* (?) *M.;* Sc. iii. (?) M., *G. and* (?) *P.* Act IV. Sc. i. S., *G.;* Sc. ii. M., *M.;* Sc. iii. S., *M.;* Sc. iv. S., *G.;* Sc. v. S., (?) *G.;* Sc. vi., vii. S., *G.;* Sc. viii. S. (?). Act V. Sc. i. M., *G. and* (?) *P.;* Sc. ii. S., *M. and G.;* Sc. iii. M., *G.;* Sc. iv. S., *G. and* (?) *P.;* Sc. v., vi. S., *M.;* Sc. vii. unrevised, *G.*"

The most striking speech in the whole of 2, and 3, Henry VI—viz., York's "*She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,*" is to be found *verbatim* in the older Quartos. That Marlowe was capable of this and of higher efforts none will deny, but there is in the speech, high-sounding as it is, a certain restraint and sanity, an absence of lyrical effect, which would make one hesitate before assigning it to Marlowe, even if external evidence told in favor of, and not against, his authorship. Weighing carefully all the evidence, one is inclined to see in the Quartos of 1594–5, a garbled shorthand edition of an acting version, popular at the time, perhaps chiefly by reason of Shakespeare's "additions" to earlier plays, previously unsuccessful, possibly the work of Marlowe and Greene, or of some clever disciple; the correct copy of this pirated edition may have served as basis for the revised version which Shakespeare subsequently prepared, though he did not in this instance attempt a thorough recast of his materials: the comparatively few important "additions" which appear in the Folio version, and only there, may be (i.) Shakespeare's contributions to the older plays before 1594; or (ii.) the work of the original author or authors, omitted from the acting version; or (iii.) new matter added by Shakespeare any time between 1594 and 1600 (*e.g.*, 3 Henry VI, v., ll. 1–50).[1]

DATE OF COMPOSITION

(I.) There is no mention of *Henry VI* in Mere's famous list in *Palladis Tamia* (1598), although reference is there made to so doubtful a production as *Titus Andronicus;* the omission must have been due to the vexed question of authorship, and not to any want of popularity on the part of the plays: as early as 1592 Nash in his "*Pierce Penni-*

[1] The Cambridge editors put the matter cautiously:—"We cannot agree with Malone on the one hand, that they (the old plays) contain nothing of Shakespeare's, nor with Mr. Knight on the other, that they are entirely his work; there are so many internal proofs of his having had considerable share in their composition."

less" referred to the enthusiasm of Elizabethan playgoers for the Talbot scenes:—"*How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that after he had been two hundred years in his tomb he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators* (*at least at several times*) *who, in the tragedian that represents his person, behold him fresh bleeding.*" There can be little doubt that 1 *Henry VI* is here referred to, and especially the Shakespearian contributions to the play. According to Henslowe's Diary *Henry* (or *Hary Harey*, &c.) *the Sixth* was performed as a new play in March 1591; the repeated entries in 1592 fully bear out Nash's eulogy. If, as seems very probable, Henslowe's *Henry VI* is identical with 1 *Henry VI*, we have the actual date of Shakespeare's additions to an old and crude "chronicle drama," the property of Lord Strange's Company.[1]

(II.) To the same year as Nash's *Pierce Penniless* belongs Greene's posthumous tract *The Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*.[2] At the end of the pamphlet, published by Chettle before Dec., 1592, occurs the famous address "To those gentlemen his quondam acquaintance," etc.[3] The three playmakers to whom his remarks are directed have been identified as (1) Christopher Marlowe, (2) Thomas Nash (or possibly Lodge), and (3) George Peele. The point of the whole passage is its attack on players in general, and on one player in particular, who was usurping the playwright's province.[4]

[1] Shakespeare in all probability belonged to this Company; in 1594 it was merged into the Lord Chamberlain's (*vide* Halliwell's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*).

[2] *Cp. Shakspere Allusion-Books*, Part I. Edited by C. M. Ingleby for *The New Shakespeare Society* (1874).

[3] *Vide* quotation on page v.

[4] Nash, in his *Apologie for Pierce Penniless*, tells us that Greene was "chief agent" of Lord Pembroke's Company, "for he wrote more than four other." It is significant that the title-page of Quarto 1 of *The True Tragedie* expressly states that the play had been acted by this Company.

The words "*tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*" parody the line "*O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide*," which is to be found in both *The True Tragedy* and 3 *Henry VI* (I. iv. 137). Some critics are of opinion that Greene's allusion does not necessarily imply Shakespeare's authorship of the passage in which the line occurs; this view, however, seems untenable, judging by the manner in which the quotation is introduced. Nevertheless the passage may perhaps show (i.) that Greene himself had some share in *The Contention;* (ii.) that Marlowe had likewise a share in it; (iii.) that Greene and Shakespeare could not have worked together; and (iv.) that Marlowe and Shakespeare may have worked together. One thing, however, it conclusively proves—viz., Shakespeare's connection with these plays before 1592. Furthermore, in December of the same year, Chettle apologized for the publication of Greene's attack on Shakespeare:—"Myselfe have seene his demeanour no lesse civill, than he exelent in the qualitie he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing," etc.[1] It is not likely that the subject of this eulogy could have been a notorious plagiarist;[2] if, as some maintain, no line in the Quartos can justly be attributed to Shakespeare, he would perhaps have merited Greene's rancor. But "*it is not so, and it was not so, and God forbid that it should be so!*"

(III.) In 1599 Shakespeare concluded his Epilogue to *Henry V* with the following lines:—

[1] Chettle's *Kind Heart's Dream.*

[2] One does not deny that Greene may possibly have given Shakespeare "the ground" of these plays, as later on he gave him the stuff for his *Winter's Tale.* "R. B. *Gent.*" has the following significant verse in a volume entitled *Greene's Funeralls* (preserved in the Bodleian Library):—

"Greene is the pleasing object of an eye;
Greene pleased the eyes of all that looked upon him;
Greene is the ground of every painter's die;
Greene gave the ground to all that wrote upon him;
Nay more, the men that so eclipst his fame,
Purloined his plumes; can they deny the same?"

"Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned King
Of France and England, did this King succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown: and, *for their sake,*
In your fair minds let this acceptance take."

From these words we may infer (i.) that 1 *Henry VI* preceded *Henry V;* (ii.) that probably the *Second and Third Parts of Henry VI* are also referred to; (iii.) that Shakespeare claimed in some degree these plays as his own.

(IV.) Finally, the intimate connection of 2, 3 *Henry VI* (and *The Contention* and *The True Tragedie*) with the play of *Richard III,* throws valuable light on the date of composition, and confirms the external and internal evidence for assigning Shakespeare's main contributions to these plays to the year 1591–2, or thereabouts (*Cp. Preface to "Richard the Third"*).

SOURCES OF THE PLOT

The materials for 1, 2, 3 *Henry VI* were mainly derived from (i) Holinshed's *Chronicles,* and (ii.) Hall's *Chronicle;* the account of the civil wars in the former work is merely an abridgment of the latter; the author's attention would therefore, naturally, be directed to the chief history of the period covered by the plays [*cp.* title-page of the first edition, 1548:—"The Union of the two noble and illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke, being long in continual discension for the croune of this noble realme, with all the actes done in bothe the tymes of the princes, bothe of the one linage and of the other, beginnyng at the tyme of Kyng Henry the fowerth, the first Author of this division, and so successively proceadyng to the reigne of the high and prudent Kyng Henry the eighth, the vndubitate flower and very heire of both the sayd linages"].[1] Although in no part of *Henry*

[1] Knight points out an excellent instance of Hall's influence, as compared with Holinshed's; in the latter's narrative of the interview between Talbot and his son, before they both fell at the battle of

VI is Holinshed's *Chronicles* followed "with that particularity which we have in Shakespeare's later historical plays," it is noteworthy that it is the primary source of *Part I.*, the secondary of *Parts II. and III.* (On the historical aspect of the plays, *cp. Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakespeare*, Courtenay; Warner's *English History in Shakespeare.*)

DURATION OF ACTION

The time of the *First Part* is eight days, with intervals; the *Second Part* covers fourteen days, represented on the stage, with intervals suggesting a period in all of, at the outside, a couple of years; in the *Third Part* twenty days are represented; the whole period is about twelve months.

HISTORIC TIME

Part I. deals with the period from "the death of Henry V, August 31, 1422, to the treaty of marriage between Henry VI and Margaret, end of 1444." *Part II.* covers about ten years, from April 22, 1445, to May 23, 1455. *Part III.* commences "on the day of the battle of St. Albans, May 23, 1455, and ends on the day on which Henry VI's body was exposed in St. Paul's, May 22, 1471. Queen Margaret, however, was not ransomed and sent to France till 1475." (*Cp.* Daniel's "Time Analysis," *New Shak. Soc.*, 1877–79.)

Chatillon, we have no dialogue, but simply, "Many words he used to persuade him to have saved his life." In Hall we have the very words which the poet has paraphrased.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

In 1592 Thomas Nash put forth a pamphlet, entitled *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, in which occurs the following: "Nay, what if I prove plays to be no extreme, but a rare exercise of virtue? First, for the subject of them: for the most part it is borrowed out of our English Chronicles, wherein our forefathers' valiant acts, that have been long buried in rusty brass and worm-eaten books, are revived, and they themselves raised from the grave of oblivion, and brought to plead their aged honors in open presence; than which what can be a sharper reproof to these degenerate days of ours? . . . In plays, all cosenages, all cunning drifts, over-gilded with outward holiness, all stratagems of war, all the canker-worms that breed in the rust of peace, are most lively anatomized. They show the ill success of treason, the fall of hasty climbers, the wretched end of usurpers, the misery of civil dissensions, and how just God is evermore in punishing murder. And to prove every one of these allegations could I propound the circumstances of this play and that, if I meant to handle this theme otherwise than *obiter*."

This passage yields a clear inference that dramas founded on English history were a favorite species of entertainment on the London stage in 1592; and in the same connection Nash speaks of them as being resorted to in the afternoon by "men that are their own masters, as gentlemen of the court, the inns of court, and the number of captains and soldiers about London." Historical plays, being in such special request, would naturally lead

off in whatsoever of dramatic improvement was then forthcoming; and in fact the earliest growth of excellence appears to have been in this department. For in this, as in other things, the demand would needs in a great measure regulate the supply, and thus cause the first advances to be made in the line where, to the common interest of dramatic representation was added the further charm of national feeling and recollection, and where a large patriotism, looking before and after, would find itself at home. Hence, no doubt, the early and rapid growth in England of the historical drama, as a species quite distinct from the old forms of tragedy and comedy. Nor, in this view of the matter, is there anything incredible in the tradition reported by Gildon, that Shakespeare, in a conversation with Ben Jonson, said that, "finding the nation generally very ignorant of history, he wrote his historical plays in order to instruct the people in that particular." That he cared to make the stage a place of instruction as well as of pastime, appears in his Prologue to *Henry VIII*, where he says,—"Such as give their money out of hope they may believe, may here find truth too." And something of this substantial benefit, it seems, was soon realized; for in Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612, we are told,—"Plays have made the ignorant more apprehensive, taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read in the discovery of our English Chronicles."

Of the historical plays referred to by Nash in the quotation with which we began, very few specimens have come down to us. In our Introduction to the *First Part of Henry IV* is a passage quoted from the same pamphlet, showing that one of the plays he had in mind was *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, which is known to have been on the stage as early as 1588, because the leading comic part was sustained by Tarleton, who died that year. In our Introduction to *King John*, also, we see that that play was founded on an older one entitled *The Troublesome Reign of King John*, which was printed in 1591.

In further illustration of this point, we have another passage in Nash's pamphlet: "How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that after he had lien two hundred year in his tomb he should triumph again on the stage; and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least, (at several times,) who, in the tragedian that represents his person, behold him fresh bleeding." Which evidently refers to *The First Part of Henry the Sixth*, wherein the last scenes of Talbot and his son are by far the most impressive and memorable passages, and are fraught with a pathos, which, in that day of unjaded and fresh sensibility, could scarce fail to produce such an effect as is here ascribed to them. Inferior as that play is to many that followed it in the same line and from the same pen, no English historical drama of so early a date has survived, that approaches it, either as a work of art, or in the elements of dramatic effect. To audiences that were wont to be entertained by such frigid and artificial, or such coarse and vapid performances as then occupied the boards, *The First Part of Henry VI* must have been irresistibly attractive; a play which, perhaps for the first time, gave the English people "a stage ample and true with life," where, instead of learned echoes from classical antiquity, their ears took in the clear free tones of nature, and where swollen verbiage and strutting extravagance were replaced with the quiet power of simplicity, and with thoughts springing up fresh, home-born, and beautiful from the soil of common sense. That such was indeed the case, may be inferred from the words of Nash, and is confirmed by Henslowe's *Diary*, which ascertains that a play called *Henry the Sixth* was acted by "Lord Strange's men," March 3, 1592, and was repeated twelve times in the course of that season. As this was not the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and in which he held a respectable place as joint proprietor in 1589, it seems but reasonable to presume that the play had gone through a course of representation by his own company before it was permitted to the use of another; un-

less we suppose, what is indeed possible, that Henslowe's notes refer to another play on the same subject, gotten up perhaps in consequence of the success of the former at a rival theater. At all events, the words of Nash, which could scarce point to any other than Shakespeare's *Henry VI*, and which clearly regard it as being already well known, fully warrant the conclusion that the play was written as early as 1589 or 1590.

The First Part of Henry VI is not known to have been printed in any shape, till it appeared in the folio of 1623, where the first four acts are regularly marked, as are also the scenes in the third act, but at the beginning of the fifth act we have merely *Scena Secunda*, and at the beginning of the last scene *Actus Quintus*. A question has been raised, whether the play was originally written as it is there printed. On this point we have no means of forming even an opinion, other than such probability as may accrue from the fact that several of the Poet's earlier efforts afterwards underwent revisal, the effects of which are in some cases quite apparent in certain inequalities of style and execution, some parts evincing a riper faculty and a more practiced hand, and being especially charged with those peculiarities which all men have agreed to call Shakespearian, as if they were written when by repeated trial he had learned to trust his powers, and dared to be more truly himself. The play in hand, however, yields little if any argument that way, there being no such inequalities but what might well enough result from the ordinary differences of matter and of mental state; unless, perhaps, something may be gathered from such incoherences of representation as we discover in Joan of Arc, the latter end of whose character does not very well remember the beginning. The play, in short, though not wanting in what distinguishes Shakespeare from all other known writers of that time, has little of that which sometimes distinguishes Shakespeare from himself.

The authorship of *King Henry VI* was for a long time unquestioned, till at last Theobald started a doubt thereof,

which, mainly through the dogged industry of Malone, has since grown into a general disbelief. This conclusion, and the arguments whereby it is reached, are built altogether on internal evidence, and proceed for the most part upon a strange oversight of what seems plain enough, namely, that Shakespeare's genius, great as it confessedly was, must needs have had to pass a time in youth and pupilage. The main points in Malone's argument, the only ones indeed of any real weight, are the following: That the diction and versification are of another color than we find in Shakespeare's genuine dramas, the sense almost uniformly pausing or concluding at the end of every line, and the verse scarce ever having a redundant syllable; and that the classical allusions are more frequent than in any one of his plays on English history, and do not rise naturally out of the subject, but seem inserted to show the writer's learning; the play thus being in all these respects more like those preceding Shakespeare, than like those which he is known to have written: That there are several expressions which prove the author to have been familiar with Hall's *Chronicles*, whereas Holinshed was Shakespeare's historian: That in Act iii. sc. 4, the king is made to say,—"When I was young, (as yet I am not old,) *I do remember how my father said;*" but Shakespeare knew that Henry could not remember any thing of his father, for in the Second Part, Act iv. sc. 9, he makes him say,—"But I was made a king *at nine months old:*" again, in Act ii. sc. 5, of the play in hand, the earl of Cambridge is said to have "levied an army" against his sovereign; whereas Shakespeare in *King Henry V* represents the matter as it really was.

We have endeavored to give Malone's reasons with all the strength of statement they will bear, for, in truth, they are at best so unequal to the service put upon them, that one may well be loth to state them at all, lest he should seem wanting in candor; at all events, to understate them would be more apt to provoke a charge of unfairness, than any possible overstatement to make them bear out the conclusion. Nevertheless, for these reasons, or, if there were

others, they have not been given, a large number of critics and editors have rested in the same judgment, among whom are found such respectable names as Morgann, Drake, Singer, and Hallam. Morgann speakes of the play as "that drum-and-trumpet thing,—written, doubtless, or rather exhibited, long before Shakespeare was born, though afterwards repaired and furbished up by him with here and there a little sentiment and diction." Hallam says,—"In default of a more probable claimant, I have sometimes been inclined to assign *The First Part of Henry VI* to Greene." And Drake proposed that the play should be excluded from future editions of the Poet, as "offering no trace of any finishing strokes from the master-bard." These authorities, backed up as they are by a host of concurring names, must be our excuse for stating, in the Introduction to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, that "the three parts of *Henry VI* were adapted from preëxisting stock copies, into which Shakespeare distilled something of the life and spirit of his genius;" a conclusion which cannot well survive a careful sifting of the arguments whereon it has been based.

For, in the first place, the diction and versification have not the qualities specified by Malone in nearly so great a degree as his statement would lead one to suppose. In variety of pause and structure, the verse, though nowise comparable to what the Poet afterwards wrote, is a good deal in advance of any preceding dramas that have come down to us from other hands. On this score, the play may be safely affirmed to differ much less, for example, from Shakespeare's *King John* and *Richard II*, than these do from his *Henry VIII;* or than *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice* from *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale*. Yet in these cases of course no one has ever thought of inferring diversity of authorship from difference of style. Besides, what might we expect, but that in these respects his first performances would be more like what others had done before, than what was afterwards done by himself? Would he not naturally be-

gin by writing very much as those about him wrote, and thus by practice gradually learn to write better? Surely his style must needs draw towards such models as were before him, till he had time to form a style of his own; so that, had the play in hand borne less of resemblance to such as then held the stage, this would have been a strong argument that it was not the work of a beginner, but of one who had attained considerable experience and proficiency in his art.—As to the classical allusions, Malone here brought the power of figures to bear, and found there were just twenty-two in the play. He also figured out, that of something more than six thousand lines in the Second and Third Parts, Shakespeare was the sole author of somewhat less than one-third; and he took the pains to mark Shakespeare's lines with asterisks for the convenience of all future readers and editors. Knight's *Shakespeare* has a very learned and elaborate essay, wherein Malone's argument is thoroughly knocked to pieces, showing, among other things, that in the lines thus painfully marked there are no less than eighteen classical allusions and quotations, and those not a whit more apt and natural than Malone's twenty-two. Which seems to finish that part of the argument.

Again, touching the *Chronicles* used, it is to be observed that Holinshed's were first published in 1577, when Shakespeare was in his fourteenth year, and Hall's about thirty years earlier; and it is quite probable that the Poet became familiar with the elder chronicler in his boyhood, before the other got into circulation. Moreover, Holinshed embodies in his own work the greater part of Hall, insomuch that, on most of the subjects handled by the Poet, the same matter, and in nearly the same words, is found in both chroniclers, thus often making it uncertain to which of them he was immediately indebted. Remains but to add on this point, that Shakespeare's unquestioned dramas furnish numerous instances of acquaintance with Hall.

Finally, as to the discrepancies of representation, which Malone cites in proof of his point, these might indeed make

somewhat for the purpose, but that similar discrepancies are not unfrequently to be met with in the Poet's undoubted plays. For example, in this very play, Act i. sc. 3, Gloster says to Beaufort,—"I'll canvass thee in thy broad *cardinal's hat;*" and the Mayor a little after,—"This *cardinal's* more haughty than the devil:" yet in Act v. sc. 1, Exeter exclaims,—"What! is my lord of Winchester install'd, and call'd unto a *cardinal's degree?*" as if that were the first notice he had of his brother's advancement. Does this infer that the first and fifth acts of this play were written by several hands? Another still more material discrepancy is adduced by Knight. It occurs in *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*, Act iii. sc. 1, where the following is put into the mouth of Bolingbroke:

> "But which of you was by,
> (You, cousin Neville, as I may remember,)
> When Richard, with his eye brimfull of tears,
> Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
> Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
> 'Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
> My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;'—
> *Though then, God knows, I had no such intent.*"

This refers to what took place in *King Richard II*, Act v. sc. 1, which was some time after the same Bolingbroke had said to the parliament,—"*In God's name I'll ascend the regal throne.*" It is hardly needful to add, that on the principle of Malone's reasoning the two plays in question could not have been by the same author. Several other inaccuracies of this kind are remarked in our notes, and indeed occur too often in these plays to prove any thing but that either the Poet or his characters sometimes made mistakes.

Thus it appears that upon examination Malone's argument really comes to nothing. But even if it were at all points sound, still it has not force enough to shake, much less to overthrow, the evidence on the other side. Of this evidence the leading particulars are thus stated by Mr. Collier: "When Heminge and Condell published the folio

of 1623, many of Shakespeare's contemporaries, authors, actors, and auditors, were alive; and the player-editors, if they would have been guilty of the dishonesty, would hardly have committed the folly, of inserting a play in their volume which was not his production. If we imagine the frequenters of theaters to have been comparatively ignorant upon such a point, living authors and living actors must have been aware of the truth; and in the face of these Heminge and Condell would not have ventured to appropriate to Shakespeare what had really come from the pen of another. That tricks of the kind were sometimes played by fraudulent booksellers, in single plays, is certainly true; but Heminge and Condell were actors of repute, and men of character: they were presenting to the world, in an important volume, scattered performances, in order to "keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare;" and we cannot believe they would have included any drama to which he had no title." It is further considerable, that Ben Jonson lent to their volume the sanction of his great name;—a man whose long intimacy with the Poet gave him every chance to know the truth, and whose unquestionable honesty forbids the thought of his having endorsed any thing savoring of fraud.

Furthermore, we have words from Shakespeare himself which can scarce be interpreted otherwise than as claiming *The First Part of Henry VI* for his own. Which words occur in the Epilogue to *Henry V:*

> "Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
> Of France and England, did this king succeed;
> Whose state so many had the managing,
> That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
> *Which oft our stage hath shown;* and for their sake,
> In your fair minds let this acceptance take."

The sense of which manifestly is, that "the events whereby France was lost have been often set forth in plays of our writing;" it being rather unlikely that the Poet would thus

beg a favorable reception for his play, because a play written by somebody else, and on another subject, had formerly been well received.

Besides this strong external evidence, concurrent therewith is internal evidence more than enough to counterpoise Malone's argument. This, to be sure, is not of a kind to be discovered by mere verbal criticism, but few, it is to be presumed, will think the less of it on that account. Several parts of the play evidently look to a continuation, and are strangely out of place and unmeaning, but that they are to reappear in their after results. Such, especially, are the fourth scene of Act ii., where in the Temple Garden the two factions assume the white rose and the red as their respective badges; the interview of Mortimer and Richard in the next scene; the quarrel of Vernon and Basset in Act iv. sc. 1; and, above all, the undertaking of a marriage between Henry and Margaret in the last scene of the play. These scenes, be it observed, more than any others in the play, are of the author's invention; which puts it quite out of reason that they should have been meant to end with themselves: unless designed and regarded as the beginnings of something yet to come, they are manifest impertinences, having nothing to do with the action of the play, viewed by itself. Of course the promises thus made are fulfilled in the plays immediately following. Here, then, we have the lines of an intrinsic connection between the several plays of the series, running them all together as parts of a larger whole. In short, the First Part is strictly continuous with the Second and Third, as these in turn are with *King Richard III;* an unbroken harmony and integrity not only of design and action, but of composition and characterization, pervading the four plays, and knitting together in the unity of individual authorship.

This matter will be unfolded more at length in our Introductions to the Second and Third Parts, where we shall hope to make appear how each preceding play of the series runs into the following, while, in turn, the latter in like manner carries out and completes the former. For the

present, then, it shall suffice to state by way of instance in point, that in the character of the king we have the same conception carried out in most orderly and consistent development through the three plays that bear his name. Than which, perhaps nothing could more clearly show how wide Malone is of the truth in assuming, as he all along does assume, that the Second and Third Parts were not written, either in their original or their amended form, by the same man who wrote the First. In justice, however, to Malone's understanding, it should be added, that he himself saw, what he had been blind indeed not to see, that the three plays are drawn in together as one continuous whole. Speaking of the First Part, he says,—"At this distance of time it is impossible to ascertain on what principle Heminge and Condell admitted it into their volume; but I suspect they gave it a place as *a necessary introduction to the two other parts*, and because Shakespeare had made some slight alterations, and written a few lines in it." How unlikely it is that Shakespeare should at any time of his life have written a play and left it in such a state, as that a play by some other man should form a *necessary introduction* to it, is more obvious than to need insisting upon. Yet this, strongly as it infers the point in question, is but half the argument; for it may be safely affirmed that the First Part is not more necessary as an introduction to the Second and Third, than these latter are as a supplement and continuation of the First. We scarce know which were harder of belief, that Shakespeare should have so fitly carried out another's design, or that another should have designed so aptly for Shakespeare's carrying-out.

Two other points there are that seem to require a passing notice; one of which is, the frequent performance, as remarked above, of a play called *Henry the Sixth*, by Lord Strange's men at the Rose, in 1592;—an establishment with which Shakespeare never had any connection. This is conjectured to be the play referred to by Nash in a passage already quoted, and which has come down to

us as Shakespeare's, though written by somebody else. The argument of course supposes that a manuscript play belonging to one company was not likely to be had for use at a rival theater. Yet, as we have seen, Malone thinks that "Shakespeare had made some slight alterations, and written a few lines in it;" Morgann, that it was "repaired and furbished up by him with here and there a little sentiment and diction." Now it does not well appear, but that one of Shakespeare's manuscripts may have got into the hands of Lord Strange's men, as easily as one of theirs into his; and he must have got hold of it before he *repaired* it. Besides, it is clear that at that time the same play, though yet unprinted, was sometimes acted by different companies; for in the title-page to the first edition of *Titus Andronicus* we have the words,—"As it hath sundry times been played by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Sussex, and the Lord Chamberlain their Servants." Mr. Collier observes, accordingly,—"It is probable that prior to the year 1592 or 1593 the copyright of plays was little recognized; and that various companies were performing the same dramas at the same time, although perhaps they had been bought by one company for its sole use."

Again; Coleridge, as may be seen by a note on the passage, delivers a most confident opinion that the first speech in the play could not have been written by Shakespeare; though Mr. Collier informs us that in his *Lectures* in 1815 he quoted many lines which he thought Shakespeare must have written. Now our ear does indeed tell us that the metre of the passage in question is not Shakespearian; but this is a very different thing from telling us that Shakespeare could not have written it. The truth is, Shakespeare has many passages which seem to us very un-Shakespearian; and, as might be expected, both the quantity and the degree of such are in proportion as he was unpractised in his art. How far unlike himself he may have written at first, when, as must needs have been the case, he followed rather the style in vogue than the bent of his

genius, our ear, we freely confess, is incompetent to decide. Surely it was most natural that in his first efforts Shakespeare should endeavor to surpass his contemporaries in their own style; and, for aught we know, he may have had as great facility of imitation as Burke, who, it is well known, wrote a pamphlet so much in the style of Lord Bolingbroke, that Bolingbroke himself might almost have mistaken it for his own. Perhaps no one, judging by the ear alone, or from the internal evidence merely, would ever believe that Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful was written by the same man as Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France.

These considerations, and such as these, growing out of a larger criticism than that used by Malone, have prevailed with many to withhold them from the more general opinion. To say nothing of Steevens, who in these matters commonly shaped his course with a view to cross Malone, the better discernment of Johnson, Hazlitt, Knight, Verplanck, and of the German critics, Schlegel, Tieck, and Ulrici, has held them fast to the old belief.

It must be owned, indeed, that *The First Part of Henry VI*, granting it to be Shakespeare's, can add nothing to his reputation. But it may throw not a little light on his mental history, showing, along with several other plays, that his hand waxed cunning and mighty by long labor and discipline; that in forming him for the office of universal teacher art had perhaps as great a share as nature; and that Ben Jonson knew what he was about, when saying with reference to him,—"For a good poet's made, as well as born." Moreover, the play yields acceptable testimony that Shakespeare, following the fashion of his time, had at first an excess of classical allusion; that even his genius was not in the outset proof against the then besetting vice of learned pedantry; thus guiding us to the reasonable conclusion, that his later freedom from such excess and pedantry was the result of judgment, not of ignorance. Malone took credit to himself, that he had vindicated Shakespeare from the reproach of having written so poor a

performance; not perceiving, apparently, that such a course as he pursued must needs disserve the virtue of the man a great deal faster than it could serve the genius of the poet. It will be better seen hereafter, that he did in fact but vindicate him *into* the reproach of having been the most impudent literary thief that ever went "unwhipp'd of justice."

The Poet's more material drawings from history in this play will be set forth from time to time in the form of notes. It will be observed that he took much greater freedom than usual with the actual order of events, marshalling them here and there upon no settled principle, or upon one which it is not easy to discover. The play extends over the whole period from the death of Henry V, in August, 1422, when his son was but nine months old, till the marriage of the latter with Margaret of Anjou, which took place in October, 1444. In some cases the scattered events of several years are drawn together and presented in one view, as in the first scene, where we have the angry rupture of Gloster and Beaufort occurring at the same time with the funeral of Henry V, and reports coming in of losses in France, some of which did not take place till after the events represented in several of the subsequent scenes. In like manner, in the early part of the play the king is made much older, and in the latter part much younger, than he really was; the effect of which, as it was probably meant to be, is, to give an impression of greater unity than were compatible with a more literal adherence to facts. So, again, the death of the Talbots is drawn back many years before the time of its actual occurrence, in order, as would seem, that the foreign wars, and the disasters attending them, may be despatched in the First Part, and thus leave the following parts free for a more undistracted representation of the civil wars. And there are many other similar misplacements of events, which are more fully noticed as they occur.

Upon the whole, the leading purpose of the drama, considered by itself, appears to be, to set forth the growth of

faction in England, the gradual crippling of the national energies thence resulting, and the consequent loss of the conquests in France; how domestic strife still propagated mischiefs abroad, while these mischiefs in turn envenomed that strife; and how this long train of evils started into action as soon as the heroic spirit was withdrawn, in whom all the powers of the nation had stood and worked smoothly together, sweeping every thing before them. Such being the scope of the play, so far as that scope ends with the play itself, we may not unfitly apply to it one of Coleridge's most comprehensive passages. Discoursing how "a drama may be properly historical," he says,—"The events themselves are immaterial, otherwise than as the clothing and manifestation of the spirit that is working within. In this mode, the unity resulting from succession is destroyed, but is supplied by an unity of a higher order, which connects the events by reference to the workers, gives a reason for them in the motives, and presents men in their causative character."

In comparison, however, of the Poet's other histories, it must be confessed that the arrangement of this play is inartificial and clumsy, the characterization loose and sketchy, and the action inconsequential; there being many changes of scene which involve no real progress, and often no reason appearing in the thing itself but that the order might just as well have been quite other than it is: all which, to be sure, is but an argument that the author had not then acquired the power of moulding the stiff materials of history to the laws of art and the conditions of dramatic effect. Yet, though, as a whole, the piece be somewhat rambling and unknit, several of the parts are replete with poetic animation, many of the characters are firmly outlined, and in some of them, especially Beaufort and Talbot, the coloring is strong and well-laid; though, perhaps, in regard to the former, the conception has more of dramatic vigor than of historic truth.

In the character of the heroic maiden we seem to have an apt instance of struggle between the genius of the poet

and the prejudices of the Englishman. For it is observable that many of the noblest thoughts and images in the drama come from her; and in her interview with Burgundy the Poet could scarce have put into her mouth a higher strain of patriotic eloquence, had she been regarded as the patron saint of his father-land. But to have represented her throughout as a heaven-sent deliverer, besides being repugnant to the hereditary sentiment of the author, had been sure to offend the prepossessions of his audience. It is to this cause, probably, that we should attribute whatsoever of discrepancy there may be in the representation. All that is pure and beautiful in her life as depicted in the play resulted, no doubt, from the Poet's universality of mind and heart overbearing for a time the strong natural, and, we may add, honorable current of national feeling. Nor should it be unremembered that herein Shakespeare's course was against the whole drift of the *Chronicles;* for the account they give of her is indeed consistent, but then it is consistently bad. How the catastrophe of her career in the drama may have affected a contemporary English audience, we of course have no means of knowing: but to us her behavior thereabouts seems nowise of her character, but rather a piece of, perhaps justifiable, hypocrisy, taken up as a sort of forlorn hope, and so forming no part of herself; the impression of her foregoing life thus triumphing over the seeming sacrifice of honor and virtue at its close. What a subject she would have been for Shakespeare's hand, could he have done, what no good man has been able to do, namely, viewed her in the pure light of universal humanity, free from the colorings and refractings of national prepossession!

Amidst the general comparative tameness of the drama in hand, several scenes and parts of scenes may be specified as holding out something more than a promise of Shakespeare's ripened power. Such are the maiden's description of herself in Act i. sc. 2, beginning,—"Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter;"—and Talbot's account of his entertainment by the French while their pris-

oner, in sc. 4 of the same Act, where the story relishes at every turn of the teller's character, and the words seem thoroughly steeped in his individuality. Not less admirable, perhaps, in its way, is the pungent and pithy dialogue between Winchester and Gloster, Warwick, and Somerset, at the opening of Act iii., where the words strike fire all round, and where the persons, because they dare not speak, therefore out of their pent-up wrath speak all the more spitefully. Again, of whole scenes, the third in Act ii., between old Talbot and the countess of Auvergne, is in the conception and the execution a genuine stroke of Shakespearian art, full of dramatic spirit, and making a strong point of stage-effect in the most justifiable sense. And in the Temple Garden scene, which is the fourth of the same Act, we have a concentration of true dramatic life issuing in a series of forcible and characteristic flashes, where every word tells with singular effect both as a development of present temper and a germ of many tragic events. And, on the higher principles of art, how fitting it was that this outburst of smothered rage, this distant ominous grumbling of the tempest, should be followed by the subdued and plaintive tones that issue from the prison of the aged Mortimer, where we have the very spring and cause of the gathering storm discoursed in a strain of melancholy music, and a virtual sermon of revenge and slaughter breathed from dying lips. And of the fifth, sixth, and seventh scenes in Act iv., also, we may well say with Dr. Johnson, "If we take these *scenes* from Shakespeare, to whom shall they be given?"

The chief merits of the play are well stated, though doubtless with some exaggeration, by Schlegel, the judiciousness of whose criticisms in the main hath been so often approved, that no apology seems needed for quoting him. "Shakespeare's choice," says he, "fell first on this period of English history, so full of misery and horrors of every kind, because to a young poet's mind the pathetic is naturally more suitable than the characteristic. We do not here find the whole maturity of his genius, yet certainly

its whole strength. Careless as to the seeming unconnectedness of contemporary events, he bestows little attention on preparation and development: all the figures follow in rapid succession, and announce themselves emphatically for what we ought to take them. The First Part contains but the forming of the parties of the White and Red Rose, under which blooming ensigns such bloody deeds were afterwards perpetrated; the varying results of the war in France principally fill the stage. The wonderful savior of her country, Joan of Arc, is portrayed by Shakespeare with an Englishman's prejudice: yet he at first leaves it doubtful whether she has not in reality an heavenly mission; she appears in the pure glory of virgin heroism; by her supernatural eloquence—and this circumstance is of the Poet's invention—she wins over the duke of Burgundy to the French cause; afterwards, corrupted by vanity and luxury, she has recourse to hellish fiends, and comes to a miserable end. To her is opposed Talbot, a rough iron warrior, who moves us the more powerfully, as, in the moment when he is threatened with inevitable death, all his care is tenderly directed to save his son, who performs his first deeds of arms under his eye. The interview between the aged Mortimer in prison, and Richard Plantagenet, unfolds the claims of the latter to the throne, and forms, by itself, a beautiful tragic elegy."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

HENRY VI

The heroic days of the fifth Henry, when the play opens, belong to the past; but their memory survives in the hearts and in the vigorous muscles of the great lords and earls who surround the king. He only, who most should have treasured and augmented his inheritance of glory and of power, is insensible to the large responsibilities and privileges of his place. He is cold in great affairs; his supreme concern is to remain blameless. Free from all greeds and ambitions, he yet is possessed by egoism, the egoism of timid saintliness. His virtue is negative, because there is no vigorous basis of manhood within him out of which heroic saintliness might develop itself. For fear of what is wrong, he shrinks from what is right. This is not the virtue ascribed to the nearest followers of "the Faithful and True" who in his righteousness doth judge and make war. Henry is passive in the presence of evil, and weeps. He would keep his garments clean; but the garments of God's soldier-saints, who do not fear the soils of struggle, gleam with a higher, intenser purity. "His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; . . . And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean." These soldiers in heaven have their representatives in earth; and Henry was not one of these. Zeal must come before charity, and then when charity comes it will appear as a self-denial. But Henry knows nothing of zeal; and he is amiable, not charitable.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

JOAN OF ARC

Only in one case does Shakespeare—according to our modern ideas—seem to have gone too far and to have been unjust, viz., in his delineation of Joan of Arc's character; but in this he has closely followed his authority, whether we assume it to have been Hall or Holinshed. La Pucelle's character was, up to the seventeenth century, a closed book even to her own countrymen, and has only in recent days by documentary evidence been revealed to us in its full purity and beauty. But even though this want of a correct knowledge of the case were not an unquestionable excuse for the poet, still his error vanishes, and appears as nothing, when compared with the filth which Voltaire—her own countryman—has cast upon the character of La Pucelle. And even though Voltaire's wit were a hundred times more poignant, it would never clear him of this wrong.—Elze, *William Shakespeare.*

Taking the character [of Joan la Pucelle] as it stands, —the embodiment of motives and disposition in harmony with deeds that the chroniclers assert as facts, it is hard to say that it is other than consistent and natural. The world is now in possession of numerous detailed examples of religious enthusiasm and self-deception combining with ambitious or political purpose in all their strange and mingling manifestations both of the mind and body, and if we scrutinize the most fortunate of them the result is much the same as the catastrophe of Joan even as represented in the play. The false impressions and assumptions that inflame the enthusiast work wonders in their strength, but their weakness tells at last. The self-conviction of the special choice and guidance and inspiration of heaven suffers rude shocks in an extended course, as rude as the blindest fatalism that hardens its purposes by repetition of the phrase of a destiny, a mission or a star. Rarely indeed does the vainly exalted thought of special heavenly protection es-

cape reversal by as depressing a belief of desertion and forsakenness, and a life of heroism may easily close in vacillation, or despair, or degrading attempt to keep up by foul means, or trickery, the influence that only worked wonders, and was victorious when it sprung spontaneously. Still the dramatist has been more tender to Joan in one respect than the historians, and he rejects the fact they charge her with, of shamefully slaughtering, out of spite and in cold blood, her surrendered prisoner.—Lloyd, "*Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*"

We have yet to consider the Joan of Arc scenes, especially V. iv.; here we are prejudiced not so much against the verse, as against the treatment of the fair maid of France, as we now know her; we hope the writer is not Shakespeare; we might hope it could be no writer at all. I will state some considerations for and against: Shakespeare, at any rate, has sanctioned the presence of this scene; that goes for a good deal; next, (1) many English characters meet with harsh treatment in these early chronicles and plays, and Joan was not English, but French; (2) more important still, she was regarded as a witch; (3) the sketch of Joan in this play, if not less repulsive than that of the chronicles, makes some attempt at justice (lines 36–53); (4) we may fairly say that the writer of the drama would be compelled either to omit the character altogether (which was impossible), or to bow before (a) the Chronicles, (b) popular belief and prejudice, (c) what was probably, at least in part, his own mistaken conviction. However, for the relief of any who may think Shakespeare's honor is threatened by this scene, I may add that if we place it under the microscope we find that only the lines above mentioned, 36–53, bear any distinct marks of Shakespeare's handling; again I will support my general statement: lines 52, 53,

> Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
> Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven,

may be compared with "Richard II," I. i. 116–118:

> Whose blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries
> Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth
> To me for justice and rough chastisement;

and in the same play "Heaven" will "rain hot vengeance" on offenders' heads.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

LORD TALBOT

Joan's death appears the organic contrast to that of the Earl of Salisbury, of Lord Talbot, and his son. Lord Talbot is obviously the noblest character in the whole play, a rough and vigorous knight; battle and war, self-devoted patriotism, knightly honor and bravery, these have constituted his entire life; all higher ideas seem beyond him; he knows how to win a battle, but not how to carry on a war; he is an excellent military captain, but no general, no chief, because, although valiant and even discreet and prudent (as is proved by his interview with the Countess of Auvergne), he does not possess either presence of mind, creative power, or a clear insight into matters. This, together with the harshness and roughness of his virtue, which has in it something of the rage of the lion, is his weak point, and proves the cause of his death. His power was not equal to the complicated circumstances and the depravity of the age; under the iron rod of chastisement, he became equally unbending and iron; he is the representative of the rage and ferocity of the war, to which he falls a victim because he is wholly absorbed in it and therefore unable to become the master in directing it. In such days, however, the honorable death of a noble character proves a blessing; victory and pleasure are found in death when life succumbs to the superior power of evil, to the weight and misery of a decline which affects both the nation and the state.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

A COMPARISON WITH LATER PLAYS

If we take the piece purely in a dramatic point of view, and consider it as a work for the stage, it affords, as we before said, an excellent lesson in its contrast to Shakespeare's general mode of proceeding. There is here no unity of action, indeed not even, as in Pericles, a unity of person. If we look strictly into the single scenes, they are so loosely united, that whole series may be expunged without injuring the piece, indeed perhaps not without improving it—an attempt which even in Pericles could not be carried far. We need only superficially perceive this, in order to feel how far removed the dramatic works of art previous to Shakespeare were from that strong and systematic inner structure, which admits of no dismemberment without distortion. . . .

If we separate all the scenes between York and Somerset, Mortimer and York, Margaret and Suffolk, and read them by themselves, we feel that we are looking upon a series of scenes which exhibit Shakespeare's style in his historical plays just in the manner in which we should have expected him to have written at the commencement of his career. We see the skilful and witty turn of speech and the germ of his figurative language; we perceive already the fine clever repartees and the more choice form of expression; in Mortimer's death-scene and in the lessons of his deeply-dissembled silent policy, which while dying he transmits to York, we see, with Hallam, all the genuine feeling and knowledge of human nature which belongs to Shakespeare in similar pathetic or political scenes in his other dramas; all, not in that abundance and masterly power which he subsequently manifested, but certainly in the germ which prefigures future perfection. These scenes contrast decidedly with the trivial, tedious war scenes and the alternate bombastic and dull disputes between Gloster and Winchester; they adhere to the common highway of historical poetry, though they have sufficient of the freshness of

youthful art to furnish Schiller in his "Maid of Orleans" with many beautiful traits, and indeed with the principal idea of his drama.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY *the Sixth*
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *uncle to the King, and Protector*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, *uncle to the King, and Regent of France*
THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King*
HENRY BEAUFORT, *great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal*
JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York*
EARL OF WARWICK
EARL OF SALISBURY
EARL OF SUFFOLK
LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury*
JOHN TALBOT, *his son*
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March*
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE
SIR WILLIAM LUCY
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE
Mayor of London
WOODVILE, *Lieutenant of the Tower*
VERNON, *of the White-Rose or York faction*
BASSET, *of the Red-Rose or Lancaster faction*
A Lawyer, Mortimer's Keepers

CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King, of France*
REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples*
DUKE OF BURGUNDY
DUKE OF ALENÇON
BASTARD OF ORLEANS
Governor of Paris
Master-Gunner of Orleans and his Son
General of the French forces in Bordeaux
A French Sergeant A Porter
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle

MARGARET, *daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry*
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE
JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc*

Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

By the death of the valiant King Henry V his infant son, Henry VI, succeeded to the thrones of England and France. The young King's guardians, forgetful of their country's interests, engage in quarrels with each other. The French take advantage of this weakness to regain many of their cities. Joan la Pucelle, or Joan of Arc, as she is known in history, renders valuable aid to the Dauphin of France, later Charles VII; she assists him to raise the siege of Orleans in spite of the able resistance of Talbot, the English general.

ACT II

The English retake Orleans by a sudden attack while the French are feasting in celebration of their victory. In England the quarrels of Richard Plantagenet, afterwards the Duke of York, and John Beaufort, Earl, afterwards the Duke, of Somerset, grow more violent and develop into the civil war known as the War of the Roses from the colors and flowers worn by either side—white roses by the Plantagenets (the House of York) and red ones by the Somersets (the House of Lancaster).

ACT III

Aided by La Pucelle, the French capture Rouen, but the English under Talbot retake it. Leaving a garrison in the town, Talbot and his army go to Paris, where the young monarch, Henry VI, is awaiting his coronation as King of France. The French Duke of Burgundy, who has been serving in the English army, is met by La Pucelle and the

Dauphin and persuaded to return to his old allegiance. Henry creates Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury in recognition of his services.

ACT IV

Talbot and his son John attempt to capture Bordeaux, but are surrounded by a much larger force of the French under the Dauphin. The quarrels of the Dukes of York and Somerset prevent them from sending additional troops to the Talbots and they are slain in a strongly contested battle.

ACT V

Henry VI consents to his guardians' plans for his marriage with the daughter of the French Earl of Armagnac. In a battle before Angiers, the English capture Joan of Arc and Margaret of Anjou. Joan is condemned to death at the stake and Henry is persuaded by the Duke of Suffolk to break his engagement with the Earl of Armagnac's daughter in favor of an alliance with Margaret. Charles the Dauphin swears allegiance to Henry VI and reigns as viceroy of France.

THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY VI

ACT FIRST.

Scene I

Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars

1. The upper part of the stage was in Shakespeare's times technically called the heavens, and was used to be hung with black when tragedies were performed. To this custom the text probably refers. —H. N. H.

3. *"crystal,"* unnecessarily changed by Hanmer to *"crisped"*; Warburton, *"cristed"* or *"crested"*; Roderick, *"tristful tresses in the sky,"* or "tresses in the crystal sky."—I. G.

That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glou. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams:
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonorable victory

The epithet Crystal was often bestowed on Comets by the old writers.—H. N. H.

5. *consented unto,* conspired to bring about.—C. H. H.

6. *"King Henry the Fifth";* Pope, *"Henry the Fifth";* Walker, *"King Henry Fifth";* Pope's reading has been generally followed by modern editors.—I. G.

12. *"wrathful";* Rowe, *"awful."*—I. G.

17. Thomas Beaufort, the present duke of Exeter, was son to John of Ghent by Catherine Swynford; born out of wedlock, but legitimated along with three other children in the time of Richard II. Of course therefore he was great uncle to King Henry VI. At the death of Henry V he was appointed governor of the infant king, which office he held till his death in 1425. The Poet, however, prolongs his life till 1444, the period of the First Part. Holinshed calls him "a right sage and discreet counsellor." The name Beaufort was derived from the place of his birth, which was Beaufort castle in France.—H. N. H.

We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him
By magic verses have contrived his end?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:

24. *"glory's"*; Ff., *"Glories."*—I. G.

27. *"By magic verses have contrived his end"*; alluding to the old notion "that life might be taken away by metrical charms" (Johnson). Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Verse"*; Pope, *"verse have thus."*—I. G.

This is well explained by a passage in Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584: "The Irishmen will not sticke to affirme that they can rime man or Beast to death."—H. N. H.

28. Henry Beaufort, known in history as "the great bishop of Winchester," was brother to the duke of Exeter. At this time he held the office of chancellor, and was associated with Exeter in the governing of the infant sovereign. The quarrel between him and his nephew, the duke of Gloster, did not break out till 1425, though it had been brewing in secret for some time. In 1427 he was advanced by Pope Martin to the office of cardinal. The matter is thus related by Holinshed: "After that the duke of Bedford had set all things in good order in England, he returned into France, first landing at Calis, where the bishop of Winchester, that also passed the seas with him, received the habit, hat, and dignitie of a cardinall. The late king, right deeplie persing into the unrestrainable ambitious mind of the man, that even from his youth was ever to checke at the highest; and also right well ascertained with what intollerable pride his head should soone be swollen under such a hat; did therefore all his life long keepe this prelat backe from that presumptuous estate. But now, the king being yoong, and the regent his freend, he obteined his purpose to his great profit. For by a bull legantin, which he purchased from Rome, he gathered so much treasure, that no man in maner had monie but he; so that he was called the rich cardinall of Winchester."—H. N. H.

The church's prayers made him so prosperous.
Glou. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.
Win. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.
Glou. Name not religion, for thou lovest the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace:
Let 's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:
Instead of gold, we 'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.

33. *"had not";* Vaughan proposed *"had but"* (but *cp.* ll. 41–43).—I. G.

49. *"moist";* so Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, *"moistned."*—I. G.

50. The original has "nourish" here, which can hardly be made to yield any reasonable meaning. Pope thought "nourish" a misprint for "marish," an old form of "marsh"; and Ritson gives an apt quotation from Kyd's Spanish Tragedy: "Made mountains marsh with spring tides of my tears."—H. N. H.

Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invocate:
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honorable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

Glou. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was used?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.

56. *"or bright——"*; various attempts have been made to fill up the blank, which some editors explain as due to the inability of the compositor to read the name in the MS.; Francis Drake, Berenice, Cassiopeia, Alexander, &c., have been suggested. Probably the speech is interrupted by the entrance of the messenger.—I. G.

60. *"Rheims"*; Ff., *"Rheimes"*; evidently intended as a dissyllable; but Capell's *"Rheims, Roan."* derives some support from the fact that *Roan, i. e. Rouen,* is mentioned by Gloucester in line 65 (Cambridge ed.).—I. G.

65. *"Rouen"*; F. 1, *"Roan."*—I. G.

Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions,
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honors new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; Regent I am of France.
Give me my steeled coat. I 'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

76. *"A third"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"A third man"*; Walker, *"A third one"*; Delius, *"A third thinketh"*; Keightley, *"A third thinks that"*; Dyce, *"And a third thinks,"* &c. Surely a simpler solution of the difficulty is to read *"third"* as a dissyllable with a trilled *r*.—I. G.

78. *"Awake, awake"*; F. 2, *"Awake, away."*—I. G.

83. *"their"*; Theobald's emendation; Ff. *"her"*; Anon. conj. *"our."* —I. G.

That is, England's flowing tides.—H. N. H.

88. That is, their miseries which have only a short intermission.—H. N. H.

Mess. Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.
Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?
Glou. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be slack, I 'll fight it out.
Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.
Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is 't so?
Mess. O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I 'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,

94. *"Reignier";* Rowe's emendation of *"Reynold"* of the Ff.—I. G.
95. *"The Duke of Alençon";* Walker omits *"of,"* to improve the rhythm of the line.—I. G.
96. *"crowned";* Rowe's emendation; *"crown'd,"* the reading of the Folios.—I. G.

Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enraged he flew:
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agazed on him:
His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:

124. *"flew,"* Rowe's correction; Ff., *"slew."*—I. G.

128. *"A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain."* The line has been variously emended as being defective, metrically. Pope, *"A Talbot! Talbot! cried"*; Seymour, *"A Talbot! cried, a Talbot!"*; Vaughan, *"Talbot! a Talbot! cried."* If, however, *"cried"* is read as a dissyllable, the movement of the line is parallel to that of *"prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,"* in Richard II. iv., and no correction seems necessary—

A Tálbot! | A Tálbot! crí|ed óut | amáin | .—I. G.

131. *"Sir John Fastolfe"*; Theobald's emendation here and elsewhere of Ff. *"Sir John Falstaffe"*; but in all probability Falstaff was the popular form of the name, and it is questionable whether

He, being in the vaward, placed behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
Whom all France with their chief assembled strength
Durst not presume to look once in the face.
Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.
Mess. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,

the text should be altered here. "He was a lieutenant-general, deputy regent to the Duke of Bedford in Normandy, and a Knight of the Garter."—I. G.

132. *"Vaward"* is an old word for the foremost part of an army, the *van.* The passage seems to involve a contradiction; but the meaning probably is, that Fastolfe commonly led the *vaward,* but was on this occasion *placed behind.* Monck Mason supposes the army to have been attacked in the *rear,* and remarks that in such cases "the van becomes the rear."—The original has *Falstaffe* for *Fastolfe;* but of course without any reference to the fat, funny old sinner of Henry IV, who had not been conceived when this play was written. Fastolfe was an actual person, greatly distinguished during these wars in France, and is well known in history. He was as far as possible from being a "coward": nevertheless, Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Patay, June, 1429, where Talbot was taken prisoner, has the following: "From this battell departed without anie stroke striken sir John Fastolfe, the same yeare for his valiantnesse elected into the order of the garter. But, for doubt of misdealing in this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of saint George and his garter; though afterward, by means of freends, and apparent causes of good excuse, the same were to him again delivered against the mind of lord Talbot."—H. N. H.

And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.
Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I 'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne:
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I 'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.
Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.
Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.
Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*
Glou. I 'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*
Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor,

170. "*Eltham,*" a royal palace.—C. H. H.

And for his safety there I 'll best devise. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office:
The king from Eltham I intend to steal
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

France. Before Orleans.

Sound a Flourish. Enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier, marching with Drum and Soldiers.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;

176. *"steal,"* Mason's conjecture; Ff., *"send"*; Keightley, *"fetch."* —I. G.

177. This was one of the things charged upon the Bishop by Gloucester when their quarrel broke out. Thus in Holinshed "my said lord of Winchester purposed and disposed him to set hand on the King's person, and to have him removed from Eltham, to the intent to put him in governance as he list."—H. N. H.

1. *"Mars his true moving"; cp.* "You are as ignorant in the true *movings* of my muse as the astronomers are in the *true movings of Mars,* which to this day they could not attain to," quoted by Steevens from one of Nash's prefaces to Gabriel Harvey's *Hunt's Up,* 1596. Kepler's work on Mars (*Comment. de Motibus Stellæ Martis*) was published in 1609.—I. G.

Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let 's raise the siege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
Now for the honor of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me
When he sees me go back one foot or fly.

[*Exeunt.*

Here Alarum; they are beaten back by the English with great loss.

Re-enter Charles, Alençon, and Reignier.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

13. *"live"*; Capell, *"sit"*; Walker, *"lie."*—I. G.
28. That is, the prey for which they are hungry.—H. N. H.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let 's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they 'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmors or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we 'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans

Bast. Where 's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

30. These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers; and their exploits are the theme of the old romances. From the equally doughty and unheard-of exploits of these champions, arose the saying of "Giving a Rowland for an Oliver," for giving a person as good as he brings.—H. N. H.

"bred"; Ff., breed."—I. G.

41. *"Gimmors"* means any kind of device or machine for producing motion. Thus Digby, *Of Man's Soul:* "Whence 'tis manifest that his answers do not proceed upon set *gimals* or strings, whereof one being struck moves the rest in a set order." And in Bishop Hall's *Epistles:* "The famous Kentish idol moved her eyes and hands by those secret *gimmers* which now every puppet play can imitate."—H. N. H.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offense?
Be not dismay'd, for succor is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:
What 's past and what 's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.
Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit Bastard.*] But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

47. *"Bastard"* was not in former times a title of reproach. Hurd, in his *Letters on Chivalry and Romance,* makes it one of the circumstances of agreement between Heroic and Gothic manners, "that bastardy was in credit with both."—H. N. H.

48. *"Cheer"* in this instance means *heart* or *courage,* as in the expression, "be of good *cheer.*"—H. N. H.

56. *"nine sibyls of old Rome."* The number of the Sibyls is variously given as three, four, seven, ten; possibly the "nine" is here due to confusion with the nine Sibylline books.—I. G.

Warburton says, "there were no *nine sibyls of Rome:* it is a mistake for the nine Sibylline Oracles brought to one of the Tarquins." But the Poet followed the popular books of his day, which say that the Ten Sibyls were women that had the spirit of prophecy and they prophesied of Christ.—H. N. H.

Re-enter the Bastard of Orleans, with Joan La Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is 't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier is 't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promised and assured success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.

86. *"which you see,"* reading of Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, *"which you may see."*—I. G.

Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms;
Only this proof I 'll of thy valor make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's church-yard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

Puc. And while I live, I 'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*Here they fight, and Joan La Pucelle overcomes.*

91. *"Resolve on this";* that is, be *"convinced of it."*—H. N. H.

99. *"five";* Ff., *"fine."*—I. G.

101. *"Out of a great deal of old iron";* Dyce's conjecture, *"out of a deal old iron,"* seems the best of the emendations proposed.—I. G.

This is taken from the chronicler: "Then at the Dolphins sending by hir assignement, from saint Katharins church of Fierbois in Touraine, where she never had beene, in a secret place there among old iron, appointed she hir sword to be sought out and brought hir, that with five floure delices was graven on both sides, wherewith she fought, and did manie slaughters by hir owne hands." —H. N. H.

103. *"ne'er fly from a man";* so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"ne'er flye no man";* Collier MS., *"ne'er fly from no man";* there was probably some jingle intended:—

CHAR. *Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.*
PUC. *And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from no man.*—I. G.

Char. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.
Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be:
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.
Char. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!

108. *"thy desire,"*= desire for thee.—I. G.
111. *"Servant"*= lover.—C. H. H.
121. "keeps no mean"= observes no measure.—C. H. H.

Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says I 'll confirm: we 'll fight it out;
Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I 'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.
Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

131. *"Expect Saint Martin's summer";* "expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun" (Johnson). St. Martin's Day is November 11.—I. G.

138. *"That proud insulting ship, Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once,"* evidently suggested by the following passage in North's translation of Plutarch's "Life of Cæsar":—"Cæsar hearing that, straight discovered himself unto the master of the pynnace, who at first was amazed when he saw him; but Cæsar, then taking him by the hand, said unto him, good fellow, be of good cheer, . . . and fear not, for *thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee.*" —I. G.

140. *"Mahomet inspired with a dove"; cp.* "he (Mahomet) used to feed (a dove) with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice" (Raleigh's *History of the World*).—I. G.

142. *"Helen."* The empress Helena, according to Christian legend, succeeded by divine guidance in recovering the Cross of Christ.—C. H. H.

Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honors;
Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized.

Char. Presently we 'll try: come, let 's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. 150
[*Exeunt.*

143. *"Saint Philip's daughters";* "the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the Acts."—Hanmer.

145. *"reverently worship";* Capell, *"ever worship";* Steevens, *"reverence, worship";* Dyce (Collier MS.), *"reverent worship";* the last seems the only plausible reading.—I. G.

148. *"Orleans,"* Ff., *"Orleance";* Capell, *"hence."*—I. G.

150. The matter of this scene is thus related by Holinshed: "In time of this siege at Orleance, French stories saie, unto Charles the Dolphin at Chinon was caried a yoong wench of an eightеene yeeres old, called Joan Arc, borne at Domprin upon Meuse in Loraine. Of favour was she counted likesome, of person stronglie made and manlie, of courage great, hardie, and stout withall, an understander of counsels though she were not at them, great semblance of chastitie both of bodie and behaviour, the name of Jesus in hir mouth about all hir businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting diverse daies in the weeke. Unto the Dolphin in his gallerie when first she was brought, and he shadowing himselfe behind, setting other gaie lords before him to trie hir cunning, she pickt him out alone, who thereupon had her to the end of the gallerie, where she held him an houre in secret and private talke, that of his privie chamber was thought verie long, and therefore would have broken it off; but he made them a sign to let hir saie on."—H. N. H.

Scene III

London. Before the Tower.

Enter the Duke of Gloucester, with his Serving-men in blue coats.

Glou. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester that calls.

First Warder. [*Within*] Who 's there that knocks so imperiously?

First Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

Second Warder. [*Within*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

First Serv. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

First Warder. [*Within*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There 's none protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I 'll be your warrantize:

4. *"'tis Gloucester";* Pope's emendation; Ff., *"'tis Gloster";* Steevens, *"it is Gloster,"* &c.; *cp.* l. 62 below, where Ff. similarly read *"Gloster."*—I. G.

13. *To break up* was the same as *to break open.* "They have *broken up* and have passed through *the gate.*"—Micah ii. 13. "He would have watched and would not have suffered his home to be *broken up.*" Matthew xxiv. 43. "The lusty Kentishmen hoping on more friends *brake up the gaytes*" (Hall's *Chronicle*).—H. N. H.

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[*Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and Woodvile the Lieutenant speaks within.*

Woodv. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here 's Gloucester that would enter.

Woodv. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glou. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I 'll shut thee out shortly.

Serving-men. Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we 'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Winchester and his men in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry! what means this?

29. *"ambitious Humphry"*; F. 4, *"ambition"*; *"Humphry,"* Theobald's emendation; F. 1, *"Vmpheir"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Umpire."*—I. G.

Glou. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin:
I 'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glou. I will not slay thee, but I 'll drive thee back:

30. *"Peel'd,"* that is, *"bald,"* alluding to his shaven crown. *Piel'd* and *pild,* or *pilled* are only various ways of spelling *peeled.*—H. N. H.

34. One of Gloster's charges against the bishop runs thus in Holinshed: "My said lord of Glocester affirmeth, that our sovreigne lord his brother, that was king Henrie the fift, told him on a time, that when, being prince, he was lodged in the palace of Westminster, there was a man spied and taken behind a hanging of the chamber; the which man, being examined upon the cause of his being there at that time, confessed that he was there by the stirring and procuring of my said lord of Winchester, ordeined to have slain the said prince there in his bed."—H. N. H.

35. *"indulgences to sin";* "the public stews were formerly under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester."—Pope.

36. *Cannabasser,* French, is rendered by Cotgrave, "to *canvass,* or curiously to examine, search, or sift out, the depth of a matter." And Skinner says the same word was used for "shaking or beating hemp."—We have seen in a former note that Beaufort was not made a *cardinal* till 1427, which was two years after the rupture with Gloster.—H. N. H.

40. The allusion here is well explained by a passage in *The Travels of Sir John Mandeville:* "In that place where Damascus was founded, Kayn sloughe Abel his brother." And Ritson has another of like drift from the *Polychronicon:* "Damascus is as much as to say shedding of blood; for there Chaym slew Abel, and hid him in the sand."—H. N. H.

Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I 'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou darest; I beard thee to thy face.

Glou. What! am I dared and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard;
I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat:
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I 'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the pope.

Glou. Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?
Thee I 'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

47. It appears from this, that Gloster's servants wore *blue coats,* and Winchester's *tawny*. Such was the usual livery of servants in the Poet's time, and long before. Stowe informs us that on a certain occasion the bishop of London "was attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny coats.*"—H. N. H.

53. A *"Winchester goose"* was a particular stage of the disease contracted in the stews; hence Gloster bestows the epithet on the bishop in derision and scorn. A person affected with that disease was likewise so called.—H. N. H.

Cant term for a harlot.—C. H. H.

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glou. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here 's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here 's Gloucester, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm,
And would have armor here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they skirmish again.*

May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife
But to make open proclamation:
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst:
Cry.

Off. All manner of men assembled here in arms this day against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glou. Cardinal, I 'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

61. *"distrain'd"*= appropriated.—C. H. H.

72. *"as e'er thou canst; Cry"*; Ff., *"as e're thou canst, cry"*; Collier MS., *"as thou canst cry."*—I. G.

Win. Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
May. I 'll call for clubs, if you will not away.
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.
Glou. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.
Win. Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long.
[*Exeunt, severally, Gloucester and Winchester with their Serving-men.*
May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear! 90
I myself fight not once in forty year.
[*Exeunt.*

82. *"cost,"* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"deare cost."*—I. G.

88. *"it ere long";* so Ff. 1, 2; Ff. 3, 4, *"it e're be long";* Capell, *"it, ere 't be long";* Collier MS., *"it off, ere long";* Orson, *"at it."*—I. G.

90. *stomachs,* warlike spirits. The sentence is elliptical, for "(to think that) these nobles," or the like.—C. H. H.

91. The account of this stormy brawl, as given in the old chronicles, runs substantially thus: The duke being absent a while, the bishop caused the Tower to be garrisoned, and committed to the care of Richard Woodville, with orders "to admit no one more powerful than himself." The duke, at his return, demanding lodgings in the Tower, and being refused, forthwith ordered the mayor to close the gates of the city against the bishop, and to furnish him with five hundred horsemen, that he might visit in safety the young king at Eltham. The next morning the bishop's retainers undertook to burst open the gate on the bridge, and placed archers in the houses on each side of the road, declaring that, as their lord was excluded from the city, so they would keep the duke from leaving it.—H. N. H.

Scene IV

Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, a Master Gunner and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won.
Boy. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower to overpeer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;
And even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;

10. *"wont"*; the old copy reads *went*; the emendation is Mr. Tyrwhitt's. The English *wont*, that is, are accustomed, to overpeer the city. It is the third person plural of the old verb *wont*. The emendation is fully supported by the speech in the Chronicles on which his is formed.—H. N. H.

And thou shalt find me at the governor's.
[*Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I 'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.
[*Exit.*

Enter, on the turrets, the Lords Salisbury and Talbot, Sir William Glansdale, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be released?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchanged and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdaining scorn'd, and craved death
Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.

22. *"on the turrets,"* Ff., *"in an upper chamber of a tower"* (Malone).—I. G.

27. *"Duke";* Theobald's emendation of *"Earle"* of the Ff.—I. G.

29. Here again the poet transposes the order of events. The affair in the Tower at Orleans which ended in the death of Salisbury took place October 23, 1428. The capture of Talbot by the French was at the Battle of Patay, June 18, 1429; of Santrailles by the English, in 1431.—H. N. H.

33. *"so vile-esteem'd";* Pope, *"so vilde esteem'd";* Ff., *"so pil'd esteem'd";* Capell, *"so pill'd esteem'd";* Mason, *"so ill-esteemed,"* &c. —I. G.

The old copy reads *"pil'd esteem'd"*—as *vile* was frequently spelled *vild* by Shakespeare and others there can hardly be a doubt that it was the word.—H. N. H.

But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame:
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

43. "This man [Talbot] was to the French people a very scourge and a daily *terror,* insomuch that as his person was fearful and terrible to his adversaries present, so his name and fame was spiteful and dreadful to the common people absent; insomuch that women in France, to feare their yong children, would crye the *Talbot* cometh" (Hall's *Chronicle*).—H. N. H.

53. *"shot"*=marksman, *"shots."*—C. H. H.

Enter the Boy with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.
Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.
Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.
[*Here they shoot. Salisbury and Gargrave fall.*
Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!
Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!
Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?
Speak, Salisbury: at least, if thou canst speak:
How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand
That hath contrived this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech
doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body; I will help to bury it,
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort; 90
Thou shalt not die whiles—
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
As who should say 'When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.'
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,

95. This looks as if the Poet thought Salisbury's name Plantagenet, while in fact it was Thomas Montacute. Holinshed gives the following account of him: "This earle was the man at that time, by whose wit, strength, and policie, the English name was much terrible to the French; which of himselfe might both appoint, command, and doo all things in manner at his pleasure; for suerlie he was both painefull, diligent, and ready to withstand all dangerous chances that were in hand, prompt in counsell, and of courage invincible; so that in no one man men put more trust, nor any singular person wan the harts so much of all men."—The main event of this scene is thus related by the same writer: "In the tower that was taken at the bridge end, there was an high chamber, having a grate full of barres of iron, by the which a man might looke all the length of the bridge into the citie; at which grate manie of the cheefe capteins stood manie times, viewing the citie, and devising in what place it was best to give the assault. They within the citie well perceived this tooting hole, and laid a peece of ordinance directlie against the window. It so chanced, that the nine and fiftith daie after the siege was laid the earle of Salisburie, sir Thomas Gargrave, and William Glasdale, with diverse other went into the said tower, and so into the high chamber, and looked out at the grate, and within a short space

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn;
Wretched shall France be only in thy name.
[*Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*
What stir is this? what tumult 's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
A holy prophetess new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
[*Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.*
Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.
Frenchmen, I 'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,

the sonne of the maister-gunner, perceiving men looking out at the window, tooke his match, as his father had taught him, who was gone downe to dinner, and fired the gun; the shot whereof brake and shivered the iron barres of the grate, so that one of the same bars strake the earle so violentlie on the head, that it stroke awaie one of his eies and the side of his cheeke. Sir Thomas Gargrave was likewise striken, and died within two daies. The earle was conveied to Meun on Loire, where after eight daies he likewise departed this world."—H. N. H.

95. *"like thee, Nero,"* Malone; F. 1, *"like thee";* F. 2, *"Nero like will";* Ff. 3, 4, *"Nero like, will";* Pope, *"Nero-like,"* &c.—I. G.

101. *"Joan la Pucelle";* Ff., *"Joan de Puzel"* (and elsewhere).—I. G.

107. *"Puzzel"* means a *dirty wench* or a *drab;* "from *puzza,* that is, malus fœtor," says Minsheu. Thus in Steevens's *Apology for Herodotus,* 1607: "Some filthy queans, especially our *puzzels* of Paris, use this theft." And in Stubbe's *Anatomy of Abuses,* 1595: "Nor yet any droye nor *puzzel* in the country but will carry a nosegay in her hand." It should be remembered that in the Poet's time *dauphin* was always written *dolphin.*—H. N. H.

Your hearts I 'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we 'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare. [*Alarum. Exeunt.*

Scene V

The same.

Here an alarum again: and Talbot pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter Joan La Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them: then re-enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valor, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them:
A woman clad in armor chaseth them.

Re-enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes. I 'll have a bout with thee;
Devil or devil's dam, I 'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

6. *"Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch";* "the superstition of those times taught that he that could draw the witch's blood was free from her power" (Johnson).—I. G.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.

[*Here they fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I 'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

[*They fight again.*

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

[*A short alarum: then enter the town with soldiers.*

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [*Exit.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do;
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short alarum.*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;

21. *"like Hannibal,"* who, in order to escape, devised the stratagem of fixing lighted twigs to the horns of oxen. (*Cp.* Livy, xxii. 16.)—I. G.

Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*
It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[*Exit Talbot. Alarum; retreat; flourish.*

Scene VI

The same.

Enter, on the walls, La Pucelle, Charles, Reignier, Alençon, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colors on the walls;
Rescued is Orleans from the English:
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

30. *"treacherous from"*; so Ff. 3, 4; Ff. 1, 2, *"trecherous from"*; Pope, *"tim'rous from."*—I. G.

"treacherous." So in the old copies, but commonly changed to *timorous*, following Pope. The change is apt enough, but needless; the meaning being, no doubt, that sheep are not to be trusted or relied on, because they are cowardly.—H. N. H.

2. *"English"* (trisyllabic), so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"English wolves"*; Staunton, *"English dogs."*—I. G.

Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honor thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.
Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I 'll rear
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was;

4. *"Astræa,"* daughter of Zeus and Themis, hence goddess of Justice (and so of the observance of promises).—C. H. H.

6. *"Adonis' gardens."* "The proverb alluded to seems always to have been used in a bad sense, for things which make a fair show for a few days, and then wither away; but the author of this play, desirous of making a show of his learning, without considering its propriety, has made the Dauphin apply it as an encomium" (Blakeway). Cp. *Faerie Queene,* III, vi. 29; F. 1, *"Garden."*—I. G.

22. *"Than Rhodope's or Memphis',"* Hanmer's emendation; Ff. *"or Memphis";* Capell's *"of Memphis"* has been generally adopted. Pliny, writing of the pyramids near Memphis, records that "the

In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

fairest and most commended for workmanship was built at the cost and charges of *one Rhodope,* a verie strumpet."—I. G.

25. *"the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius";* referred to by Plutarch in his *Life of Alexander,* as the "preciousest thing, and the richest that was gotten of all spoyls and riches, taken at the overthrow of Darius . . . he said he would put the Iliads of Homer into it, as the worthiest thing."—I. G.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Before Orleans.

Enter a Sergeant of a band, with two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
First. Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*
Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, and forces, with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,

8. *"redoubted Burgundy";* Duke of Burgundy, surnamed Philip the Good.—I. G.

He succeeded to the title in 1419, at which time his father wa murdered. The murder is one of the darkest spots in that land of perfidy and blood. In pursuance of a special arrangement, he went to confer with the Dauphin at Montereau upon Yonne. At his coming he found that three barriers, each having a gate, had been drawn across the bridge, and was told that the Dauphin had been waiting for him more than an hour. Having with twelve attendants passed two of the gates, which were quickly locked behind him, he

By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Wallon and Picardy are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what 's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armor as she hath begun.

there bent his knee to the Dauphin, who had come forth to meet him; and, while addressing him in that posture, was struck in the face with an axe by one of the Dauphin's servants, and before he could make any defense, a multitude of wounds laid him dead on the ground. Of his attendants one escaped, another was slain, and the rest remained as captives in the hands of the assassins. This rare piece of inhumanity had the effect of throwing his son into close alliance with England, which was further strengthened and prolonged by the marriage of Bedford with his sister in 1423. Her death, which occurred in 1432, greatly loosened the bonds between her brother and the regent. At length, under the mediation of the pope, a congress of English, French, and Burgundian ambassadors was held at Arras in 1435, which ended in a reconciliation of Burgundy and the Dauphin, who had then succeeded to the crown of France. The Poet represents the detaching of Burgundy from England to have been brought about by Joan of Arc; for which the only historical ground is, that Joan wrote a letter to the duke urging upon him the course which he afterwards took.—H. N. H.

Tal. Well, let them practice and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed: I 'll to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
Sent. Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!
[*Cry: 'St George,' 'A Talbot.'*

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, and Reignier, half ready, and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?

29. *"all together";* Rowe's emendation of *"altogether"* of Ff.—I. G.

39. *"Unready"* is *undressed.* Thus in Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive,* 1606: "You are not going to bed; I see you are not yet *unready."* A stage direction in *The Two Maids of Moreclock,* 1609, says, "Enter James *unready,* in his nightcap, garterless." So in Cotgrave: "*Deshabiller,* to unclothe, *make unreddie,* put or take off clothes."—H. N. H.

Bast. Unready! aye, and glad we 'scaped so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alen. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favor him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.

Bast. Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter Charles and La Pucelle.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

40. *"ay, and glad"*; Ff., *"I and glad"*; Pope, *"I am glad."*—I. G.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reig. And so was mine, my lord.
Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how or which way should they first break in?
Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way: 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this;
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying 'A Talbot! a Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sold. I 'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

63. *"your quarters"; "your,"* so F. 1.; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"our"; "quarters"*; so Ff. 1, 2, 3; F. 4, *"Quarter."*—I. G.

77. Plans or schemes. The *plot* of a play was formerly called the *platform.*—H. N. H.

81. This retaking of Orleans is a fiction of the Poet's. In fact, little advance was made towards taking the city after the death

Scene II

Orleans. Within the town.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, a Captain, and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle center of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,

of Salisbury; though, according to Holinshed, Talbot, Fastolfe, and others, "caused bastilles to be made round about the citie, and left nothing unattempted, that might advance their purpose." Thenceforth the siege was turned into a blockade, but supplies and reinforcements were still received into the place. We are told that on one occasion the French, emboldened by success, made an assault on the bastille that was kept by Talbot; who "issued foorth against them, and gave them so sharp an incounter, that they, not able to withstand his puissance, fled like sheepe before the woolfe again into the citie." After "the maid" and her convoy entered the town, which was in April, 1429, the English did not stir from their entrenchments; and in May they gave over and withdrew.—H. N. H.

Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapors of the night,
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We 'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

19. "*muse*" = marvel.—H. N. H.
20. "*Arc,*" Rowe's emendation of "*Acre*" of Ff.—I. G.

Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled:
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honors bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there 's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*] You perceive my mind?

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.
[*Exeunt.*

38. *"Auvergne";* Rowe's emendation of F. 1, *"Ouergne";* Ff. 2, 3, *"Auergne";* F. 4, *"Avergne."*—I. G.

41. *"Lies,"* that is, where she dwells.—H. N. H.

Scene III

Auvergne. The Countess's castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumor of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:

6. *"Tomyris,"* queen of the Scythian tribe of the Massagetæ, who defeated Cyrus' invading force, and captured and slew himself (B.C. 529).—C. H. H.

I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I 'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she 's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot 's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow had been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

23. *"Writhled"* for *wrinkled.* Thus Spenser: "Her *writhled* skin as rough as maple rind." And Marston, in his fourth Satire: "Cold *writhled* eld, his lives web almost spent."—H. N. H.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practice your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceived, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain 't.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

[*Winds his horn. Drums strike up: a peal of ordnance. Enter Soldiers.*

49. *"I substance";* Vaughan proposed to read *"I shadow,* aye and substance."—I. G.

57. The term *"merchant,"* which was often applied to the lowest kind of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman;* signifying that the person showed by his behavior he was a low fellow. Thus in Romeo and Juliet, the nurse says, "I pray you, sir, what saucy *merchant* was this, that was so full of his ropery?"—*"For the nonce"* is for the *purpose* or the *occasion.*—H. N. H.

"for the nonce"; in Shakespeare's undoubted works this phrase means "fit for the occasion"; here it is rather "without parallel," "singular in his kind."—C. H. H.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me;
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honored
To feast so great a warrior in my house.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

London. The Temple-garden.

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.
Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

1. This Richard Plantagenet was son to the earl of Cambridge who was overtaken in a plot against the life of Henry V, and executed at Southampton. That earl was a younger brother of Edward, duke of York, who fell at the battle of Agincourt, and had no child to succeed him. So that on his father's side Richard was grandson to Edmund of Langley, the fifth son of Edward III. His mother was Anne, sister of Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, and great-granddaughter to Lionel, duke of Clarence, who was the third son of Edward III. In 1425, the fourth year of Henry VI, Richard was restored to the rights and titles that had been forfeited by his father, and was made duke of York. After the death of Bedford, in 1435, he succeeded him as regent of France; was recalled two years later, and appointed again in 1441. Some three years after, being supplanted in that office by his rival, the duke of Somerset, he took the government of Ireland instead, from whence he began to stretch forth his hand to the crown.—H. N. H.

6. The earl of Somerset at this time was John Beaufort, grandson to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford, and of course nephew to the duke of Exeter and the bishop of Winchester. He was afterwards advanced to the rank of duke, and died in 1432, leaving his title to his brother Edmund; his only surviving child being Margaret, who was married to the earl of Richmond, and thence became the mother of Henry VII. So that there were two dukes of Somerset

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper:
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparel'd,

in the time of this play, though the Poet does not distinguish them; or rather he prolongs the life of John several years beyond its actual date.—H. N. H.

6. *"in the error"*; Johnson (adopted by Capell), *"i' the right"*; Hudson, *"in error."*—I. G.

11. The present earl of Warwick was Richard Beauchamp, surnamed the Good. He was esteemed the greatest of the captains formed in the great school of Henry V. After the death of Exeter, he was appointed governor of the young king in 1426. When York was first recalled from the regency of France, in 1437, Warwick succeeded him, with the title of Lieutenant-general and Governor of France, and died at Rouen in May, 1439. Shakespeare, however, keeps him alive till the end of the play, or at least does not distinguish him from Henry, who succeeded him.—H. N. H.

So clear, so shining and so evident
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
War. I love no colors, and without all color
Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say withal I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,

34. *"Colors"* is here used ambiguously for *tints* and *deceits*.—H. N. H.

Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on: who else?
Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
[*To Somerset.*
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.
Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Aye, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I 'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I 'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William de la Pole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless yeoman from so deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I 'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?

76. *"Fashion"*= Faction.—H. N. H.

83. *"His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence";* this is erroneous; Duke Lionel was his maternal great-great-grandfather.—I. G.

86. It does not appear that the *"Temple"* had any privilege of sanctuary at this time, being then, as now, the residence of law students. The author might imagine it to have derived some such privilege from the knights templars, or knights hospitallers, both religious orders, its former inhabitants. It is true, blows may have been prohibited by the regulations of the society: the author perhaps did not much consider the matter, but represents it as suited his purpose.—H. N. H.

91. *"executed";* Pope, *"headed";* Steevens, *"execute"* (probably to be read as a dissyllable).—I. G.

And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I 'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pole and you yourself,
I 'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colors for thy foes,
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward and be choked with thy ambition!
And so farewell until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*

Plan. How I am braved and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot that they object against your house

114. *"Have with thee,"* I go with thee.—C. H. H.

Shall be wiped out in the next parliament
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Glouces-
ter;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*

117. *"wiped";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"wip't";* F. 1, *"whipt."*—I. G.
127. *"a thousand";* Collier MS., *"Ten thousand."*—I. G.
132. *"gentle sir";* so Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, *"gentle."* Anon. conj., *"gentlemen."*—I. G.

Scene V

The Tower of London.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and Jailers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,

1. *"enter Mortimer";* Edmund Mortimer served under Henry V in 1422, and died in his castle in Ireland in 1424.—I. G.

This scene is at variance with history. Edmund Mortimer, who was trusted and employed by Henry V throughout his reign, died of the plague in his own castle at Trim, in Ireland, in 1424; being then only thirty-two years old. His uncle, Sir John Mortimer, was indeed a prisoner in the Tower, and was executed not long before the earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his escape in order to stir up an insurrection in Wales. The Poet was led into error by the popular historians of his time. Hall relates that, in the third year of Henry VI, "Edmond Mortimer, the last earl of Marche of that name, (*whiche long time had bene restrayned from his liberty,* and finally waxed lame,) deceased without issue, whose inheritance descended to the Lord Richard Plantagenet." And in a previous passage he has observed, "The erle of Marche was ever *kepte in the courte* under such a keeper that he could neither do nor attempt any thyng agaynste the kyng wythout his knowledge, and died without issue."—H. N. H.

6. *"an age of care";* Collier MS., *"a cage of care."*—I. G.

9. *"exigent,"* extreme moment, end.—C. H. H.

And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

First Jail. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
Deprived of honor and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expired,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

First Jail. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

Plan. Aye, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despised?
Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that case, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
With obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honor of a true Plantagenet
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.
Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

44. *"Disease"* for *uneasiness, trouble,* or *grief.* It is used in this sense by other ancient writers.—H. N. H.
53. *"alliance,"* kinship.—C. H. H.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavor'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason moved these warlike lords to this
Was, for that—young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body—
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They labored to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,

64. *Nephew* has sometimes the power of the Latin *nepos*, signifying grandchild, and is used with great laxity among our ancient English writers. It is here used instead of *cousin*.—H. N. H.

74. *"For by my mother I derived am"*; "mother" should strictly be "grandmother," *i. e.* his father's mother.—I. G.

Again in pity of my hard distress.
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.
Plan. Of which, my lord, your honor is the last.
Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.
Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.
Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And like a mountain not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.
Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!
Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughter doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.

88. *"weening,"* that is, *thinking*. This is another departure from history. Cambridge levied no army, but was apprehended at Southampton, the night before Henry sailed from that town for France, on the information of this very earl of March.—H. N. H.

96. That is, I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequences growing from thence I wish you to follow out for yourself.—H. N. H.

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war!
[*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, nor war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.
[*Exeunt Jailors, bearing out the body of Mortimer.*
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honor to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good.
[*Exit.*

113. *"fair be all"*; Theobald; *"fair befal."*—I. G.

123. *"choked with ambition of the meaner sort," i. e.* "shifted by the ambition of those whose right to the crown was inferior to his own."—Clarke.

129. *"ill the advantage"*; *"ill,"* Theobald's emendation of *"will"* of the Ff. Collier MS., *"will the advancer."*—I. G.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

London. The Parliament-house.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloucester, Warwick, Somerset, and Suffolk; the Bishop of Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, and others. Gloucester offers to put up a bill; Winchester snatches it, tears it.

Win. Comest thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devised,
Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge.
Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glou. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonor'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forged, or am not able

Sc. 1. London. The Parliament-house. The writer in this scene combines three events separated by considerable intervals in Holinshed, and still further in reality: the riot between the followers of Gloucester and Winchester; their formal reconciliation; and the restitution of Plantagenet. The second took place not in London, but at the parliament of Leicester, 1426.—H. N. H.

Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London-bridge as at the Tower.
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts are sifted
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?

13. *"Verbatim,"* orally.—C. H. H.

23. This of course refers to the affair explained in the note to Act i. sc. 3, l. 91. Holinshed relates that upon the occasion of that furious riot "the archbishop of Canterburie and the duke of Quimbre, called the prince of Portingale, rode eight times in one daie betweene the two parties, and so the matter was staied for a time. But the bishop of Winchester, to cleere himselfe of blame so far as he might, and to charge his nephue the lord protectour with all the fault, wrote a letter to the regent of France." The regent, learning how things stood at home, made Warwick his lieutenant in France, hastened over to England, and called the parliament, which began at Leicester March 25, 1426; "where the duke of Bedford openlie rebuked the lords in generall, bicause that they in time of warre, thorough their privie malice and inward grudge, had almost mooved the people to warre and commotion, in which time all men should be of one mind, hart, and consent. In this parlement the duke of Glocester laid certeine articles to the bishop of Winchester his charge."—H. N. H.

Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do?—except I be provoked.
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incensed the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good—

Glou. As good!
Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Win. Aye, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glou. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glou. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glou. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither, then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

33. *"preferreth,"* promotes.—C. H. H.

42. Winchester was a natural son of John of Gaunt.—C. H. H.

49. *"reverent,"* reverend, worthy of reverence. The two forms "reverent" and "reverend" were used indiscriminately in the two senses. —C. H. H.

51, 52. The jingle between roam and Rome is common to other writers. Thus Nash, in his *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: "Three hundred thousand people *roamed* to *Rome* for purgatorie pills."—H. N. H.

War. Aye, see the bishop be not overborne.
Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.
War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?
Plan. [*Aside*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said, 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.
King. Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
[*A noise within, 'Down with the tawny-coats!'*
What tumult 's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again, 'Stones! stones!'*

Enter Mayor.

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,

53. *"Ay, see";* Rowe's emendation of *"I, see"* of the Ff.; Hanmer, *"I'll see."*—I. G.

Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones,
And banding themselves in contrary parts
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter Serving-men, in skirmish, with bloody pates.

King. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.
First Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we 'll fall to it with our teeth.
Sec. Serv. Do what you dare, we are as resolute.
[*Skirmish again.*
Glou. You of my household, leave this peevish broil
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.
Third Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,

99. That is, a *bookish person,* a *pedant,* applied in contempt to a

We and our wives and children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.
First Serv. Aye, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead.
[*Begin again.*
Glou. Stay, stay, I say!
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.
King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. Yield, my lord protector; yield, Winchester;
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Glou. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.
War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,

scholar. *Inkhornisms* and *inkhorn-terms* were common expressions. "If one chance to derive anie word from the Latine, which is insolent to their ears (as perchance they will take that phrase to be) they forthwith make a jest of it, and terme it an *inkhorne tearme*."—*Preface* to Guazzo's *Civil Conversation*, 1586. Florio defines pedantaggine "a fond self-conceit in using of *ink-pot* words or affected Latinisms, as most pedants do, and is taken in an ill sense."—H. N. H.

As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?
Glou. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
King. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?
War. Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird.
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
Win. Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.
Glou. [*Aside*] Aye, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!
Win. [*Aside*] So help me God, as I intend it not!
King. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
First Serv. Content: I 'll to the surgeon's.
Sec. Serv. And so will I.
Third Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords. [*Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, &c.*

131. *"hath a kindly gird,"* receives a meet rebuke.—C. H. H.

142. *"kind"*; Pope, *"gentle"*; Capell, *"kind, kind"*; Collier MS., *"and kind"*; probably the line should be read:—
"O loving ũncle. || *Kind Dũke* | *of Glóucestér."*—I. G.

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which is the right of Richard Plantagenet.
We do exhibit to your majesty.
Glou. Well urged, my Lord of Warwick: for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham place I told your majesty.
King. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.
War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.
Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.
King. If Richard will be true, not that alone
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.
Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.
King. Stoop then and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.
Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!

156. *"At Eltham Place I told,"* etc., *i. e.* which I told . . . at Eltham Place.—C. H. H.

173. Holinshed, after setting forth the reconciliation of the duke and the bishop, adds,—"But when the great fier of this dissen-

And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!

Som. [*Aside*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!

Glou. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in
France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

King. When Gloucester says the word, King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glou. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeter.*

Exe. Aye, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,

tion was thus by the arbitrators, to their knowledge and judgment, utterly quenched out and laid under boord; all other controversies betweene other lords, taking part with the one partie or the other, were appeased, and brought to concord, so that for joy the king caused a solemne fest to be kept on Whitsundaie; on which daie he created Richard Plantagenet, sonne and heire to the erle of Cambridge, duke of York, not foreseeing that this preferment should be his destruction."—H. N. H.

183. *"disanimates,"* discourages.—C. H. H.

So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which in the time of Henry named the fifth
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all
And Henry born at Windsor lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time.
[*Exit.*

Scene II

France. Before Rouen.

Enter La Pucelle disguised, with four Soldiers with sacks upon their backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I 'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.
First Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we 'll knock. [*Knocks.*

199. *"lose,"* should lose; F. 1, *"loose"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"should lose."*—I.G.

Watch. [*Within*] Qui est là?
Puc. Paysans, pauvres gens de France;
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.
Watch. Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.
Puc. Now, Rouen, I 'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, Reignier, and forces.

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we 'll sleep secure in Rouen.
Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?
Reign. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter La Pucelle on the top, thrusting out a torch burning.

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites! [*Exit.*
Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;

14. *"Paysans, pauvres gens de France";* Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"Peasauns la pouure," etc.*—I. G.

25. "No way into the town is so ill-defended as that by which she had entered."—C. H. H.

The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!
Reign. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends:
Enter, and cry, 'The Dauphin!' presently,
And then do execution on the watch.
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

An alarum. Enter Talbot in an excursion.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride of France.
[*Exit.*

40. *"the pride";* Theobald, *"the prize";* Hanmer, *"being prize";* Jackson, *"the bride";* Vaughan, *"the gripe."*—I. G.

"Pride" here signifies *haughty power.* So, afterwards, in Act iv. sc. 6: "And from the *pride* of Gallia rescu'd thee."—The general sentiment of the English respecting Joan of Arc is very well shown in that the regent, soon after the coronation at Rheims, wrote to Charles VII, complaining that "he had, by the allurement of a *develish witch,* taken upon him the name, title, and dignitie of the king of France," and challenging him to a trial of the question by private combat. Divers other choice vituperative epithets are stuck upon the heroic maiden by the old chroniclers, such as "false miscreant," "a damnable sorcerer suborned by Satan," and "hir pernicious practises of sorcerie and witcherie"; and Holinshed is down upon the prince for having to do with her: "Whose dignitie abroad was foulie spotted in this point, that contrarie to the holie degree of a right christen prince, he would not reverence to prophane his sacred estate by dealing in develish practises with misbeleevers and witches." There needs but a little knowledge of men as they now are, to understand how the English of that day should think their power so great that none but spirits could, and their rights so clear that none but devils would, thwart their purpose.—H. N. H.

An alarum: excursions. Bedford, brought in sick in a chair. Enter Talbot and Burgundy without: within La Pucelle, Charles, Bastard, Alençon, and Reignier, on the walls.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he 'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve perhaps before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good graybeard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are ye so hot? yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;

44. *"Darnel,"* says Gerarde in his Herbal, *"hurteth the eyes, and maketh them dim,* if it happen either in corne for breade, or drinke." La Pucelle means to intimate that the corn she carried with her had produced the same effect on the guards of Rouen; otherwise they would have seen through her disguise, and defeated her stratagem.—H. N. H.

52. *"all despite"*; Collier MS., *"hell's despite."*—I. G.

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.
[*The English whisper together in council.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang! base muleters of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Away, captains! let 's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*

Tal. And there will be we too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!
Vow, Burgundy, by honor of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again or die:
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conquerer,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town

67. *"Signior";* the courtly term is used with ironical politeness.—C. H. H.

73. *"God be wi' you";* Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"God b' uy."*—I. G.

Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonor me: 90
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe! 100
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt all but Bedford and Attendants.*

An alarum: excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Falstolfe, in such haste?

95. *"Pendragon,"* Uther Pendragon, the father of King Arthur.—C. H. H.

Fast. Whither away! to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?
Fast. Aye,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.
[*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!
[*Exit.*

Retreat: excursions. La Pucelle, Alençon, and Charles fly.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Bedford dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.*

An alarum. Re-enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honor, Burgundy:
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

114. This scene of feigning, fighting, jesting, dying, and running away, is a fiction of the Poet's; though there are several passages in the war in France, that might have furnished a hint and basis for it. The regent died quietly in his bed at Rouen, September 14, 1435, and was buried in the Cathedral. It is said that some years after Louis XI, being urged to remove his bones and deface his monument, replied,—"I will not war with the remains of a prince who was once a match for your fathers and mine; and who, were he now alive, would make the proudest of us tremble. Let his ashes rest in peace, and may the Almighty have mercy on his soul!"—H. N. H.

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valor's monuments.
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.
Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.
Tal. But yet, before we go, let 's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

118. *"and martial"*; Collier MS., *"and matchless"*; Vaughan, *"unmatchable."*—I. G.

126. *"take some order,"* adopt some measures.—C. H. H.

Scene III

The plains near Rouen.

Enter Charles, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, La Pucelle, and forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We 'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.
Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.
Alen. We 'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint:
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.
Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.
Char. Aye, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expulsed from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.
Puc. Your honors shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drum sounds afar off.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, Talbot and his forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colors spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

French march. Enter the Duke of Burgundy and forces.

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:
Fortune in favor makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.
Trumpets sound a parley.
Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!
Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?
Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.
Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.
Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.
Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.
Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,

And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?

69–73. Throughout this play the Poet takes great liberties with the order of events, shuffling them back and forth without much regard to their actual succession. The duke of Orleans, who had been

And was he not in England prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive, me, country, and sweet countrymen,
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours:
So farewell, Talbot; I 'll no longer trust thee.

taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt in 1415, and retained as such in England ever since, was not released till November, 1440, which was more than five years after the defection of Burgundy from the English cause. The long captivity of Orleans was partly owing to the duke of Burgundy, there being an old grudge between the two families; Burgundy still persuading the English to demand a larger ransom than Orleans was able to pay. Now the former sought the enlargement of his rival, and, to secure his friendship, paid the ransom, and effected a marriage of him with his niece, Mary of Cleves. England, however, would not release Orleans till he bound himself to return at the end of a year, unless he could induce the French king to a final peace; and engaged at the same time to pay back the money on the signing of the treaty or the return of the captive. The duke being for some time excluded from the French court through the intrigues of favorites, the time for his return was prolonged; till at last, in 1444, he brought about an armistice for two years, and there the matter seems to have ended.—H. N. H.

Puc. [*Aside*] Done like a Frenchman: turn, and
turn again!
Char. Welcome, brave duke; thy friendship makes
us fresh.
Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.
Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.
Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our pow-
ers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Paris. The palace.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter: Vernon, Basset, and others. To them with his Soldiers, Talbot.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honorable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,

85. *"Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again";* "the inconstancy of the French was always a subject of satire. I have read a dissertation to prove that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock to ridicule the French for their frequent changes" (Johnson).—H. N. H.

Twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God and next unto your grace.
[*Kneels*

King. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glou. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

King. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!
When I was young, as yet I am not old.
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks.
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up: and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

18. *"I do remember";* "Henry was but nine months old when his father died, and never even saw him" (Malone).—H. N. H.

26. Talbot was not made earl of Shrewsbury till 1442, more than ten years after the crowning of Henry at Paris. And the honor was not conferred at Paris, but at London. The matter is thus stated by Holinshed: "About this season John, the valiant lord Talbot, for his approved prowesse and wisdome, as well in England as in France, both in peace and warre so well tried, was created earle of Shrewsburie, and with a companie of three thousand men sent againe into Normandie, for the better defense of the same."—H. N. H.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but Vernon and Basset.*

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colors that I wear
In honor of my noble Lord of York:—
Darest thou maintain the former words thou spakest?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honor as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.
[*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I 'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I 'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
[*Exeunt.*

38. *"the law of arms is such";* "By the ancient law before the Conquest, fighting in the king's palace, or before the king's judges, was punished with death. And by Statute 33, Henry VIII, malicious striking in the king's palace, whereby blood is drawn, is punishable by perpetual imprisonment and fine at the king's pleasure and also with loss of the offender's right hand."—Blackstone.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Paris. A hall of state.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Bishop of Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, the Governor of Paris, and others.

Glou. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.
Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!
Glou. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other king but him;
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,

6. *"Pretend"* was often used in the sense of *purpose*, or *design*. —H. N. H.

10. The crowning of King Henry at Paris took place December 17, 1431. Concerning that event Holinshed has the following: "To speake with what honour he was received into the citie of Paris, what pageants were prepared, and how richlie the gates, streets,

A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
[*Plucking it off.*
Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay, 19
When but in all I was six thousand strong
And that the French were almost ten to one,

bridges on everie side were hanged with costlie clothes of arras and tapestrie, it would be too long a processe, and therefore I doo heere passe it over with silence." Nevertheless the occasion was but poorly attended save by foreigners, none of the higher French nobility gracing it with their presence. The ceremony of coronation was of old thought to have a kind of sacramental virtue, confirming the title of a new king, and rendering his person sacred. Thus the crowning of Charles at Rheims, which took place in July, 1429, operated as a charm to engage the loyalty of the people; and it was with this view that Joan of Arc urged it on so vehemently, declaring it the main purpose of her celestial mission; and during the ceremony she stood at the king's side with her banner unfurled, and as soon as it was over fell on her knees, embraced his feet, said her mission was at an end, and begged with tears that she might return to her former station. Charles indeed had been crowned once before, but it was not done at Rheims, the ancient place of that ceremony, and therefore it proved ineffectual. This good old local religion put the regent upon great efforts to have Henry crowned there; but herein he was still baffled, and, after trying about two years, he concluded to have it done at Paris, rather than not at all. The ceremony was performed by the bishop of Winchester, then cardinal.—H. N. H.

19. *"at the battle of Patay";* Capell's emendation (adopted by Malone) of *"Poictiers"* of the Ff. The battle of Poictiers was fought 1357; the date of the present scene is 1428.—I. G.

Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glou. To say the truth, this fact was infamous
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honorable order,
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

King. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.
[*Exit Fastolfe.*
And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

38. "*most,*" utmost.—C. H. H.

Glou. What means his grace, that he hath changed his style?
No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king!'
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What 's here? [*Reads*] 'I have, upon especial cause,
Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France.'
O monstrous treachery! can this be so,
That in alliance, amity and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glou. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glou. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

King. Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented,

54. *"pretend"* here bears the literal sense of *hold out;* not the same as that explained in the note to line 6 of this scene.—H. N. H.
71. *"prevented,"* anticipated.—C. H. H.

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

King. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes.
[*Exit.*

Enter Vernon and Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.

York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince.

Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favor him.

King. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I 'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,

78. *"combat,"* i. e. the right of single combat, for which, in the precincts of the court, the king's permission had to be obtained.—C. H. H.

Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine color of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defense of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

King. Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;

102. "*forged quaint conceit,*" ingenious fabrication.—C. H. H.

Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
Bas. Confirm it so, mine honorable lord.
Glou. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.
Exe. It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.
King. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favor,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To willful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France

141. *"stomachs,"* spirits.—C. H. H.

O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forgo
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[*Putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach;
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector and the rest
After some respite will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon and that traitorous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but York, Warwick, Exeter and Vernon.*

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
York. An if I wist he did,—but let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.
[*Exeunt all but Exeter.*
Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favorites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much when scepters are in children's hands;
But more when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.
[*Exit.*

180. *"An if I wist he did,"* Capell; Ff., *"And if I wish he did"*; Rowe, *"And if I wish he did.—"*; Theobald (in text), *"An if I wis he did.—"*; (in note), *"And if I wis, he did.—"*; Johnson, *"And if—I wish—he did—"* or *"And if he did,—I wish—"*; Steevens, *"And, if I wist, he did,—."*—I. G.

193. *"Envy,"* in old English writers, frequently means *malice, enmity. "Unkind"* is *unnatural.*—H. N. H.

Scene II

Before Bordeaux.

Enter Talbot, with trump and drum.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bordeaux, trumpeter:
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others, aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
And thus he would: Open your city-gates;
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects;
And I 'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,

14. *"their love";* Hanmer, *"our love."*—I. G.

Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
This is the latest glory of thy praise
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well colored,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt General, etc.*

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy:

22. *"war"*; Capell, *"death."*—I. G.
26. *"spoil"*; Vaughan, *"steel."*—I. G.
"apparent spoil," inevitable ruin.—C. H. H.
29. "To *rive* their dangerous artillery" is merely a figurative way of expressing to *discharge it.* To *rive* is to *burst;* and *burst* is applied by Shakespeare more than once to *thunder,* or to a similar sound.—H. N. H.
34. *"Due"* for *endue,* which was often used in the sense of *invest.* —H. N. H.

Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colors in this dangerous fight!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Plains in Gascony.

Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York with trumpet and many Soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

48. *"in blood,"* in full vigor (a term of the chase).—C. H. H.

49–51. This use of *rascal* is well explained by a passage from Verstegan's *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence,* 1605: "As before I have showed how the ill names of beasts, in their most contemptible state, are in contempt applied to women; so is *rascall,* being the name for an ill-favoured, leane, and worthlesse *deere,* commonly

Mess. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to Bordeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him and made their march
for Bordeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English
strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bordeaux, warlike duke! to Bordeaux,
York!
Else, farewell, Talbot, France, and England's
honor.

York. O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman

applied unto such men as are held of no credit or worth." The figure is kept up by using *heads of steel* for *lances,* referring to the deer's horns.—H. N. H.

By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send such succor to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset and his delay.

[*Exit, with his soldiers.*

33. *"Long all of,"* that is, *all because of,* by means or by reason of. The phrase was used by the gravest writers in the Poet's time. Hooker has it.—H. N. H.

46. On the death of Bedford in 1435, York succeeded him in the regency of France. In 1437 he was superseded by Warwick, who dying about two years after, York was reappointed. In this office Somerset took special pains to cross and thwart him. The effects

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honors, lands and all hurry to loss.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV

Other plains in Gascony.

Enter Somerset, with his army; a Captain of Talbot's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted: all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot

of their enmity are strongly stated by Holinshed: "Althought the duke of York was worthie, both for birth and courage, of this honor and preferment, yet so disdeined of the duke of Summerset, that by all means possible sought his hindrance, as one glad of his losse, and sorie of his well dooing: by reason whereof, yer the duke of York could get his despatch, Paris and diverse other of the cheefest places in France were gotten by the French king. The duke of York, perceiving his evill will, openlie dissembled that which he inwardlie minded, either of them working things to the others displeasure, till, through malice and division betweene them, at length by mortall warre, they were both consumed, with almost all their whole lines and offspring."—H. N. H.

47. Alluding to the tale of Prometheus.—H. N. H.

51. *"That ever living man of memory," i. e.* that ever man of living memory. Lettsom, *"man of ever-living."*—I. G.

Hath sullied all his gloss of former honor
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
And whiles the honorable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honor,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succors that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,

16. *"legions,"* Rowe's emendation of Ff. *"Regions."*—I. G.

19. *"in advantage lingering"*; Staunton, *"in disadvantage ling'ring"*; Lettsom, *"in disvantage lingering"*; Vaughan, *"disadvantage ling'ring."* Johnson explains the phrase, "Protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post"; Malone, "Endeavoring by every means, with advantage to himself, to linger out the action."—I. G.

Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [*Exeunt.*

31. *"host";* so Ff. 3, 4; Ff. 1, 2, *"hoast";* Theobald's conjecture (adopted by Hanmer), *"horse."*—I. G.

35. *"take foul scorn,"* I scorn (to fawn on him) as a foul disgrace.—C. H. H.

42. *"rescue: he is";* Ff. 1, 2, *"rescue, he is";* Ff. 3, 4, *"rescue, if he is";* Rowe (ed. 1) *"rescue, if he's";* (ed 2) *"rescue, he's";* Pope, *"rescue now, he's."*—I. G.

Scene V

The English camp near Bordeaux.

Enter Talbot and John his son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now thou are come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I 'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.
John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonor not her honorable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.
Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

16 et seq. "For what reason this scene is written in rhyme," says Dr. Johnson, "I cannot guess. If Shakespeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank verses in the same manner, I should have suspected that this dialogue had been part of some other poem, which was never finished, and that being loath to throw his labour away, he inserted it here." Mr. Boswell remarks that it was a practice common to all Shakespeare's contemporaries.—H. N. H.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly;
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honor you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they 'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserved with infamy.
Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
John. Aye, rather than I 'll shame my mother's womb.
Tal. Upon my blessing, I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.
John. No part of him but will be shame in me.
Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?
Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.
John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.
Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die;

39. *"shame"*; Walker, *"sham'd."*—I. G.

My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.
Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live or die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

A field of battle.

Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemmed about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory; fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.
John. O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
The life thou gavest me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined time thou gavest new date.

3. *"France his sword,"* the sword of the king of France.—C. H. H.
9. To *determine* is, literally, to set bounds or limits to a thing.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And interchanging blows I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus; 'Contaminated base
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:'
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:
The help of one stands me in little stead.

Young Talbot therefore means that this rescue by his father has prolonged the period of life which had been *fixed* by the superiority of his foes. It were needless to say this, but for the learned impertinence that has been spent upon the expression of the text.—H. N. H.

O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these and more we hazard by thy stay;
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
And if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:

44. *"On that advantage,"* so the Ff.; Theobald conjectured *"On that bad vantage,"* but subsequently read, *"Out on that vantage";* Hanmer, *"Oh! what advantage";* Vaughan, *"Oh hated vantage!"* &c. —I. G.

55. *"Icarus,"* son of Dædalus of Crete, who, emulating his "des-

If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable proved, let 's die in pride.
[*Exeunt.*

perate sire" in the attempt to fly with wings, fell into the sea.—C. H. H.

57. In these scenes the Poet anticipates an event that did not take place till 1453, more than eight years after the marriage of the king, with which the First Part concludes. The life of this drama, so far as it hath any, apparently consists in referring the loss of the French provinces to the rivalries and enmities among the English nobility; and that anticipation was with a view, no doubt, to set forth in a more impressive manner the train of disasters growing out of that cause. Talbot was at this time in his eightieth year. The event of his death is thus related by Holinshed: "The earle hasted forward towards his enemies, doubting most least they would have beene quite fled and gone before his comming. But they, fearing the displeasure of the French king, abode his comming, and so received him. Though he first with manfull courage and sore fighting wan the entrie of their campe, yet at length they compassed him about, and, shooting him through the thigh with a handgun, slue his horsse, and finally killed him lieng on the ground, whome they durst never looke in the face, while he stood on his feet. It was said, that after he perceived there was no remedie, but present loss of the battell, he counselled his sonne to save himselfe by flight, sith the same could not redound to anie great reproch in him, this being the first journie in which he had beene present. Manie words he used to persuade him to have saved his life: but nature so wrought in the son, that neither desire of life nor feare of death could either cause him to shrinke, or conveie himselfe out of the danger; and so there manfullie ended his life with his said father." The dialogue that was said to have passed between old Talbot and his son is given more fully by Hall; and the Poet's representation in this scene was doubtless built upon the narrative of the elder chronicler."—H. N. H.

Scene VII

Another part of the field.

Alarum: excursions. Enter old Talbot led by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone;
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valor makes me smile at thee:
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart

3, 4.

"Triumphant Death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valor makes me smile at thee";

the phrase *"smear'd with captivity,"* has not been clearly explained; at first sight it is difficult to determine its exact force, and whether the words refer to Death or to the speaker (Talbot). Leo explains that "Death is supposed to go triumphantly over the battle field, *smeared* with the *terrible* aspect of captivity"; but possibly the reference is to the Christian belief that Christ took Death captive. Death the Victor is, from this point of view, Death the Victim; it is, as it were, unconsciously smeared (*i. e.* smirched) with the wretched (not the *terrible*) aspect of captivity.—I. G.

10. That is, so *tender* of me in my ruin, or watching me so *tenderly*. Thus in the Second Part, Act iii. sc. 1: "I *tender* so the safety of my liege." And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, Act iii. sc. 1: "Something is done that will distract me, that will make me mad, if I behold thee: If thou *tender'st* me, let me not see thee."—Of course *ruin* is here used in the primitive sense of *fall*. —H. N. H.

Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit, and there died,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Serv. O my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

Enter Soldiers, with the body of young Talbot.

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favor'd death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come and lay him in his father's arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,

18. *"antic,"* jester, clown; from the grinning teeth of the skeleton by which Death was figured.—C. F. H.

21. *"Lither"* is limber, pliant, yielding; as in Paradise Lost, Book iv.: "The unwieldy elephant, to make them mirth, used all his might, and wreath'd his *lithe* proboscis."—Of course *sky* is here put for *air,* the meaning thus being much the same as in Milton's, —"He with broad sails winnow'd the *buxom air*"; where buxom is used in its original sense of pliant, yielding.—H. N. H.

Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*

Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, Bastard, La Pucelle, and forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:'
But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:' 41
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms

32. The battle in which the Talbots fell is known in history as the battle of Chatillon, the name of a fortress not far from Bordeaux, and took place in July, 1453. The occasion was this: The preceding year, while England was torn with civil war, all France having been lost, the people of Guienne, impatient of French tyranny, sent over a deputation, offering to renew their allegiance, and soliciting the aid of an army. The invitation was gladly accepted, and the command given to the veteran earl of Shrewsbury. The old hero used such energy and despatch, that he took possession of Bordeaux and the surrounding country before the French could interpose any hindrance. The next spring, while he was extending his conquests, a French army invested Chatillon, which he had before taken and fortified. Talbot, hastening to its relief, surprised and defeated a large body of the enemy; whereupon the French retired into an intrenched camp lined with three hundred pieces of cannon. He then ordered an assault, and the enemy began to waver, when the arrival of a new body of men turned the day against him.—H. N. H.

Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy, attended; Herald of the French preceding.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where 's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,

60. *"But where's"*; so Ff.; Rowe, *"Where is"*; Lettsom proposed, *"First, where's."*—I. G.

63. *"Washford,"* Wexford.—C. H. H.

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchman's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit,
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,

70. *"Henry"*; so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"our King Henry."* The line is probably to be read:—
"Great mareshal to Henery the Sixth."—I. G.

They would but stink, and putrify the air.
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I 'll bear them hence; but from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot 's slain.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

London. The palace.

Sennet. Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Have you perused the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?
Glou. I have, my lord: and their intent is this:
They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.
King. How doth your grace affect their motion?
Glou. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood
And stablish quietness on every side.
King. Aye, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glou. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,

17. *"Knit,"* the reading of the Ff.; Pope first suggested *"kin,"* which was also adopted by Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson; Capell restored *"knit,"* which was adopted by Steevens and Malone. The Cambridge editions see in *"knit,"* "a conceit suggested by the 'Knot of amity' in the preceding line."—I. G.

A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

King. Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter Winchester in Cardinal's habit, a Legate and two Ambassadors.

Exe. What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified

21. *"Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!"* Pope reads, *"Marriage, alas! my years are yet too young"*; Capell, *"Marriage, good uncle! alas, my years are young"*; Walker, *"Marriage, uncle, 'las my years are young."*—I. G.

"My years are young"; "His majesty was, however, twenty-four years old."—Malone.

29. Beaufort's preferment to "a cardinal's degree" having happened about fifteen years back, it may seem strange that Exeter should now for the first time wonder at it as something new. This, however, is quite in keeping with other things in the same scene, such as the alleged youth of the king, who was at this time twenty-three years old; and was, no doubt, done knowingly and upon principle, the later and earlier events being thus drawn nearer together for the convenience of the drama, and to preserve a more sensible unity in the representation. The point is well stated by Coleridge: "The history of our ancient kings,—the events of their reigns, I mean,—are like stars in the sky;—whatever the real interspaces may be, and however great, they seem close to each other. The stars—the events—strike us and remain in our eye, little modified by the difference of dates."—H. N. H.

Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,
'If once he come to be a cardinal,
He 'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'
King. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is but good and reasonable;
And therefore are we certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.
Glou. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.
King. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.
[*Exeunt all but Winchester and Legate.*
Win. Stay my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.
Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.
Win. [*Aside*] Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,

46. *"argument,"* evidence.—C. H. H.
49. *"where inshipp'd"*; the reading of F. 4; Ff. 1, 2, *wherein ship'd"*; F. 3, *"wherein shipp'd."*—I. G.

Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
That, neither in birth or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I 'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alençon, Bastard, Reignier, La Pucelle, and forces.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt

62. The negotiation, of which we here have a showing, took place in 1442. The matter is thus related by Holinshed: "In this yeare died in Guien the countesse of Comings, to whome the French king and also the earle of Arminacke pretended to be heire, insomuch that the earle entred into all the lands of the said ladie. And bicause he knew the French king would not take the matter well, to have a Rouland for an Oliver he sent ambassadours to the king of England, offering him his daughter in mariage, with promise to deliver all such castels and townes as he or his ancestors deteined from him within anie part of the duchie of Aquitaine. This offer seemed so profitable and honorable, that the ambassadours were well heard, honorably received, and with rewards sent home. After whome were sent sir Edward Hull, sir Robert Ros, and John Gralton, the which both concluded the mariage, and by proxie affied the yoong ladie. The French king, not a little offended herewith, sent his eldest sonne, with a puissant armie, which tooke the earle and his yoongest sonne, with both his daughters; and so by reason hereof the concluded mariage was deferred, and that so long that it never tooke effect."—H. N. H.

And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Before Angiers.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents.
[*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear and aid me in this enterprise.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field. [*They walk, and speak not.*
O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I 'll lop a member off and give it you

2. *"Periapts"* were certain written charms worn about the person as preservatives from disease and danger. Of these the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was deemed the most efficacious.—H. N. H.

6. The *"monarch of the north"* was Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The north was supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton assembles the rebel angels in the *north*.—H. N. H.

8. *"speedy and quick"*; Pope, *"speedy quick"*; Walker, *"speed and quick."* *"argues"*; Vaughan, *"urges."*—I. G.

10. *"cull'd"*; Collier MS., *"call'd."*—I. G.

11. *"regions"*; Ff., *"Regions"*; Warburton, *"legions."*—I. G.

In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redress? My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*
Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*
See, they forsake me! Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.
[*Exit.*

Excursions. Re-enter La Pucelle fighting hand to hand with York: La Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape!
Puc. Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.
York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surprised
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!
Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Suffolk, with Margaret in his hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [*Gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honor thee.
Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,

44. The capture of Joan was in May, 1430, twelve years before the event of the first scene of this Act, and more than five years before the death of Bedford, and while Burgundy was yet in alliance with the English. The latter undertaking to reduce the city of Compeigne, Joan went with an army to raise the siege. On the march she met and routed a force of Burgundians, and, having taken Franquet, their leader, had him beheaded on the spot. Reinforcements pouring in from all sides, she was soon forced to retreat, herself taking the rear-guard, and repeatedly turning upon the pursuers, and keeping them off; till, at last, her men being broken, she was pulled from her horse by an archer, and, lying on the ground, surrendered herself. The heroine was then conducted to John of Luxemburg, who some months after sold her into the hands of the regent.—H. N. H.

48, 49. *"I kiss . . . side";* Capell and other editors transpose these lines:—*"And lay . . . side. I kiss . . .* [kissing her hand] *. . . peace."*—I. G.

The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.
Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.
[*She is going.*
O, stay! I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I 'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Aye, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

57. *"Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings";* Ff. 1, 2, *"prisoner";* Ff. 3, 4, *"prisoners";* Vaughan, *"prisoned"; "her wings,"* Ff. 3, 4; F. 1, *"his wings";* F. 2, *"hir wings";* Vaughan, *"its wings."* —I. G.

63. *"Twinkling another counterfeited beam";* Vaughan, *"Kindling another counterfeited beam";* or *"Twinkling in other counterfeited beams."*—I. G.

68. *"Hast not a tongue? is she not here?"* Anon. conj. *"tongue to speak?" "here"?;* F. 1, *"heere?";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"heere thy prisoner";* Keightley, *"here alone";* Lettsom, *"here in place,"* or *"here beside thée";* Vaughan, *"present here."*—I. G.

71. *"makes the senses rough";* so the Ff.; Hanmer, *"makes the senses crouch";* Capell, *"make . . . crouch";* Jackson, *"makes the senses touch";* Collier MS., *"mocks the sense of touch."*—I. G.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love?
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
Suf. She 's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.
Mar. Wilt thou accept a ransom? yea, or no.
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I 'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king; tush, that 's a wooden thing!
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too;
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.
Mar. Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:

78, 79. *"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd,"* &c. These lines were evidently proverbial; cp. *Richard III,* I. ii. 228, 230, and *Titus Andronicus,* II. i. 82, 83.—I. G.

84. *"cooling card,"* something which dashes hope, "throws cold water" on eager expectation.—C. H. H.

Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Quo.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
That is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I 'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden scepter in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,

108. *"Lady"*; Capell, *"Nay, hear me, lady"*; Collier MS., *"Lady pray tell me"*; Lettsom, *"Lady, sweet lady"*; Dyce, *"I prithee, lady."* —I. G.

And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam, are ye so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captain and our colors forth.
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We 'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

A parley sounded. Enter Reignier on the walls.

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honor give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[*Exit from the walls.*
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

142. *"face,"* play the hypocrite.—C. H. H.

145. *"And here I will expect thy coming"*; Dyce, *"here, my lord"*; F. 4, *"coming"*; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"comming"*; Capell, *"coming, Reignier"*; Collier MS., *"coming down"*; Anon. conj. *"coming, king"*; Anon. conj. *"communing."*—I. G.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honor pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom; I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king.
[*Aside*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.
I 'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemnized.
So farewell, Reignier; set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace

154. *"country";* so the Ff.; Theobald, *"counties";* Capell, *"countries";* Malone, *"county."*—I. G.

164. *"in traffic of a king,"* in a king's business.—C. H. H.

The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise and prayers.
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.*

Suf. O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,

179. *"modestly";* F. 1, *"modestie."*—I. G.

189. *"Minotaurs," monsters* (from the mythical Minotaur of Crete, vanquished by Theseus).—C. H. H.

192. *"And natural";* Perring, *"Maid-natural";* Capell, *"And";* F. 1, *"Mad";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Made";* Pope, *"Her";* Collier, *"Mid";* Jackson conj. *"Man";* Barry, *"Made";* Vaughan, *"Mild."*—I. G.

That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [*Exit.*

Scene IV

Camp of the Duke of York in Anjou.

Enter York, Warwick, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

Enter La Pucelle, guarded, and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I 'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out! My lords, as please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

7. "*Miser*" has no relation to avarice in this passage, but simply means a *miserable creature,* in which sense it was often used.—H. N. H.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.
Puc. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good.
[*Exit.*
York. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,

17. *"Obstacle"* was used to be put into the mouths of rustic or illiterate speakers, for *obstinate.*—H. N. H.

37. *"Not me begotten";* Anon. conj. *"Me, not begotten";* Malone,

But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Aye, aye: away with her to execution!

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

"Not one begotten"; Anon. conj. *"Not mean-begotten."*—I. G.
49. *"No, misconceived!";* so Steevens; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"No misconceived,"* F. 4, *"no, misconceived Joan";* Capell, *"No, misconceivers";* Vaughan, *"No, misconceited!"*—I. G.
"misconceived," misjudging one.—C. H. H.

York. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!
War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to; we 'll have no bastards live;
Especially since Charles must father it.
Puc. You are deceived; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.
York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.
Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.
War. A married man! that 's most intolerable.
York. Why, here 's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
War. It 's sign she hath been liberal and free.
York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.

78. For this murdering of the heroic maiden's character,—a thing more cruel than her death itself,—Shakespeare had the authority of the chroniclers, and, doubtless, of popular tradition. The following is Holinshed's story: "But herein, she fullie afore possest of the feend, not able to hold hir in anie towardnesse of grace, falling streight waie into hir former abominations, yet seeking to eetch out life as long as she might, stake not to confesse hir selfe a strumpet, and to be with child. For triall, the lord regents lenitie gave hir nine months staie, at the end whereof she found herein as false as wicked in the rest, and eight daies after was delivered over to secular power, and so executed by consumption of fire in the old market place at Rone."—H. N. H.

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode:
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves! [*Exit, guarded*

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lord, the states of Christendom,

93. Joan of Arc was burned, as "an agent of the devil," at Rouen, May 30, 1431. The inhuman sentence was the result of an ecclesiastical trial, at which the bishop of Beauvais presided, she having been taken in his diocese. Yet the violence of her enemies was not so cruel as the neglect of those who ought to have been her friends. The matter is thus stated by Lingard: "If ever prince were indebted to a subject, Charles VII was indebted to Joan of Arc. She had dispelled the terror with which success had invested the English arms, had reanimated the courage of the French soldiery, and had firmly established the king on the throne of his ancestors. Yet, from the moment of her captivity she appears to have been forgotten. We read not of any sum offered for her ransom, or attempt made to alleviate the rigor of her confinement, or notice taken of her trial and execution."—Perhaps it should be alleged in the Poet's behalf, that without any attempt at moral didactics he makes us resent the atrocious cruelty put upon the maiden; though he hints not the hard ingratitude of those whose deliverance she had wrought.—H. N. H.

Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alençon, Bastard, Reignier, and others,

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

121. *"Poison'd"*; Theobald, *"prison'd."*—I. G.

Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy the regal dignity.
Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.
Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenced for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I 'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.
York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,

150. *"Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?"* "Do you stand to compare your present state, a state which you have neither right nor power to maintain, with the terms which we offer?"—Johnson.

Of benefit proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen,
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall;
Only reserved, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace.

[*Exeunt.*

152. "As a gift conferred by our king"; *benefit* is, as a term of law, the bestowal of property by another.—C. H. H.

175. This *peace,* which was in reality but a *truce,* was negotiated by Suffolk, who had been sent as ambassador for that purpose, an instrument having been first signed by the king and approved by the parliament, authorizing him to conduct the treaty to the best of his abilities, and pardoning beforehand every error of judgment

Scene V

London. The royal palace.

Enter Suffolk in conference with the King. Gloucester and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues graced with external gifts
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigor of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.
Suf. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale

into which he might fall. The meeting of ambassadors was at Tours in February, 1444; where many things were moved for a final peace, but the best they could come to was a truce for eighteen months. For the rest, we give the words of Holinshed: "In treating of this truce, the earle of Suffolke, adventuring somewhat upon his commission, without the assent of his associats, imagined that the next waie to come to a perfect peace was to contrive a mariage betweene the French kings kinswoman, the ladie Margaret, daughter to Reiner duke of Anjou, and his sovereigne lord king Henrie. This Reiner duke of Anjou named himselfe king of Sicill, Naples, and Jerusalem, having onlie the name and stile of those realmes, without anie penie, profit, or foot of possession. This mariage was made strange to the earle at the first, and one thing seemed to be a great hinderance to it; which was, bicause the king of England occupied a great part of the duchy of Anjou and the whole county of Maine, appertaining, as was alledged, to king Reiner.—The earle condescended that Anjou and Maine should be delivered to the brides father, demanding for hir mariage neither penie nor fathing; as who would saie this new affinitie passed all riches, and excelled both gold and precious stones."—H. N. H.

Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honor Henry as her lord.
King. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.
Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honor with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offense.
Glou. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,

39. *"Yes, my lord";* so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4. *"Yes, my good lord";*

The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchman in allegiance.

Glou. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will; but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,

Anon. conj. *"Yes, yes, my lord,"* or *"Why, yes, my lord";* Dyce, *"O, yes, my lord";* Vaughan, *"Yes, my lord—more."*—I. G.

55. *"Marriage";* so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, read *"But marriage";* perhaps we should read *"marriage."*—I. G.

56. *"attorneyship,"* that is, by the intervention of another man's choice; or the discretional agency of another.—H. N. H.

64. *"bringeth,"* the reading of F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"bringeth forth";*

And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
More than in women commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come

perhaps the difficulty of the line is due to the quadrisyllabic nature of the word "contrary"="cónteráry."—I. G.

To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offense:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so, conduct me where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glou. Aye, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt Gloucester and Exeter.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king and realm.
[*Exit.*

90. *"To cross"*; Walker, *"Across."*—I. G.

97. To *"censure"* is here simply to *judge*. "If in judging me you consider the past frailties of your own youth."—H. N. H.

108. Suffolk set forth on this expedition in October, 1444. Thus stands the account in Holinshed: "The earle of Suffolke was made marquesse of Suffolke, which marquesse, with his wife and manie honorable personages of men and women, richlie adorned both with apparell and jewels, having with them manie costlie chariots and gorgeous horslitters, sailed into France for the conveiance of the nominated queene into the realme of England. For king Reiner, hir father, for all his long stile, had too short a pursse to send his daughter honorablie to the king hir spouse."—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Accidents, events; V. iii. 4.

Accomplices, fellows in arms; V. ii. 9.

Admonishments, instructions; II. v. 98.

Advantage, occasion; II. v. 129.

Affects, cares for, loves; V. v. 57.

Agazed on, aghast at, gazing with amazement at; I. i. 126.

Alcides, Hercules; IV. vii. 60.

Alliance, relationship; II. v. 53.

Amaze, throw into consternation; IV. vii. 84.

Amort, "all a.," quite dejected; III. ii. 124.

Antic, buffoon; (Ff. 1, 2, *"antique"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"antick"*); IV. vii. 18.

Apparell'd, dressed; II. iv. 22.

Apparent, evident, plain; II. i. 3.

Apprehension, conception of me; (Theobald, *"reprehension"*; Vaughan, *"misapprehension"* for *"this ap."*); II. iv. 102.

Argue, show, prove; II. v. 7.

Argument, token; V. i. 46.

Arms, coat of arms; I. i. 80.

As, that; III. i. 16.

Astræa, goddess of justice; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"bright Astræa"*); I. vi. 4.

Attached, arrested; II. iv. 96.

Attaint, tainted; V. v. 81.

Attainted, tainted, disgraced, II. iv. 92; convicted of capital treason, II. iv. 96.

Attorneyship, discretional agency of another; V. v. 56.

Banding, uniting in troops; III. i. 81.

Banning, cursing; V. iii. 42.

Bay; "stand at b.," a term of the chase, "when the game is driven to extremity and turns against its pursuers"; IV. ii. 52.

Beard; "b. thee to thy face," set thee at defiance; I. iii. 44.

Bearing-cloth, the cloth or mantle in which the child was carried to the font; I. iii. 42.

Benefit; "of b.," used in its legal sense of property bestowed by the favor of another; V. iv. 152.

Beside, besides; III. i. 24.

Best; "I were best," it were better for me; V. iii. 83.

Bestow, place, lodge; III. ii. 88.

Bewray'd, betrayed; IV. i. 107.

Bishop; "the b. and the D. of Gloucester's men"; *i. e.* bishop's men (Hanmer, *"Bishop's"*); III. i. 78.

Blood; "in b.," in perfect health and vigor; a technical term of the chase; IV. ii. 48.

Blue coats, blue was the ordinary color of the livery of serving-men; I. iii. 47.

Boot; "it is no b.," it is no profit, use; IV. vi. 52.

Bought and sold, betrayed; IV. iv. 13.

Bounds, boundaries, limits; I. ii. 54.

Bow, depart (Collier MS., *"fly"*; Long MS., *"go"*; Vaughan, *"budge"*); IV. v. 29.

Braved, defied; II. iv. 115.

Break, broach; (Pope, *"tell"*); I. iii. 81.

Break up, break open; (Gray conjectured *"Break ope"*); I. iii. 13.

Bruited, noised abroad; II. iii. 68.

Buckle with, join in close fight with; I. ii. 95.

Bull-beeves, oxen beef; I. ii. 9.

Canker, canker-worm; II. iv. 68.

Canvass, toss as in a canvass, "toss in a blanket"; I. iii. 36.

Cap, Cardinal's hat; V. i. 33.

Captivate, captive; II. iii. 42.

Cates, delicacies, dainties; II. iii. 79.

Censure, judgment, opinion; II. iii. 10.

Censure, judge; V. v. 97.

Challenge, claim; V. iv. 153.

Charge, expense, cost; V. v. 92.

Cheer, countenance; I. ii. 48.

Circumstance, circumstances, details; I. i. 109.

Clubs, "I'll call for clubs", "in any public affray the cry was, 'Clubs! clubs!' by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); I. iii. 84.

Coat, coat of arms; I. i. 81.

Cognizance, badge; II. iv. 108.

Collop, slice of meat; V. iv. 18.

Colors, pretence (with play upon the two senses of the word); II. iv. 34.

Commandment, command; quadrisyllabic; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"commandement"*); I. iii. 20.

Conceit, invention, IV. i. 102; understanding, V. v. 15.

Consented unto, conspired to bring about; I. i. 5.

Contemptible, mean, low; I. ii. 75.

Contumeliously, contemptuously; I. iii. 58.

Conveyance, dishonest practice; I. iii. 2.

Cooling card, "something to damp or overwhelm the hope of an expectant"; V. iii. 84.

Cornets, horsemen, cavalry; IV. iii. 25.

Corrosive, fretting, giving pain; (Ff., 2, 3, *"corrasive"*; Boswell, *"a corrosive"*); III. iii. 3.

Court of guard, main guard-house; II. i. 4.

Crazy, decrepit, weak; III. ii. 89.

Crestless, with no right to coat-armor; II. iv. 85.

Cunning, skill; III. iii. 10.

Damascus; alluding to the ancient belief that it was near the place where Cain killed Abel; I. iii. 39.

Darnel, a kind of weed, rye-grass, which is thought to be injurious to the eyes; hence the old proverb, *lelio victitare* (to feed on darnel); "tares" in Matthew xiii. 25, should perhaps properly be rendered "darnels"; III. ii. 44.

Dead, (F. 2, *"dread"*); I. iii. 34.

Dearest, most precious; III. iv. 40.

Denis; "Saint Denis," the patron saint of France; I. vi. 28.

Determined, limited; IV. vi. 9.
Devise on, lay schemes; (Vaughan, *"decide"*); I. ii. 124.
Diffidence, distrust, suspicion; III. iii. 10.
Digest, vent; (F. 2, *"disgest"*); IV. i. 167.
Disable, disparage, undervalue; V. iii. 67.
Discover, tell; II. v. 59.
Disease, cause of uneasiness, trouble; II. v. 44.
Dismay not, be not dismayed; III. iii. 1.
Distrain'd, taken possession of; I. iii. 61.
Drooping chair, chair fit for declining age; IV. v. 5.
Due, endue (? give as thy due); (Ff., *"dew"*; Collier, *"'due"*); IV. ii. 34.
Dumb significants, signs, indications; (Pope, *"d. significance"*); II. iv. 26.

Effused, shed; V. iv. 52.
Emulation, rivalry, contention; IV. iv. 21.
Endamage, injure; II. i. 77.
Enrank, place in order, battle array; I. i. 115.
Entertain, maintain, keep; (Collier MS., *"enterchange"*); V. iv. 175.
Envy, enmity; IV. i. 193.
Espials, spies; I. iv. 8.
Exempt, cut off, excluded; II. iv. 93.
Exequies, obsequies, funeral rites; III. ii. 133.
Exigent, end; (Vaughan, *"exeunt"*); II. v. 9.
Expulsed, expelled; III. iii. 25.
Extirped, extirpated; III. iii. 24.
Extremes, "most ex.," greatest extremities of danger; (Hanmer, *"worst ex."*); IV. i. 38.

Face, lie with effrontery; V. iii. 142.
Familiar, familiar spirit; III. ii. 122.
Fancy, love; V. iii. 91.
Fashion (Pope, *"passion"*; Theobald, *"faction"*); II. iv. 76.
Feature, make, form; V. v. 68.
Flesh, initiate; IV. vii. 36.
Flower-de-luces, the white lilies, the emblem of France; I. i. 80.
Fond, foolish; II. iii. 45.
Foot-boys, lackeys; III. ii. 69.
Forged, counterfeit; IV. i. 102.
Forlorn, utterly wretched, referring to former wretchedness; (Collier MS., *"forborne"*); I. ii. 19.
Forth, forth from, from out; I. ii. 54.
Fortune, fate; IV. iv. 39.
France his Sword, France's sword, *i. e.* the sword of the King of France; (Rowe, *"France's"*); IV. vi. 3.
Froissart, (Ff., *"Froysard"*); I. ii. 29.

Giglot, wanton; IV. vii. 41.
Gimmors, gimcracks, curious contrivances; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Gimmalls"*); I. ii. 41.
Gird, rebuke; III. i. 131.
Gird, invest; (Ff. 1, 2, *"gyrt"*; F. 3, *"girt"*); III. i. 171.
Gleeks; "Charles his g.," *i. e.* Charles scoffs; (Ff., *"glikes"*); III. ii. 123.
Gloss, specious appearance; IV. i. 103.
Goliases, Goliaths; I. ii. 33.
Graceless, profligate; V. iv. 14.

Grave, dignified; (Collier, *"brave"*); V. i. 54.

Grisly, grim, terrible; I. iv. 47.

Guardant, guard, sentinel; IV. vii. 9.

Halcyon days; (Ff. 1, 2, *"Halcyons days"*); calm days; halcyon is the old name of the King-fisher. In Holland's Pliny occurs the following illustrative passage:—"They lay and sit about mid-winter when days be shortest; and the times whiles they are broody is called *Halcyon days,* for during that season the sea is calm and navigable, especially on the coast of Sicily" (Bk. X., ch. xxxii.); I. ii. 131.

Hand; "out of h.," directly, at once; III. ii. 102.

Haughty, high-spirited, adventurous; II. v. 79.

Have with thee, I'll go with you; II. iv. 114.

Head, armed force; I. iv. 100.

Heart-blood, heart's blood; I. iii. 83.

Heavens, technically the upper part of the stage (overhung with black when a tragedy was enacted); I. i. 1.

His, "his beams"; *its;* I. i. 10.

Hungry-starved, starved with hunger; so Ff. 1, 2, 3; F. 4, *"hungry-starved";* Rowe, *hunger-starved";* Boswell, *"hungry, starved";* I. iv. 5.

Icarus, the son of Dædalus, "sire of Crete," who, attempting to follow his father's example and fly on wings, was drowned in the sea; IV. vi. 55.

Immanity, ferocity; V. i. 13.

Inkhorn mate, bookish man (used contemptuously); III. i. 99.

Insulting, exulting; I. ii. 138.

Intermissive, having a temporary cessation; I. i. 88.

Irks, grieves; I. iv. 105.

Juggling (trisyllabic); V. iv. 68.

Kindly, appropriate; III. i. 131.

Latter, last (F. 4, *"later";* Pope, *"latest"*); II. v. 38.

Lie, dwell (Pope, *"lyes"*); III. ii. 129.

Lift, lifted (old form of past tense); I. i. 16.

Like, liken, compare (Hanmer, *"leave me to";* Vaughan, *"take me so"*); IV. vi. 48.

Linstock, a stick to hold the gunner's match; I. iv. 56.

Lither, soft, pliant; IV. vii. 21.

Loaden, laden; II. i. 80.

Long of, because of (Ff., *"long of"*); IV. iii. 33.

Lowly, brought low, lying low (Warburton, *"lovely"*); III. iii. 47.

Lowted, made a fool of (Grey, *"flouted";* Nicholson, *"loiter'd";* Vaughan, *"letted"*); IV. iii. 13.

Machiavel, used proverbially for a crafty politician (here an anachronism); V. iv. 74.

Malice, hatred, III. i. 128; enmity, ill-will, IV. i. 108.

Manifest, obvious, evident; I. iii. 33.

Mean, moderation, medium; I. ii. 121.

Mean, means, instrument; III. ii. 10.

Method, "the m. of my pen,"

i. e. the order in which I wrote it down (Vaughan, *"them off my pen,"* or, *the method of them"*); III. i. 13.

Mickle, great, much (Theobald, *"milky"*); IV. vi. 35.

Minotaurs, alluding to the monsters in the Cretan Labyrinth; V. iii. 189.

Miscarry, be lost, die; IV. iii. 16.

Misconceived, misjudging one; V. iv. 49.

Miser, miserable wretch; V. iv. 7.

Monarch of the North, Lucifer (as in Milton), or perhaps the devil Zimimar, mentioned by Reginald Scot as "the king of the north"; V. iii. 6.

Mortality, death; IV. v. 32.

Motion, offer, proposal; V. i. 7.

Mouth, bark, bay; II. iv. 12.

Muleters, mule-drivers (Rowe, *"muleteers"*); III. ii. 68.

Munition, ammunition; I. i. 168.

Muse, marvel, wonder; II. ii. 19.

Neglection, neglect; IV. iii. 49.

Nephew, used loosely for cousin (Rowe, *"cousin"*); II. v. 64.

Nestor-like, *i. e.* like Nestor, the oldest and wisest hero before Troy; II. v. 6.

Noble, a gold coin of the value of six shillings and eight pence; V. iv. 23.

Nourish, probably = "nurse" (often spelled "norice," or "nurice" in older English); Theobald conjectured *"nourice,"* the French spelling. Steevens states that a stew, in which fish are preserved, was anciently called a *"nourish,"*; (Pope, *"marish,"* the older form of *marsh*); I. i. 50.

Objected, "well o.," well proposed; II. iv. 43.

Obloquy, disgrace; II. v. 49.

Obstacle, a vulgar corruption of *"obstinate"* (Walker, *"obstinate"*); V. iv. 17.

Olivers and Rowlands, alluding to the two most famous of Charlemagne's peers; I. ii. 30.

Order; "take some o.," make the necessary dispositions, take measures; III. ii. 126.

Ordnance, a small gun, cannon; I. iv. 15.

Otherwhiles, at other times; I. ii. 7.

Overpeer, look down on; I. iv. 11.

Packing, "be p.," go away, make haste; IV. i. 46.

Partaker, confederate; II. iv. 100.

Parties, parts, sides (Pope, *"parts"*); V. ii. 12.

Party, part, side; II. iv. 32.

Patronage, maintain, make good; III. i. 48.

Peeble (Ff. 1, 2, *"peeble"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"peble"*); III. i. 80.

Peel'd, shaven (Ff. *"Piel'd"*; Grey, *"Pied"*; Collier, *"Pill'd"*); I. iii. 30.

Peevish, silly, childish; II. iv. 76.

Pendragon, the father of King Arthur; III. ii. 95.

Periapts, amulets; V. iii. 2.

Period, end; IV. ii. 17.

Peruse, examine; IV. ii. 43.

Pitch, height; II. iii. 55.

Pitch a field, "from the custom of planting sharp staves in the ground against the hostile horse came the signification of marshalling, arranging in a military sense" (Schmidt); III. i. 103.

Pithless, without pith, strengthless; II. v. 11.

Platforms, plans, schemes; II. i. 77.

Play'd, played the part; I. vi. 16.

Post, hasten, speed; V. v. 87.

Practisants, fellow plotters (Hanmer, *"partizans"*); III. ii. 20.

Practice, contrive, plot; II. i. 25.

Preferr'd, presented; III. i. 10.

Presently, immediately; I. ii. 149.

Pretend, mean, indicate; (Rowe, *"Portend"*); IV. i. 54.

Prevented, anticipated; IV. i. 71.

Proditor, traitor; I. iii. 31.

Proper, handsome, comely; V. iii. 37.

Purblind, half blind; II. iv. 21.

Pursuivants, forerunners, inferior heralds; II. v. 5.

Puzzel, hussy; I. iv. 107.

Pyramis, pyramid (Rowe, *"pyramid"*); I. vi. 21.

Quaint, fine, pleasant; IV. i. 102.

Quell, destroy; I. i. 163.

Qui est là (Malone's emendation of *"Che la"* of the Ff.; Rowe, *"Qui va là?"*); III. ii. 13.

Quillets, tricks in argument, subtleties; II. iv. 17.

Quittance, requite, retaliate; II. i. 14.

Raging-wood, raving mad; IV. vii. 35.

Rascal-like, like lean and worthless deer; IV. ii. 49.

Reflex, let shine, reflect (Warburton, *"reflect"*); V. iv. 87.

Regard; "your r."; *i. e.* care for your own safety; IV. v. 22.

Reguerdon, reward; III. i. 170.

Remorse, pity; V. iv. 97.

Repugn, oppose; IV. i. 94.

Resolved, convinced, satisfied; III. iv. 20.

Rests, remains; II. i. 75.

Revolve on, be assured of; I. ii. 91.

Rive, discharge (Johnson, *"drive"*; Vaughan, *"rain"*); IV. ii. 29.

Rope; "a rope! a rope!" a cry often taught to parrots, in order to turn a joke against the passer-by; I. iii. 53.

Ruin, fall; IV. vii. 10.

Scruple, doubtful perplexity; V. iii. 93.

Secure, unsuspecting, confident; II. i. 11.

Shot, marksmen; I. iv. 53.

Sirrah, an appellation addressed to inferior persons; III. i. 62.

Smear'd, stained, smirched; (Vaughan, *"snared"*); IV. vii. 3.

Solicit, rouse, stir up. *vide* Note; V. iii. 190.

Sort, choose; II. iii. 27.

Spend, expend, vent; I. ii. 16.

Spleen, fire, impetuosity; IV. vi. 13.

Stand, withstand, resist; I. i. 123.

Stern; "chiefest stern," highest place; I. i. 177.

Still, continually; I. iii. 63.

Stomachs, resentment; I. iii. 90.

Subscribe, submit, yield; II. iv. 44.

Swart, swarthy, dark-complexioned; I. ii. 84.

Sweeting, a term of endearment; III. iii. 21.

Taint, tainted; V. iii. 183.

Talbotites, name given to the English in contempt (Theo-

bald's emendation of Ff., *"Talbonites"*; Hanmer, *"Talbotines"*); III. ii. 28.

TAWNY COATS, coats of a yellowish dark color, the usual livery of ecclesiastical attendants; I. iii. 47.

TEMPER, quality, hardness; II. iv. 13.

TENDERING, having care for (Tyrwhitt, *"Tending"*; Beckett, *"Fending"*); IV. vii. 10.

TIMELESS, untimely; V. iv. 5.

TO, compared to, to equal; III. ii. 25.

TOMYRIS, the Queen of the Massagetoe, by whom Cyrus was slain; II. iii. 6.

TOY, trifle; IV. i. 145.

TRAFFIC, transaction; V. iii. 164.

TRAIN'D, lured; II. iii. 35.

TRIUMPH, tournament; V. v. 31.

UNABLE, weak, impotent; IV. v. 4.

UNACCUSTOM'D, unusual, extraordinary; III. i. 93.

UNAVOIDED, inevitable; IV. v. 8.

UNAWARES, by surprise; III. ii. 39.

UNFALLIBLE, infallible, certain; (Rowe, *"infallible"*); I. ii. 59.

UNKIND, unnatural; IV. i. 193.

UNREADY, undressed; II. i. 39.

VAIL, lower, let fall (Ff. 1, 2, *"vale"*); V. iii. 25.

VANTAGE, advantage, "for v.," to take your time; IV. v. 28.

VAWARD, vanguard; Ff., *"Vauward"*; Theobald conj., *"rereward"* (but probably "vaward" ="in the front line of his own troop"); I. i. 132.

WALLOON, a native of the border-country between the Netherlands and France; (Ff. 1, 2, *"Wallon"*); I. i. 137.

WARRANTIZE, surety; I. iii. 13.

WASHFORD, an old name of Wexford, in Ireland; IV. vii. 63.

WEENING, deeming, thinking; II. v. 88.

WHERE, whereas; (Pope, *"While"*); V. v. 47.

WILL'D, commanded; I. iii. 10.

WINCHESTER GOOSE, a cant term for a swelling in the groin, the result of disease; I. iii. 53.

WITTING, knowing; II. v. 16.

WONT, are wont, accustomed; (Ff., *"Went"*; Vaughan, *"Won"*; Hanmer, *"Watch"*); I. iv. 10.

WOODEN; "a w. thing," "an awkward business, not likely to succeed" (Steevens); V. iii. 89.

WORTHLESS, unworthy; IV. iv. 21.

WOT, know; IV. vi. 32.

WRITHLED, wrinkled; II. iii. 23.

YIELD, admit; II. iv. 42.

STUDY QUESTIONS

GENERAL

1. Give an outline of the movements of the successive acts, and the relation of their respective scenes to each other, and to the general action of the whole of Part I of the drama.

2. What gives rise to the contention as to Shakespeare's sole authorship of this play?

3. The influence or the joint work of what other writers is apparent in this play particularly?

4. What are some main evidences either of collaboration; of later revisals of an original text (his own or another's); or merely of manifestation of Shakespeare's period of pupilage as compared with his maturer works?

5. What is Shakespeare's attitude towards Henry VI as developed in the portrayal of his character throughout the play?

6. Was the Bishop of Winchester's policy a disinterested or a selfish one? Who was his powerful friend?

7. In what particulars does Shakespeare's conception of Joan of Arc offend most critics? In what respects is it in keeping with the observation of such phenomena of religious enthusiasm as she represents? What are its fine points?

8. How does Shakespeare show the character of Talbot? What passage in Act II somewhat humorously sets forth the wide terror his name provoked? What other passages?

9. Is Sir John Fastolfe accredited in history with being so great a coward as he is accused of being in the play?

10. Does Talbot seem to carry special force as a type of the honest English feeling?

11. Note in what passages of feeling the flow of verse becomes, as it were, spontaneously rhapsodic. Is this the case in similar passages in all Shakespeare's blank verse? Has it special kinship with any characteristics of Marlowe?

ACT I

12. In what way is the colloquy at the funeral of Henry V dramatically significant?

13. To what general presage in the dramatic development does the threat of the Bishop of Winchester appertain?

14. To what old notion does line 27, scene i, refer? By what political situation is it called up?

15. What custom of scene setting probably suggested the figure used by Bedford in the opening line?

16. How was Henry Beaufort related officially and by birth to the political situation?

17. Why did the death of Henry V release Winchester for the pursuit of his personal ambitions?

18. To what attitude of Winchester in the relation to the two successive kings does Gloucester refer in scene i, lines 33–36?

19. What is the significant dramatic force of Bedford's utterances in scene i, lines 48–51, and his following invocation to Henry V, lines 52–56?

20. What condition is set forth as the root of England's dangerous weakness in the political situation between herself and France in scene i, lines 69–81, and also in Reignier's comments, scene ii, line 17?

21. What is the first impression of La Pucelle from a point of dramatic characterization?

22. Is it evident that Shakespeare intends the Dauphin to seem personally enamored of Joan in addition to admiring her valorous intent?

23. What is shown of the ambitions and characters of

Winchester and Gloucester in the quarrel between them in scene iii? What is the historical account of the broil?

24. To whose retainers does the expression "tawny coats" refer? Where does it occur and in the course of what quarrel?

25. What is the prevailing feeling of Talbot's lines throughout scene v? Does it make the scene dramatically striking as setting the key of the English view of Joan la Pucelle?

ACT II

26. Is the retaking of Orleans after Salisbury's death historically true or an invention for dramatic purposes?

27. Is the scene between the Countess d' Auvergne and Talbot an illuminating one to manifest the force of his personal power and place in the dramatic unfoldment and for its enrichment or is it of merely incidental moment—a bit of dramatic color?

28. In what relations, respectively, to the political situation and to each other did the circumstances of birth and successive office place Richard Plantagenet and John Beaufort?

29. How does the noble restraint in Warwick's championship of Plantagenet in scene iv contrast with the manner of speech of Somerset and his sympathizers? Does it seem intended as well to indicate the nature of Warwick's personal assurance of power throughout all the subsequent action?

30. What are striking characteristics of the treatment of scene iv, dramatically and poetically?

31. In what way is the scene of the death of Mortimer historically incorrect? What probably caused the error?

32. In what light does the poet present the personal character of Richard Plantagenet through his speech and action in scenes iv and v?

33. Note the elegiac and gentle flow of the lines of scene v, yet their conveyance of Mortimer's inspiration to Plantagenet. What dramatic value has this as following

the poetic but vigorous manner of scene iv? How do these two manners, as well as the substance of these scenes, indicate the trend of events and the conflicting tides of feeling that are carrying them on?

ACT III

34. What special element of dramatic force does the opening scene of this act convey?

35. What special speech in scene i is definitely prophetic?

36. What three events actually separated by considerable intervals does the poet combine in scene i?

37. To what previous affair does line 23 in scene i refer?

38. What action taken unforeseeingly by Henry—in this act—is pregnant of his own future ill fate?

39. What does Joan mean to imply by her sarcastic figure about darnel in the corn in scene ii?

40. Is it historically true that Bedford died at the scene of the skirmish before Rouen? Is the whole scene a dramatic fiction? Has it some basis in actual incidents in the war in France? What is its value in picturesqueness and action?

41. How has Shakespeare used the true succession of historical events in this act to suit his purposes of dramatic effect?

42. What passage in scene iv carries on and emphasizes the growing feud of York and Lancaster?

43. Does the scene carrying Burgundy's reversion to the French cause seem too abrupt in its important development to give the effect of even ordinary natural deliberation? Does Joan's sarcastic comment (line 85) appear too weak a remedy for this dramatic ineffectiveness?

ACT IV

44. In the English chronicles was more made of the honor accorded in Paris to Henry's coronation there than was actually understood in France?

45. In the king's final recommendation to the Lords of Somerset and York does the poet seem to put a certain sagacity with regard to the political situation and not merely to present an attitude of timidity on the king's part?

46. Of what formal dramatic method of carrying the narrative and its prophecies does Exeter take the place in scene i, as previously?

47. What powerful dramatic effect is carried in scene II?—especially with relation to the new important turn of events? How do the lines of Talbot and the French general contrast?

48. To what historical fact in the jealous policy of Somerset does York allude in scene iii, line 46?

49. What passage in scene iii sets forth with fine indignation the general realization of the cause of delay in succoring Talbot and lays it at Somerset's door?

50. What is the striking element of the scenes between young Talbot and his father? also of the scene of Talbot's death?

51. What is the main object of the poet apparently in referring the loss of the French provinces so pointedly to the rivalries and enmities among the English nobility?

ACT V

52. Referring to Exeter's exclamation in lines 28 and 29 of scene i, is the disregard of actual intervals of historic time frequently essential to the unity of a dramatic presentation?

53. What historical incidents are connected with the English king's negotiations of marriage with the Earl of Armagnac's daughter?

54. What is the dramatic effect of the silence of the fiends in scene iii?

55. Does the representation of Joan of Arc appear inconsistent as comparing its latter end and its beginning?

56. What is the accepted historical version of the case of Joan of Arc in her final tragedy?

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57. How is Suffolk's scene with Margaret (scene iii) significant of the power of the lords over young Henry? What is the characteristic dramatic element of this scene, as compared with the grim tenor of those in the midst of which it is?

58. What quaint passage in Holinshed's *Chronicles* sets forth the estate of King Reignier at the time of his daughter's betrothal to King Henry?

59. What does the poet make the secret underlying cause of Suffolk's effort to bring about the betrothal of Margaret of Anjou and Henry? What political advantage does Suffolk profess openly that he intends it to compass?

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Second Part of Henry the Sixth was never issued, that we know of, with that title, or in its present state, till in the folio of 1623, where it is printed with great clearness and accuracy, but without any marking of the acts and scenes. The play, however, is but an enlargement of one that was entered at the Stationers', March 12, 1594, and published the same year with a title-page reading as follows: "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster; with the death of the good Duke Humphrey; and the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolk; and the tragical end of the proud Cardinal of Winchester: With the notable rebellion of Jack Cade; and the Duke of York's first claim unto the crown. London: Printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Millington; and are to be sold at his shop under St. Peter's Church in Cornwall. 1594."

In regard to *The Third Part of Henry the Sixth*, the circumstances were so nearly the same as to render it on many accounts advisable to speak of them both together. This, also, is but an enlargement of an older play, which was originally published by itself, the title-page reading thus: "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the death of the good King Henry the Sixth; with the whole contention between the two Houses Lancaster and York: As it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke his Servants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop under St. Peter's Church in Cornwall. 1595." In 1600 both plays were reissued, the text, the

titles, and the publisher, being all the same as in the former. It is to be observed that in these two editions no author's name was given. A third issue of both plays was put forth by Thomas Pavier in 1619, on the title-page of which we have the words,—"Newly corrected and enlarged: By William Shakespeare, Gent." As Pavier's text was merely a reprint of Millington's, the words, "newly corrected and enlarged," would seem to infer that the plays were generally known or supposed to have been revised by the author, and that the publisher committed this piece of fraud, in order that his edition might be thought to have the advantage of such revisal. It is not to be supposed that either the withholding of the name in the first two editions, or the giving of it in the third, proves any thing as to the real authorship one way or the other; for we have seen that the earlier editions of the Poet's plays were often anonymous, and that his name was not seldom pretended in case of plays that he had no hand in writing. *The First Part of the Contention*, and *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, as they were called in the old quartos, have been lately set forth with great care and accuracy by Mr. Knight, in the form of supplements, respectively, to the same plays in their revised and finished state. As we believe Shakespeare to have been the author of the plays in their original form, we shall, for convenience, speak of them henceforth as the quarto-editions of what appeared in the folio of 1623 as the *Second* and *Third Parts of Henry the Sixth.*

In the plays, then, thus entitled in the folio, with a few trifling exceptions the entire plan, arrangement, conception, character, and more than half the language word for word, are all the same as in the corresponding quartos. Malone figured out that the two plays, in their present state, contain 6,043 lines; and that of these 1,899, or nearly one-third, were original in the folio, 2,373, something more than a third, were altered from the quarto, and 1,771, which is somewhat less than a third, were the same in both. And he took the pains to mark the lines pecul-

iar to the folio with asterisks, and those altered from the quarto, with inverted commas; leaving those common to both unmarked. In several editions, the Chiswick being one, his marking, though not always correct, has been repeated. In the altered lines, however, a large part, certainly not less than half, of the alterations are very slight, often involving nothing more than the change of an epithet, or the transposition of a word, and nowise affecting the sense. In many cases, moreover, the folio presents a judicious elaboration and expansion of old thoughts, with little or no addition of new ones; so that the difference properly regards but the execution, and scarce touches the conception of the work. In the *Second Part*, again, the alterations and additions are in the main diffused pretty equally through the whole play; while in the *Third Part* the additions come much more in large masses, some entire scenes being mostly new in the folio, and others nearly the same as in the quarto. For example, in Act i. of the *Third Part*, out of 581 lines in all, there are but 141 altered from the quarto, and 104 original in the folio, thus leaving 336 the same in both. And in the fourth scene of that Act the proportion of altered and added lines is considerably less, being just one-fourth of the whole. On the other hand, in the sixth scene of Act iv. the proportion is still more the other way, there being of 102 lines only 14 either taken or altered from the quarto. It will hardly be questioned that the best scenes,—the most characteristic, the most Shakespearian,—in the play, are the fourth in Act i., and the sixth in Act v.; and these, as may be seen by our notes, are the very scenes that were least improved or changed in the folio. Perhaps it should be remarked, further, that nearly all the matter of the quartos is retained in the folio, the rejections being very few and small, so that the plays are lengthened just about the amount of the additions made. All together, therefore, we may safely affirm that of the two plays the whole conception and more than half the execution are precisely the same in the quarto and folio editions. Finally, be it

observed, that in case of these two plays we have not nearly so great a difference, either of quantity or of quality, between the quartos and the folio, as in case of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *King Henry V.*

Thus far we have gone upon the supposition, which, to say the least, is not improbable, that the plays in hand were originally written as they stand in the quartos, and were afterwards rewritten by the same hand, which accounts naturally enough for all the differences of the quarto and folio editions; and that the first publication was probably surreptitious, and perhaps made from the original draughts or sketches, after these were superseded on the stage by the revised and finished copies. At all events, that the quartos were in this case unauthorized may be reasonably presumed, from the fact that the only other publishing of Shakespeare's work by Millington was unquestionably fraudulent. Dr. Johnson, however, thinks there is no reason for supposing them to have been printed from the first draughts of Shakespeare; but that they were "copies taken by some auditor, who wrote down during the representation what the time would permit; then, perhaps, filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and, when he had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer." Perhaps it will be deemed a sufficient answer to this, that there are some passages in the quartos, which are entirely wanting in the folio; and that there are many passages of blank-verse, and some of them quite lengthy, standing exactly the same in both: for it is clear that a reporter, as in the case supposed, however much he might omit, would not be very likely to add; and that so correct an arrangement of blank-verse could not well be attained by the ear alone.

Which brings us to the question, whether these plays in their original form were written by Shakespeare. Malone, as was seen in our preceding Introduction, maintains, at great expense of labor and learning, that neither the *First Part*, nor the quartos of the *Second* and *Third Parts* were by Shakespeare; and, moreover, that the originals of the

Second and *Third* were not by the same author as the *First*. Thus he holds that the three plays, as we have them, were the work of three several authors, Shakespeare being responsible only for the above-mentioned alterations and additions; and that, on the strength of these, Heminge and Condell took the strange liberty of including all three of the plays in their edition, thus setting them forth to the world as Shakespeare's genuine productions, the *Second* and *Third*, because he had somewhat enlarged and improved them, and the *First*, as being a "necessary introduction" to the other two.

So far as regards the *First Part*, Malone's position and arguments were probably discussed enough in our Introduction to that play. His only reason, apparently, for supposing three several authors is precisely the same as one of his main reasons for supposing two. The argument is so clear, brief, and conclusive, that we can well afford room to state it, even though the statement involve something of repetition. In the *First Part*, Act iii. sc. 4, King Henry says,—"I do remember how my father said." But in one of the added lines of the *Second Part*, Act iv. sc. 9, the same Henry says,—"But I was made a king at nine months old." Now, as Shakespeare undoubtedly wrote the additions to the *Second Part*, it is clear that he knew the king was not of an age, at his father's death, to remember any thing said by him: which concludes at once that Shakespeare could not have written the *First Part*. Again; in one of the original lines of the *Third Part*, Act i. sc. 1, the king says,—"When I was crown'd I was but nine months old:" from which it comes equally clear and conclusive, that the originals of the *Second* and *Third Parts* could not have been written by the author of the *First*. Thus far, however, we have but two authors proved in the three plays; it not appearing but that Shakespeare may have written both the originals and the additions of the *Second* and *Third Parts*. But the same principle, in another instance, will soon nick him out of all but those additions. In an original passage of the *Third Part*, Act iii.

sc. 2, King Edward, speaking of the Lady Elizabeth Grey, says to Clarence and Gloster:

> "This lady's *husband* here, Sir Richard *Grey,*
> At the battle of St. Albans did lose his life:
> His lands then were seiz'd on by the conqueror.
> Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
> *And sith in quarrel of the house of York*
> *The noble gentleman did lose his life,*
> In honor we cannot deny her suit."

In King Richard III, Act i. sc. 3, Gloster says to the same Elizabeth:

> "In all which time, *you and your husband Grey*
> *Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—*
> And, Rivers, so were you:—was not your *husband*
> In *Margaret's battle* at St. Albans slain?"

Now, as nobody doubts that Shakespeare was the author of King Richard III, it follows clearly and conclusively that he could not have written the originals of the plays in question. Thus we have three several authors fully proved in case of Henry VI; one for the *First Part*, another for the originals, and a third for the additions, of the *Second* and *Third*.

We have been thus particular in stating this argument, because it is by far the strongest that has been alleged on that side from the internal evidence. And Malone himself lays great stress upon it: referring to such instances as we have quoted, he says,—"Passages, discordant in matters of fact from his other plays are proved by this discordancy not to have been composed by him; and these discordant passages, being found in the original quarto plays, prove that those pieces were composed by another writer." Perhaps enough was said by way of answer to this point in our Introduction to the *First Part*. Two discrepancies of the same kind were there adduced, from which, however, nobody thinks of inferring any such diversity of authorship. It will not take long to add two more. In *The First Part of Henry IV*, Act i. sc. 3, the

king speaks of "the foolish Mortimer" as Hotspur's "brother-in-law," and a little after in the same scenes Hotspur boils over thus:

> "And when I urg'd the ransom once again
> Of *my wife's brother,* then his cheek look'd pale,
> And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
> Trembling even at the name of *Mortimer.*"

And again, the same speaker: "Did King Richard, then, proclaim *my brother Edmund Mortimer* heir to the crown?" In Act iii. sc. 1, however, of the same play, we have Mortimer referring thus to Hotspur's wife: "Good father, tell her, that she and *my aunt Percy* shall follow in your conduct speedily." Again; in the *Third Part of Henry V,* Act i. sc. 1, the king says to York,—

> "What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
> Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;"

as if York's title had come to him by inheritance. And yet, a few lines before, Exeter, speaking of the present king to York, says,—"He made thee duke of York;" as if the title had been conferred on him by express grant from the king, which was indeed the case. It will be worth the while to add, that both of these passages are in the original form of the *Third Part.* And as the matter is rightly set forth in the *First Part,* one of the passages might be quoted to prove that the two plays were, and the other, that they were not, by the same author. Divers other instances more or less in point might easily be adduced; and indeed there are so many discrepancies of this kind in Shakespeare's undoubted plays, that one may well be surprised to find an editor urging them for such a purpose. Besides, even according to Malone's showing, one of the passages thus referred to, that touching the Lady Elizabeth, was considerably altered by Shakespeare. And if the Poet had been so careful to avoid such discrepancies, as Malone's argument supposes, it does not well appear why in altering the verse he did not correct the facts.

Finally, one more instance of similar discrepancy may as well be referred to, as, on Malone's principle, it will prove that the *Second* and *Third Parts* in the quarto form must have been by different authors; so that we shall have four authors in the case, one for each of the three parts in their original state, and a fourth for the latter two in so far as the folio differs from the quartos.

Of the other points in Malone's argument from the internal evidence, the only ones worth noticing may be quickly despatched, as they call for little if any thing more than a flat denial. The first is, that in his undoubted plays we often find Shakespeare reproducing the same thoughts in other, yet resembling, forms of expression; and that the quarto copies of the *Second* and *Third Parts* have not the usual number of thoughts and expressions resembling those to be met with in his other plays, while the folio additions are proportionably much more frequent in such resemblances. Now, to affirm the reverse of this, were probably nearer the truth. As Malone's method of reasoning was so highly figurative, Knight has here brought the power of figures to bear, and shown that in the original form of the two plays there are no less than fourteen such resemblances; which is a greater number, proportionably, than it will be easy to find in the additions.

The second of the points in question is, that the Shakespearian peculiarities of thought and speech occur more frequently in the added portions. Which, even if it were true, would prove nothing to the purpose, the additions having of course been written some time after the originals, and when the author had grown and ripened more out of the common into his individual style of thought and speech. Moreover, this argument would make with at least equal force that Shakespeare did not, though no one questions that he did, write the originals of his Hamlet and Romeo and Juliet; it being certain that what was afterwards added to those plays in the revisal is proportionably much richer in Shakespearian peculiarity. But, in the plays under consideration, this is not true, as any one that has an eye

for such things may be amply certified by the specimens given in our notes. The cause of the matter's being otherwise in this case may be, that the revising took place at a less interval from the first writing, before the author's style had undergone much change, and when his power was not enough greater to make up for the less inspiration that would naturally attend a revisal.

Nor is Malone a whit stronger in his arguing of the question from external evidence. In the first place, he urges the fact that Shakespeare's name was not mentioned in the entry of the *Second Part* at the Stationers', March 12, 1594, nor in the title-pages of the first two editions. But this, as we have repeatedly seen, was a common practice. For example, *King Richard II* was entered at the Stationers', August 29, 1597, and published the same year; *The First Part of Henry IV* was entered, February 25, 1598, and published that year; also, *King Richard III* was entered, October 20, 1597, and published that year; in every one of which cases there was no mention of the author's name. Again, he alleges the circumstance that in the title of the quarto the *Third Part* is said to have been acted by the earl of Pembroke's servants, a company to which Shakespeare never belonged. Which point we may safely leave where it was left in our Introduction to the *First Part*. Another circumstance urged is, that in the title-page of Pavier's quarto the plays are said to have been "newly corrected and enlarged by William Shakespeare," as if this inferred that Shakespeare did *not* write them; whereas the "By William Shakespeare" evidently refers no less to the writing than to the correcting and enlarging.

There is, however, one piece of external evidence which must be allowed to carry some weight. We have seen that Malone's argument from the discrepancies of statement would, if admitted, necessarily conclude four authors in the case, one for each of the three parts as first written, and a fourth for the additions of the folio. And in fact Malone himself supposes four, and the forthcoming item

of external evidence, so far as it may hold good, will infer as many, and probably one to boot. It is a passage from Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit:* "Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you, and, being an absolute Johannes-fac-totum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." Greene died September 3, 1592, and this was a part of his death bed repentance. The tract was addressed to his "quondam acquaintance," Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, who may all be set down as included in the words, "beautified with our feathers:" there is no doubt that the "upstart crow" meant Shakespeare; and "his tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide" is a parody of an original line in *The Third Part of Henry VI*, Act. i. sc. 4: 'O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in woman's hide!" thus ascertaining at least that that play, as it stands in the quarto, was written before Greene's death.

The parodied line, however, is thought to identify the plays in question as the particular feathers with which the upstart crow had beautified himself. And, surely, if Shakespeare had indeed been guilty of such an enormous piece of literary theft as the case supposes, he most richly deserved all that was said of him, and as much more of the same kind as could be said; and, obviously, the best course for himself and his friends to take had been not to complain of the charge, but just to keep as quiet as they possibly could. A short time after Greene's death, his tract was published by Henry Chettle. The tract gave great offence to the parties attacked; and a few months later their complaints were answered by Chettle in a pamphlet entitled *Kind-Heart's Dream*, which has the following reference to Shakespeare: "I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanor no less civil, than he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his

facetious grace in writing, that approves his art." Surely, if, with a full knowledge of the facts, he had especially undertaken to clear Shakespeare from the charge, and from all suspicion, of having beautified himself with stolen plumes, he could scarce have used words more apt for his purpose. This acquittal, moreover, is greatly confirmed by Thomas Nash, who, the writing of Greene's tract having been by some attributed to him, has the following in an epistle prefixed to the second edition of his *Pierce Pennilesse:* "Other news I am advertised of, that a scald, trivial, lying pamphlet, call'd *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit,* is given out to be of my doing. God never have care of my soul, but utterly renounce me, if the least word or syllable in it proceeded from my pen, or if I were any way privy to the writing or printing of it."

Now, whatsoever motives may be thought to have prompted these disavowals of Chettle and Nash, it will hardly be questioned that the acquittal was as well-grounded as the indictment had been. For if Greene's charges had been true, it is difficult to conceive how they should have been more disreputable to the author than to the subject of them. And in the passage quoted from him he is evidently far more vituperative of others' sins than repentant of his own; which, to say the least, is as little suited to a preparation for death, as the matter charged is to an honorable standing in life. At all events, it may well be thought that in Greene's case the expectation of death, instead of making him bold to speak the truth, had rather taken off from his envy the restraints of fear, and thus emboldened him to lie.

Mr. Collier, however, quotes as in confirmation of Greene's charge, a passage from a tract by R. B., entitled *Greene's Funerals,* and published in 1594, wherein the writer, speaking of others' obligations to Greene, adds,—

> "Nay, more, the men that so eclips'd his fame
> *Purloin'd his plumes,*—can they deny the same?"

This might indeed amount to something, if it had the

appearance of being an independent authority; but does it not sound too much as a mere echo of what Greene himself had said before? Or, if it be thought that Greene's envy must have had somewhat to work upon, else it would scarce have taken so specific a shape, perhaps there was matter enough short of such a wholesale appropriation of other men's works. For example, in *The First Part of Henry VI*, Act v. sc. 3, occurs the following:

> "She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
> She is a woman, therefore to be won."

The latter of these lines, as Mr. Collier tells us, is found in Greene's *Planetomachia*, which was printed as early as 1585. Again, two of the original lines in the *Third Part*, Act v. sc. 6, are these, uttered by Richard while stabbing Henry:

> "If any spark of life remain in thee,
> Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither."

And in Greene's *Alphonsus, King of Arragon*, the hero speaks thus to Flaminius while killing him:

> "Go, pack thee hence unto the Stygian lake,
> And make report unto thy traitorous sire,
> How well thou hast enjoy'd the diadem,
> Which he by treason set upon thy head:
> And if he ask thee who did send thee down,
> Alphonsus say, who now must wear thy crown."

Might not a few such borrowed feathers as these suffice to start and to set Greene's exaggerations of envy and spleen? But, if these be not enough, there is strong reason, as was seen in our Introduction to that play, to think that Greene was the author of the old play whereon Shakespeare founded his Taming of the Shrew.

Mr. Dyce, also, collates a number of original passages from the two plays in question with similar ones in Marlowe's *Edward II*. Thus in the *Second Part*, Act i. sc. 3: "She bears a duke's whole revenues on her back." And in

Edward II: "He wears a lord's revenue on his back." Again, in the *Third Part*, Act v. sc. 2: "Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge, whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle." And in *Edward II:* "A lofty cedar-tree, fair-flourishing, on whose top-branches kingly eagles perch." And there are several others, in some of which the resemblances are still closer. It need scarce be said that such resemblances infer a borrowing one way or the other. Now the argument from Greene's tract supposes both the originals and the additions of the *Second* and *Third Parts* to have been written before September, 1592. Marlowe was killed, June 1, 1593, in his 29th year, and his *Edward II* was entered at the Stationers', July 6, 1593. It is on all hands allowed to be far the best, and probably the last-written of his plays. Its superiority of style to his *Tamburlaine*, which was probably written as early as 1587, is so great, as naturally to suggest the influence of new and better models; since without such help one could scarce make so much advance in so short a time. Might it not well be, then, that in so close a study of those models divers passages got planted in his memory, and when, shortly after, he went to writing on a kindred subject, transferred themselves to his page? Or, if we suppose his *Edward II* to have preceded the originals of the two plays in hand, then why may not the resembling passages collated by Mr. Dyce have been a part of the very matter referred to in Greene's "upstart crow beautified with our feathers"?

It is remarkable that, with the exception of the resemblances pointed out by Mr. Dyce, those who have concurred with Malone in taking the old plays from Shakespeare, have added nothing to Malone's arguments. And it is equally remarkable that those who agree that Shakespeare did not write them are at considerable odds amongst themselves as to who did. Malone at first thought that either Greene and Peele wrote them conjointly, or that Greene wrote the one and Peele the other; but afterwards he was "inclined to believe that Marlowe was the author of one, if not of both." Mr. Collier, speaking of the *Con-*

tention, says,—"By whom it was written we have no information;" and of the *True Tragedy* he says,—"Although there is no ground whatever for giving it to Marlowe, there is some reason for supposing that it came from the pen of Robert Greene." Mr. Hallam says,—"It seems probable that the old plays were in great part by Marlowe, though Greene seems to put in for some share in their composition." And in another place he speaks thus: "The greater part of the plays is, in the judgment, I conceive, of all competent critics, far above the powers either of Greene or Peele, and exhibits a much greater share of the spirited versification, called by Jonson the 'mighty line' of Christopher Marlowe." Concurrent with this latter is the judgment of Mr. Dyce: "Greene may have contributed his share; so also may Lodge, and so may Peele have done: but in both pieces there are scenes characterized by a vigour of conception and expression, to which, as their undisputed works demonstratively prove, neither Greene, nor Lodge, nor Peele could possibly have risen."

The other part of the question may be despatched with comparative brevity and ease; the main points of the argument having been some of them stated, and all of them suggested in our Introduction to the preceding play. For the conclusion, urged from the Epilogue to *Henry V* in case of the *First Part*, holds equally strong in reference to the *Second* and *Third*. The three plays have a common subject, namely, the showing how, in the reign of Henry VI, "so many had the managing, that they lost France, and made his England bleed." The losing of France is the special matter of the *First Part;* the making England bleed, of the *Second* and *Third;* both of which, the Poet, when writing that Epilogue, took upon him to say, "oft *our* stage hath shown." And with what propriety could he beg the audience to accept a play of his making, because they had already accepted plays not of his making? Would he ask them to smile on what he had written, inasmuch as they had been wont to smile on what he had stolen? Or, to put the thing more fairly, their hav-

ing liked some plays that he had merely enlarged was surely an odd reason why they should like a play originated by him. So that we seem to have from the Poet himself an implied claim of authorship in the case.

We have another point of external evidence, perhaps equally strong, in the simple fact of the plays' being given to the world as Shakespeare's, by those who had every opportunity to know the truth, and no apparent motive to put forth any thing as his, which was known to be from another. Their Preface shows that the editors of the first folio knew well what they were about, and why. Nor may this argument be so easily nonsuited by supposing their action in this case to have stood on the ground of Shakespeare's acknowledged additions. For the quartos were at hand, their authorship apt to be known; and any careful reader might see that the entire conception and more than half the execution of the plays in question were there. And when the editors speak of "divers maimed and deformed copies," as being "now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbs," what more likely than that those very quartos may have been among the copies meant? At all events, their purpose, as it ought to have been, manifestly was, to set forth none but perfect copies of what they knew Shakespeare to have written.

Malone's argument from the internal evidence views the plays separately and without any reference to one another. As what strength it has seems chiefly owing to this mode of viewing them apart, so it may doubtless be best met by viewing them together. If, then, we take the three parts of *Henry VI* together with *Richard III*, we shall find them all to be so connected that each former play of the series is a necessary introduction to the following, and each later one a necessary sequel to the preceding; that is, they will appear to be four plays only because too long to be one, or two, or three. Perhaps the force of this argument may be best approved by trying it in another case. Now, it is quite manifest that *Richard II* is essentially a play to be continued: it was evidently

written with the matter and design of the following play in mind. Hence the several forecastings and givings-out which it has, concerning events and passages that are left unrepresented in the play itself. These are as germs thrown in with purpose of future development: the Poet is not content to set forth the transactions of the play clearly for what they are in themselves, but takes care that we shall also regard them as the first beginnings of things yet to be, thus awakening an expectation of something further, and preparing the reader's mind for his intended sequel. Such, it scarce need be said, are the prophetic remonstrances of the intrepid Bishop, in Act iv. sc. 1:

> "And if you crown him, let me prophesy,
> The blood of English shall manure the ground;
> And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
> Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;"—

the predictions of Richard to Northumberland in Act v. sc. 1:

> "The time shall not be many hours of age
> More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
> Shall break into corruption: Thou shalt think,
> Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
> It is too little, helping him to all;
> And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way
> To plant unrightful kings, will know again,
> Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
> To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne;"—

and above all the dialogue touching Prince Henry in Act v. sc. 3, closing up with Bolingbroke's happy forecast of his son:

> "As dissolute as desperate; yet, through both,
> I see some sparks of better hope, which elder days
> May happily bring forth."

Now these are manifest impertinences but that they look to a further representation. It were hardly possible for the Poet to give out promise of a sequel in clear terms.

Viewed in this light, the things are great beauties; otherwise, they are blemishes altogether.

Of course the anticipations thus raised are met and answered in *Henry IV*, which in turn has many minute and careful references to events set forth in the foregoing play. Such are Hotspur's mad snappish retrospections of Bolingbroke in Act i. sc. 3; his reference in Act iv. sc. 3, to the circumstances of the king's first landing, "when his blood was poor, upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;" the king's recurrence, in *Part II*, Act iii. sc. 2, to the forecited prophecy of Richard; and especially the alternate riotings, repentings, and heroisms of the prince.

Thus the two plays are closely connected by a variety of reciprocal allusions; insomuch that, if *Henry IV* had come down to us as Shakespeare's, and *Richard II* as anonymous, there could be almost as little doubt, it should seem, as to the authorship of the latter, as of the former. So much, then, might be reasonably inferred from the mere logical adjustment and correspondence of the plays to each other. Still stronger were the inference from the manifest unity of design and action, running the two plays together as a consistent and continuous whole, the first bespeaking the second, and the second in turn supposing the first. For, granting that the second, though taken up as an afterthought, might be thus logically and dramatically fitted to the first, still there is the forethought of the second pervading the first, which were hardly reconcilable with diversity of authorship. Then, over and above all this, there is an identity of conception and characterization in the two plays, resulting in a vital, organic unity and continuity. And this is the strongest argument of all. For it might be safely affirmed, that none but the beginner of Bolingbroke's character in *Richard II* could have thus continued it in *Henry IV*.

Now this argument will hold good in every particular, and, if possible, with still greater force, between *Henry VI* and *Richard III*. Not only is the latter dramatically and logically fitted to the former, but the design and pur-

pose of the latter were evidently in the author's mind while writing the former. And the unity of characterization, in Edward, Margaret, and especially in Richard, is every whit as perfect, as organic, and as strong, as in case of Bolingbroke. We may safely affirm that *The Third Part of Henry VI*, as it stands in the quarto, is, in its design, structure, and conception, essentially a drama to be continued. But this point needs illustrating, and our specimens shall all be from the original form of the play. Thus in Richard's soliloquy, Act iii. sc. 2:

> "Ay, Edward will use women honorably.
> Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all!
> That from his loins no issue might succeed,
> To hinder me from the golden time I look for:
> For I am not yet look'd on in the world.
> First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry,
> And his son, and all they look for issue
> Of their loins, ere I can plant myself."

Thus also in Henry's prophecy to Richard in the Tower, Act v. sc. 6:

> "That many a widow for her husband's death,
> And many an infant's water-standing eye,
> Widows for their husbands, children for their fathers,
> Shall curse the time that ever thou wert born."

And in Richard's dark mutterings to himself in the same scene, after killing Henry:

> "Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
> But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
> For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
> Under pretence of outward-seeming ill,
> As Edward shall be fearful of his life,
> And then to purge his fear I'll be thy death."

And again, the breaking out of his bloody designs in the last scene; the third line of course referring to his head and his hand:

> "This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
> And heave it shall some weight, or break my back!
> Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute."

And, above all, the episodical dialogue and prophecy of Henry touching young Richmond, Act iv. sc. 6:

> "Come hither, pretty lad: If heavenly powers
> Do aim aright to my divining thoughts,
> Thou, pretty boy, shalt prove this country's bliss."

It were needless to urge how out of place these things are, save as bespeaking a continuation of the subject, and just such a continuation, withal, as we have in *Richard III.* In the latter play the seeds, which had been thus dropped for future bearing, "become the hatch and brood of time." Among the very first things we meet with therein is the avowal of "inductions dangerous" already set on foot in fulfilment of the promise touching Clarence. And in Act iv. sc. 2, we have Richard remembering how Henry

> "Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
> When Richmond was a little peevish boy."

And the latter play abounds quite unusually in references to what was said and done in the former. For instance, in Act i. sc. 4, we find that Clarence has been dreaming of his perjury to Warwick, and of his stabbing Prince Edward in the field by Tewksbury; both which events occurred in Act v. scenes 1 and 5 of the preceding play. Again, in the former play, Act i. sc. 4, we have the napkin dipped in Rutland's blood, and given to his father, and York saying to his tormentors, who had mockingly crowned him with paper,—"Here, take the crown, and with the crown my curse,"—and when the savage cruelties are over, Margaret says,—"What! weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?" All which things are minutely referred to in Act i. sc. 3, of the latter play, where Margaret is put to a recollection of her cruelty, Buckingham telling her how "Northumberland, then present, wept to see it," and Richard reminding her of

> "The curse my noble father laid on thee,
> When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
> And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;

And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland!"

These things, to be sure, are all just what we might expect from an author, continuing his own work, with the same characters and the same course of events, and writing under a vivid remembrance of what he had formerly set forth. In this case, and in this alone, it was natural that the two plays in question should be thus closely knit together by mutual references, the weak beginnings of things suggesting the thought of distant results, and the harvest putting the reapers in mind how and what they had sown. And so it might be shown that the substance and body of *Richard III* is in great part but a development of things presignified in the foregoing play. The continuing of Margaret on the scene, which is all against the truth of history, was to the very end, apparently, that the parties might have a terrible present remembrancer of their former deeds; even as the manhood of Richard was by many years anticipated for the seeming purpose of carrying on a livelier recollection of the first beginnings into the final issues of this multitudinous tragedy.

The unity and continuity of the characterization will be better made appear in our Introduction to the *Third Part*, when we come to speak of the characters in detail. For the present, suffice it to say, on this score, that in Richard preëminently, and proportionably in several others, the *Second* and *Third Parts*, in their original form, exemplify in large measure Shakespeare's most peculiar method of conceiving and working out character. Strong indeed must be the external evidence, to persuade us that any mind but Shakespeare's could have originated and expressed the conception of that terrible man,—so merry-hearted, subtle-witted, and bloody-handed, whose mental efficacy turns perjury, murder, and what is worse, if aught worse there be, to poetry,—as he grows up from youth to manhood in the two plays under consideration, at once the offspring and the avenger of civil butchery.

As to the general style and toning of these plays, their

logical and metrical cast and complexion, nothing better, it should seem, need be desired than the remarks of Dr. Johnson. "The three parts of *King Henry VI*," says he, "are declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakespeare's. He gives no reason; but I suppose him to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays. From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred: in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works, one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colors are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds. Dissimilitude of style and heterogeneousness of sentiment may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures are Shakespeare's."

The period of the *Second Part* extends from the arrival of Queen Margaret in England, May, 1445, till the first battle of St. Albans, May, 1455. Except in one instance, the leading events of the drama come along in their actual order. That exception is the proceedings in the case of Dame Eleanor, which really occurred several years before the opening of the play. Her crime and disgrace, however, are properly represented here, as they had a large share in bringing about the fall of her husband, while his fall had in turn much to do in kindling the fierce domestic wars that form the main subject of this and the following play. Besides, the matter in question furnishes occasion for a most characteristic passage between the duchess and the queen, though in fact they never met; thus giving an early taste of the haughty, vindictive temper, the indomitable energy, and fire-spouting tongue, which mark the whole course of Margaret, fitting her to be, as in truth she was, the constant provoker and stirrer-up of hatreds and strifes. And it seems no slight argument of a com-

mon authorship, that the ruin of the duchess is here borrowed from the time of the preceding play, as the death of the Talbots was there borrowed from the period of this, the two events being thus assorted into their respective connections; while, as regards the main action of the play, their effect is the same, whether set forth in their actual order or not.

In all other points the opening of the present play takes up the thread of history precisely where it was left at the close of the former. And the proceedings of the *Second Part* for the most part grow forth naturally and in course from the principles of the *First*, the two plays being as closely interwoven as any two acts of either. The criminal passion of Margaret and Suffolk, which was there presented in the bud, here blossoms and goes to seed, setting him near the throne, and thereby at once feeding his pride and chafing the pride of his enemies; while the losses in France, before represented, are ever and anon recurring as matter of continual twittings and jerks, the rust of former miscarriages thus at the same time keeping the old wounds from healing, and causing the new ones to fester and rankle. As the amiable imbecility of the king invites and smooths the way for the arrogance and over weening of the queen and her favorites, this naturally sets the aspiring and far-reaching York upon the policy of hewing away one after another the main supports of the rival house, that so at last he may heave it to the ground, and out of its ruins build up his own. The fall of Gloster is the first practicable breach, though, in making York a secret plotter and instigator of the conspiracy against him, it may be questionable whether the interest of the drama be not served too much at the expense of history. Then, in strict accordance with the suspicions of the time, York is represented as scheming afar off the insurrection of Cade, as a sort of feeler of the public pulse, and then taking advantage of it to push his designs. That insurrection comes in aptly as the first outbreak of the great social schism, the elements of which had been long working in

secret, and growing to a head. The passages of humor, interspersed through the scenes of Cade and his followers, being mostly the same in the original form of the play, yield strong evidence in the question of authorship. It seems hard to believe that any one but Shakespeare could have written them, no instances in that line at all approaching these having been elsewhere given by any other writer of that time. For in poetry merely, Shakespeare, though immeasurably above any or all of his senior contemporaries, differs from them but in degree; but in the article of humor he shows a difference from them in kind. And it is remarkable that the instinct and impulse of humor seem in this case to have put him upon blending together the elements of two widely-separated passages of history: the persons and events being those of the insurrection known as Jack Cade's; while the sentiments and designs are the same, in part, which became matter of history some seventy years before in the rebellion of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw. This curious fact was first pointed out by Mr. Courtenay, who cites the following from Holinshed's account of the earlier insurrection: "They began to show proof of those things which they had before conceived in their minds,—beheading all such men of law as they might catch, alleging that the land could never enjoy her true liberty, till all those sorts of people were despatched out of the way. This talk liked well the ears of the common people, and they purposed to burn and destroy all records, evidences, court-rolls, and other monuments, that their landlords might not have whereby to challenge any right at their hands. What wickedness was it, to compel teachers of children in grammar schools to swear never to instruct any in this art! For it was dangerous among them to be known for one that was learned; and more dangerous, if any one were found with a penner and ink-horn at his side. At Blackheath, when the greatest multitude was there got together, John Ball made a sermon, taking this saying for his theme:

"When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?"

After the quelling of Cade's insurrection, which was in July, 1450, the Poet overleaps the events, with one exception, of more than four years, and enters upon the preliminaries of the battle of St. Albans, which was the first ripe fulfilment of the presage and promise given out far back in the scene of the Temple Garden, and the forethought of which is more or less apparent in the whole preceding matter of the dramatic series. As to the rest, the main events of the play, with the historical passages whereon they are founded, will be set forth in notes from time to time, as they occur.

The Second Part of Henry VI is manifestly a great advance upon the *First*, and that in nearly all the particulars of dramatic excellence. The several members are well knit together; the characterization is bold, but, in the main, firm and steady; the action clear, free, and generally carried on in that consecutiveness that every later part seems the natural growth and issue of what had gone before. Much of this superiority, no doubt, was owing to the nature of the materials, which, besides yielding a greater variety of interest, were of themselves more limber and pliant to the shaping of art, and presented less to distract and baffle the powers of dramatic assortment and composition. The losses in France having been despatched in the former play, nothing of them remained for the Poet's use, but the domestic irritations they had engendered; which irritations were as so many eggs of discord in the nest of English life, and Queen Margaret the hot-breasted fury that hatched them into effect. The hatching process is the main subject of this play, and to that end the representation is ordered with considerable skill.

Nor is the superiority of this play any greater in the general effect, than in the force and beauty of particular scenes and passages. Of single speeches, that of Gloster in Act iii. sc. 1, beginning,—"Ah, gracious lord! these days are dangerous;" that of Warwick in the next scene

but one, describing the signs of Gloster's having been murdered; and that of Suffolk in the same scene, telling how he would curse his enemies; also, the longer speech of Lord Say, in Act iv. sc. 7, pleading for his life; and that of young Clifford in Act v. sc. 2, where he finds his father dead:—all these may be mentioned as superior to any thing of the kind in the *First Part*, and such, indeed, as would hardly discredit the Poet's best dramas. And of whole scenes, the second in Act iii., and the seventh in Act iv., may be cited as instances of high and varied excellence. Far above all others, however, is the death-scene of Cardinal Beaufort, which is awfully impressive, running into the very heights of moral sublimity, and apt to remind us of the sleep-walking scene in Macbeth. Schlegel justly remarks concerning it,—"Can any other poet be named, who has drawn aside the curtain of eternity at the close of this life with such overpowering and awful effect? And yet it is not mere horror with which the mind is filled, but solemn emotion. A blessing and a curse stand side by side: the pious king is an image of the heavenly mercy which, even in the sinner's last moments, labors to enter his soul."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

HENRY VI AND MARGARET

The relations of the King to Margaret throughout the play are delicately and profoundly conceived. He clings to her as to something stronger than himself; he dreads her as a boy might dread some formidable master:

Exeter. Here comes the Queen, whose looks betray her anger:
I'll steal away.
Henry. And so will I.

Yet through his own freedom from passion, he derives a sense of superiority to his wife; and after she has dashed him all over with the spray of her violent anger and her scorn, Henry may be seen mildly wiping away the drops, insufferably placable, offering excuses for the vituperation and the insults which he has received.

Poor Queen, how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage.

—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK

Margaret's chief opponent in the Second Part, the Duke of York, also has assigned to him a somewhat more commanding role than in the Chronicle. Till near the close he plays a waiting game; but he plays it with more far-reaching and more unscrupulous policy than his historic prototype. Holinshed's York watches the two great obstacles in his path, Gloucester and Suffolk, successively

ruined without his stir; the dramatic York is not prevented by Gloucester's warm advocacy of his claims to the French regency (i. 1.) from actively "levelling at his life" (iii. 1. 158). Holinshed attributes Cade's revolt to incitements of "those that favoured the Duke of York." In the play it is York himself who conceives the plan of stirring up in England this "black storm." At the very moment when he finally threw off disguise and claimed the crown, the York of Holinshed and history was all but checkmated by a resolute move of the party in power. Rashly disbanding his troops on the king's compliance with his demand for Somerset's arrest, he was himself arrested and sent to the Tower; and his fate hung in the balance when the news of Edward's armed advance caused his sudden release. The York of the drama suffers a briefer anxiety. His arrest is no sooner proposed than Richard and Edward rush in to bail him, and his "two brave bears," Warwick and Salisbury, compel the appeal to arms which issues in the victory of St. Albans.—Herford, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

CADE'S REBELLION

What is so remarkable and instructive in these brilliant [Cade] scenes is that Shakespeare here, quite against his custom, departs from his authority. In Holinshed, Jack Cade and his followers do not appear at all as the crazy Calibans whom Shakespeare depicts. The chief of their grievances, in fact, was that the King alienated the crown revenues and lived on the taxes; and, moreover, they complained of abuses of all sorts in the execution of the laws and the raising of revenue. The third article of their memorial stands in striking contrast to their action in the play; for it points out that nobles of royal blood (probably meaning York) are excluded from the King's "dailie presence," while he gives advancement to "other meane persons of lower nature," who close the King's ears to the complaints of the country, and distribute favors, not ac-

cording to law, but for gifts and bribes. Moreover, they complain of interferences with freedom of election, and, in short, express themselves quite temperately and constitutionally. Finally, in more than one passage of the complaint, they give utterance to a thoroughly English and patriotic resentment of the loss of Normandy, Gascony, Aquitaine, Anjou, and Maine.

But it did not at all suit Shakespeare to show a Jack Cade at the head of a popular movement of this sort. He took no interest in anything constitutional or parliamentary. In order to find the colors he wanted for the rebellion, he hunts up in Stow's *Summarie of the Chronicles of England* the picture of Wat Tyler's and Jack Straw's risings under Richard II, two outbursts of wild communistic enthusiasm, reinforced by religious fanaticism. From this source he borrows, almost word for word, some of the rebels' speeches. In these risings, as a matter of fact, all "men of law, justices, and jurors" who fell into the hands of the leaders were beheaded, and all records and muniments burnt, so that owners of property might not in future have the means of establishing their rights.

This contempt for the judgment of the masses, this antidemocratic conviction, having early taken possession of Shakespeare's mind, he keeps on instinctively seeking out new evidences in its favor, new testimonies to its truth; and therefore he transforms facts, where they do not suit his view, on the model of other facts which do.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare*.

MARGARET OF ANJOU

The old chronicler Hall informs us, that Queen Margaret "excelled all other as well in beauty and favour, as in wit and policy, and was in stomach and courage more like to a man than to a woman." He adds, that after the espousals of Henry and Margaret, "the king's friends fell from him; the lords of the realm fell in division among

themselves; the Commons rebelled against their natural prince; fields were foughten; many thousands slain; and, finally, the king was deposed, and his son slain, and his queen sent home again with as much misery and sorrow, as she was received with pomp and triumph."

This passage seems to have furnished the groundwork of the character as it is developed in these plays with no great depth or skill. Margaret is portrayed with all the exterior graces of her sex; as bold and artful, with spirit to dare, resolution to act, and fortitude to endure; but treacherous, haughty, dissembling, vindictive, and fierce. The bloody struggle for power, in which she was engaged, and the companionship of the ruthless iron men around her, seem to have left her nothing of womanhood but the heart of a mother—that last stronghold of our feminine nature! So far the character is consistently drawn: it has something of the power, but none of the flowing ease of Shakespeare's manner. There are fine materials not well applied; there is poetry in some of the scenes and speeches; the situations are often exceedingly poetical; but in the character of Margaret herself, there is not an atom of poetry. In her artificial dignity, her plausible wit, and her endless volubility, she would remind us of some of the most admired heroines of French tragedy, but for that unlucky box on the ear which she gives the Duchess of Gloster,—a violation of tragic decorum, which of course destroys all parallel.—Mrs. Jameson, *Shakespeare's Heroines.*

It is certainly true that in Margaret's character we still have the echo of those gloomy sounds of the horrible which in "Titus Andronicus" we had in the fullest reverberations, and this again proves with tolerable certainty that the two last parts of "Henry VI," likewise belong to Shakspeare's earlier works. It is also true that adultery did not require to be added to the other crimes of the Queen. And yet without it we should not have received such a perfect insight into her character, which is so im-

portant for the whole play. For it is self-evident that such an energetic, violent and thoroughly unfeminine nature, with such passionateness and heat of temper, could not have had any affection for the cold, unmanly and effeminate King, or have remained faithful to him. Hence even though history has not expressly told us of it—however, if not mentioned by Holinshed (as Gervinus says) it is expressly stated in Grafton's (Hall's) Chronicle—the poet at all events could not be silent on a subject, which, as a matter of consistency, was demanded by history. Moreover, this terrible energy and enormity, this shameless display of evil, such as is here exhibited in a woman, is no doubt more dramatic, nay the very representation of it is more moral than the secret sin which creeps along in darkness, and the unexpressed suspicion of which must be entertained by the spectators. In fact, the poet required an embodiment of the prevailing vices and crimes, a character in which was concentrated the whole demoralization of the age, in order to give a description of the times, and to unfold the meaning and significance of his drama in the fullest manner.—Ulrici, *Shakspere's Dramatic Art.*

Margaret of Anjou was the complement of Henry VI. Had she possessed his sweet sincerity and humble piety she would have been a model queen; had he possessed her virile and resolute courage he would have been a model king. As it was, Margaret of Anjou supplied the place of a man at the head of the house of Lancaster; and to her alone was due the prolonged struggle between the white rose and the red. When a victory for Henry's army is spoken of, it is always Margaret who is in the field; and it is Margaret who again and again, in spite of Warwick at first, and afterward in alliance with him, lifts Henry from a state of humiliation in which he meekly and contentedly rests, to an uncertain triumph, for which he does not care.—Warner, *English History in Shakespeare's Plays.*

SUMMARY

The subject of the second part of Henry VI is the progress of disorder in the country consequent on the weak character of the king, his want of every spark of kingly, national or even manly spirit. Of a devout tendency, his religious feelings have not the energy to rise from a pious ejaculation to a fervent prayer, still less to stimulate a really conscientious action. Selfishly and imprudently he married Margaret to gratify a passion foolishly adopted at second hand, and makes no effort to control a wife whose vague animosities hurry him to destruction; he deserts Gloster in base cravenheartedness, and when he is murdered almost under his eyes, banishes the murderer Suffolk only when compelled by the indignant outbreak of the commons, and then from no higher motive than apprehension of consequences to himself. Afterwards he is as ready to purchase his own tranquillity by the sacrifice of the rights of his son; and thus on the strength of harmlessness and freedom from active vice, he brings the country into civil war, and takes rank as a saint. The character of Gloster is finely contrasted with that of the king: he has a reputation for goodness—the good Duke Humphrey, as the king for saintship; and his goodness, though of more genuine quality, is at the last as nugatory from like defect of energy. He laments the base forfeiture of national honor, that never gives the king concern, yet does nothing worthy of his position to save it, is utterly incapable of coping with the ill-conditioned Cardinal, and descends to a useless and degrading brawl, and is at last his victim, and is as unable to rule, or guide, or protect his wife, as Henry himself. Such a pretence of government is entirely out of harmony with the genius of the country both in commonalty and nobility, and both classes become agitated sympathetically. The men of Kent are represented as rising in disgust and contempt for the ordinance of a bookish priestlike king and coun-

sellors, who acquiesce in the loss of conquests of a bolder monarch; and a powerful confederacy of nobles lends aid to the claimant of the throne by the elder line, who certainly possesses many qualities that are more worthy of power, though as usual in history they can only command power through violence and fraud, that bring on a Nemesis behind them. The crown that came to the line of Lancaster, through the dissolute misgovernment of Richard II falls from it again through the misgovernment of the factitious piety of an enervate devotee.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays*.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY *the Sixth*
HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloucester* [*Gloster*], *his uncle*
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York*
EDWARD and RICHARD, *his sons*
DUKE OF SOMERSET
DUKE OF SUFFOLK
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
LORD CLIFFORD
Young CLIFFORD, *his son*
EARL OF SALISBURY
EARL OF WARWICK
LORD SCALES
LORD SAY
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, *his brother*
SIR JOHN STANLEY
VAUX
MATTHEW GOFFE
A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's-Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE
Two Gentlemen, *prisoners with Suffolk*
JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, *priests*
BOLINGBROKE, *a conjurer*
THOMAS HORNER, *an armorer.* PETER, *his man*
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's
SIMPCOX, *an impostor*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish gentleman*
JACK CADE, *a rebel*
GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK *the butcher,* SMITH *the weaver,* MICHAEL, &c., *followers of Cade*
Two Murderers

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry*
ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloucester*
MARGARET JOURDAIN, *a witch*
Wife to Simpcox

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, 'Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

A Spirit

SCENE: *England*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

When Margaret of Anjou is brought to England to marry Henry VI, the Duke of Gloucester, lord-protector of England, is dismayed to learn that she has brought no dowry. He expresses his disappointment to the other nobles, who, instead of supporting him, plot to use his dissatisfaction in turning the king against him. His wife, Eleanor, is ambitious of being England's queen and hints to Gloucester that if he only would he could seize the crown for himself. The Duke of Suffolk knows of this desire of the Duchess and makes his first attack on Gloucester through his wife. Queen Margaret, anxious to be queen in reality as well as in name, allies herself with Suffolk against Gloucester. The Duchess of Gloucester is persuaded to consult sorcerers regarding the future, and then she and the conjurers are arrested.

ACT II

The Duke of York convinces the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury that he is the rightful heir to the crown. The Duchess of Gloucester is sentenced to banishment, Gloucester is deposed from his office of protector, and summoned to appear before the Parliament.

ACT III

Gloucester goes to the Parliament, and, in spite of lack of evidence, is arrested and imprisoned for high treason. While the nobles are planning Gloucester's death, a messenger brings news of an uprising in Ireland. The Duke

of York is sent there to restore order and he rejoices at the opportunity thus given him for raising an army. Before he leaves England, he arranges with a Kentish laborer, Jack Cade by name, to incite a rebellion at home. Under Suffolk's direction Gloucester is murdered in his prison; the common people, hearing of it, storm the palace, demanding Suffolk's death or banishment. Henry orders Suffolk to leave England's territories within three days on pain of death.

ACT IV

Suffolk is slain at sea by pirates. Jack Cade wins several small battles, seizes London Bridge, and enters London, but is finally defeated by the royal forces. He flees, but a price is set on his head and he is soon killed. In the meanwhile York returns to England at the head of his army, proclaiming that his intentions are only to remove from office the Duke of Somerset.

ACT V

Henry meets York between Dartford and Blackheath, but the interview ends in open rebellion upon York's part. A battle takes place at Saint Albans, ending in a victory for the Duke of York. The king flees to London and the victors, York and Warwick, resolve to follow.

THE SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI

ACT FIRST

Scene I

London. The palace.

Flourish of trumpets; then hautboys. Enter, the King, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort, on the one side; The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace,
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne and Alençon,

1. *"As by your high,"* &c.; *"The Contention"* reads:—*"As by your high imperial majesty's command."*—I. G.
7. *"and"*; the reading of F, 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, omit it.—I. G.

Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task and was espoused:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, and are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king received.

King. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss. O Lord, that lends me life!
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For Thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,
In courtly company or at my beads,
With you, mine alder-liefest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

King. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,

19. *"lends"*; Rowe, *"lend'st."*—I. G.

Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All [*kneeling*]. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Queen. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suff. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glou. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king Charles and William de la Pole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father—'

[*Lets the paper fall.*

King. Uncle, how now!

Glou. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

50. "*duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine*"; changed by Capell from Qq. to "*dutchies of Anjou and Maine.*"—I. G.

King. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.
Car. [*Reads*] 'Item, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king of her father, and she sent over of the King England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.'
King. They please us well. Lord marquess, kneel down:
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expired. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favor done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.
[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.*

60. Of course the reader will observe that this *item* does not run the same as it did in the hands of Gloster. Malone remarks, that "the words of the instrument could not thus vary whilst it was passing from the hands of the duke to those of the cardinal." Doubtless Gloster had caught the drift and substance of the document, but the *dimness of his eyes* prevented his reading with literal exactness.—H. N. H.

63. *"kneel down";* Pope reads *"kneel you down";* Keightley, Collier MS., *"kneel thee down."* Perhaps *"kneel"* is to be read as a dissyllable.—I. G.

Glou. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valor, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Received deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And had his highness in his infancy
Crowned in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labors and these honors die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,

88. *"Beaufort";* Ff. read *"Beauford";* Rowe, *"Bedford."*—I. G.
93. *"And had his highness in his infancy Crowned";* Grant White's emendation of Ff., *"And hath . . . Crowned";* Rowe reads *"And was . . . Crowned";* Capell, *"Or hath . . . Been crown'd";* Malone, *"And hath . . . Been crown'd."*—I. G.

Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been!
Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.
Glou. Aye, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.
Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

102. *"Defacing";* Capell reads, *"Reversing,"* following *The Contention.*—I. G.

105. This speech crowded with so many circumstances of aggravation.—H. N. H.

109. *"Roast";* this word, spelled *rost* in the original, ought perhaps to be *roost.* However, Richardson explains it, "to rule *the roast,* as king of the feast, orderer, purveyor, president"; and he adds, "or may it not be to rule the *roost,* an expression of which every poultry-yard would supply an explanation?" So in Bishop Jewell's Defence: "Geate you nowe up into your pulpets like bragginge cockes on the *rowst,* flappe your whinges, and crowe out aloude."—H. N. H.

115. The Salisbury of this play was Richard Nevil, second son to Ralph Nevil, whom we have often met with in former plays as earl of Westmoreland. Richard was married to Alice, the only child and heir of Thomas Montacute, the earl of Salisbury who was killed at the siege of Orleans in 1428; and thus brought that earldom into the Nevil family. His oldest son, Richard, again, was married to Anne, the sister and heir of Henry Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, and so succeeded to that earldom in 1449. Shakespeare, though he rightly makes Warwick the son of Salisbury, attributes to him the acts of Richard Beauchamp, the earl of Warwick who figures

War. For grief that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honor of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glou. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth
For costs and charges in transporting her!

in the preceding play. Perhaps it should be added that there is the same confusion in the quarto; which may be some evidence that Shakespeare was the author of that.—H. N. H.

133. *"fifteenth,"* i. e. of the personal property of every subject.—C. H. H.

134. So in Holinshed: "First, the king had not one penie with hir; and for the fetching of hir the marquesse of Suffolke demanded a whole fifteenth in open parlement. And also there was delivered for hir the duchie of Anjou, the citie of Mans, and the whole countie of Maine, which countries were the verie staies and backestands to the duchie of Normandie."—H. N. H.

She should have stay'd in France and starved in France,
Before—

Car. My lord of Gloucester, now ye grow too hot:
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glou. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancor will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied France will be lost ere long.
[*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy,
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There 's reason he should be displeased at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favor him,
Calling him 'Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester,'
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,
'Jesus maintain your royal excellence!'

With 'God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!'
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We 'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I 'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal:
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloucester be displaced, he 'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labor for their own perferment,
Behooves it us to labor for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloucester
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself

Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy housekeeping,
Hath won the greatest favor of the commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey:
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline,
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honored of the people:
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition:
And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. [*Aside*] And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

194. The present duke of York married Cicely, daughter to Ralph Nevil, earl of Westmoreland, by Joan his first wife, who, again, was daughter to John of Ghent by Catharine Swynford. Salisbury was the son of Westmoreland by a second wife. Of course therefore York's wife was *half-sister* to the earl of Salisbury.—The Poet here anticipates. York, having been appointed to the regency of France a second time, was forced to give up that place to his rival, Somerset, and accept the government of Ireland instead; from which latter country he did not return till 1450, more than three years after the death of Cardinal Beaufort.—H. N. H.

Sal. Then let 's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost:
That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last!
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury.*

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleased
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends and give to courtezans,
Still reveling like lords till all be gone;
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shared and all is borne away,
Ready to starve and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit and fret and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.

Methinks the realms of England, France and Ireland
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that 's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humors fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou and wake when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,

232 et seq. Meleager, prince of Calydon, was doomed to perish when the "fatal brand" was burned, as it finally was by his mother Althæa. York's life similarly hangs upon the preservation of the realm intact.—C. H. H.

247. *"humors fits"*; so Ff., Qq.; Rowe reads *"humor fits"*; Malone, *"humors fit."*—I. G.

With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [*Exit.*

Scene II

The Duke of Gloucester's house.

Enter Duke Humphrey and his wife Eleanor.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,

1. The present duchess of Gloster was Eleanor, daughter to Reginald lord Cobham. The duke had formerly lived on such terms with Jacqueline of Bavaria, that she was commonly supposed to be his wife; but, as she already had a husband, John duke of Brabant, from whose claim she could not get a legal release, her union with Gloster was obliged to be broken off. Meanwhile, the duke had been openly living with Eleanor Cobham as his mistress, insomuch that in 1428 the principal matrons of London went to the House of Lords with a petition against him for having neglected his lawful wife. Lingard says,—"The beauty of Eleanor was as distinguished as her morals were dissolute. After contributing to the pleasures of different noblemen, she became acquainted with the duke, whose attachment to her was so great, that even after his union with Jacqueline he kept her always near his person. What answer was returned to the petition is not known; but the duke soon afterwards, to the surprise of Europe, publicly acknowledged Cobham for his wife." The marriage legitimated their union indeed, but did not make her character clean in the public eye; and the pride, avarice, and licentiousness of Dame Eleanor, as she was called, finally led to her ruin.—H. N. H.

Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favors of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? King Henry's diadem,
Enchased with all the honors of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold.
What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with mine;
And, having both together heaved it up,
We 'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glou. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I 'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glou. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,

22. *"My troublous dream this night doth make me sad";* Capell's emendation of Ff., *"My troublous dreames . . . doth,"* &c.—I. G.

But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were placed the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.
This my dream: what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloucester's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glou. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-natured Eleanor,
Art thou not second woman in the realm
And the protector's wife, beloved of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself
From top of honor to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more!

38. *"And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd"; "are,"* Hanmer's correction from Qq.; Ff. 1, 2, read, *"wer"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"were."*—I. G.

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I 'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.
Glou. Nay, be not angry; I am pleased again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Where as the king and queen do mean to hawk.
Glou. I go. Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?
Duch. Yes, my good lord, I 'll follow presently.
[*Exeunt Gloucester and Messenger.*
Follow I must; I cannot go before,
While Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks
And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here 's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!
Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

59. *"thou wilt ride with us";* Dyce, from Qq., *"thou'lt ride with us, I'm sure";* Hanmer, *"thou too wilt ride with us";* Vaughan, *"thou; thou wilt ride with us."*—I. G.

68. *"Sir John,"* that is, Sir John Hume.—H. N. H.

71. *"What say'st thou? majesty!";* Capell reads from Qq., *"My*

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.
Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promised, to show your highness
A spirit raised from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions
As by your grace shall be propounded him.
Duch. It is enough; I 'll think upon the questions:
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We 'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.
[*Exit.*
Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!
Seal up your lips and give no words but mum:
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast;

majesty! why, man"; Vaughan, *"What say'st thou, 'Majesty'?"* &c.—I. G.

I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk,
Yet I do find it so; for, to be plain,
They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humor,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say 'A crafty knave does need no broker;'
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker. 101
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

Scene III

The palace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter, the Armorer's man, being one.

First Petit. My masters, let 's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by,

100. *"A crafty knave does need no broker";* an old proverb given in Ray's collection.—I. G.

107. That is, let it *happen,* or be *allotted,* as it will; to *sort* being formerly used for to take or give by *lot.*—H. N. H.

and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

Sec. Petit. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he 's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter Suffolk and Queen.

Peter. Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I 'll be the first, sure.

Sec. Petit. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me?

First Petit. I pray, my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my lord protector.

Queen. [*Reading.*] 'To my Lord Protector!' your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: what is thine?

First Petit. Mine is, an 't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's

4. *"In the quill";* Hanmer, *"in quill";* Jackson, *"in quiet";* Singer, *"in the coil";* Collier MS., *"in sequel,"* &c. In Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary, 1761, the phrase is rendered, *"ex compacto agunt."* Halliwell and others explain it also as "all together in a body." This interpretation is borne out by a passage in *The Devonshire Damsel's Frolic,* one of the Songs and Sonnets in the collection called *Choyce Drollery,* &c. (1656):—

"Thus those females were all in a quill
And following on their pastimes still."

No satisfactory explanation has yet been given of the origin of the phrase. The following solution is suggested:—*"the quill"* I take to be a popular elaboration of the more correct phrase *"a quill,"* which occurs in the ballad quoted; the latter seems to be a corruption of French *accueil,* O. F. *acueil, acoil, akel, achoil,* &c., "a gathering together." It is noteworthy that a verb *"aquyle"* occurs in one passage in Middle English, where in all probability it is the English form of the verb *"accueillir."*—I. G.

man, for keeping my house and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! that 's some wrong, indeed. What 's yours? What 's here! [*Reads*] 'Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.' How now, sir knave!

Sec. Petit. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*giving his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Queen. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? no, for sooth: my master said that he was, and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servant.*] Take this fellow in, and send for his master with

29–37. This passage is something different in the quarto, and may be thought not to have been bettered by the change:

"*Peter.* Marry, sir, I come to tell you, that my master said that the duke of York was true heir to the crown, and that the king was an usurer.

"*Queen.* An usurper thou would'st say.

"*Peter.* Ay, forsooth, an usurper.

"*Queen.* Didst thou say the king was an usurper?

"*Peter.* No, forsooth; I said my master said so, the other day, when we were scouring the duke of York's armor in our garret."—H. N. H.

35. "*master was*"; Warburton's emendation of Ff., "*mistress was.*" —I. G.

36. "*Who is there?*" a summons to attendants waiting without.—C. H. H.

A pursuivant presently: we 'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exit Servant with Peter.*

Queen. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the supplications.*

Away, base cullions! Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let 's be gone. [*Exeunt.*

Queen. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall King Henry be a pupil still
Under the surly Gloucester's goverance:
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honor of my love,
And stolest away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought King Henry had resembled thee
In courage, courtship and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads;
His champions are the prophets and apostles,
His weapons holy saws of sacred writ,
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canonized saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would chose him pope and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.
Queen. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.
Suf. And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils.
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.
Queen. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be avenged on her?
Contemptuous base-born callet as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.
Suf. Madam, myself have limed a bush for her,

73. *"haughty"*; probably an error for *"haught,"* the reading of Ff. 2, 3, 4; Pope, *"proud."*—I. G.

93. Referring to the ancient use of *lime*, or, as it is sometimes

And placed a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.
So, one by one, we 'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Sound a Sennet. Enter the King, Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, York, Somerset, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Duchess of Gloucester.

King. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset or York, all 's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd the regentship.
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.
War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

called, *birdlime*, which was a sticky substance spread upon twigs and bushes to catch birds with; hence put figuratively for any kind of a snare. So this same passage in the original play: "I have set *lime-twigs* that will entangle them."—H. N. H.

95. *"to the lays"*; Rowe, *"their lays."*—I. G.

War. The cardinal 's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son! and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.
Queen. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
Glou. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure: these are no women's matters.
Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?
Glou. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
Suf. Resign it then and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king—as who is king but thou?—
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous buildings and thy wife's attire
Have cost a mass of public treasury.
Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,

And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Queen. Thy sale of offices and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit Gloucester. The Queen drops her fan.*

Give me my fan: what, minion! can ye not?

[*She gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was 't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I 'ld set my ten commandments in your face.

King. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Duch. Against her will! good king, look to 't in time;
She 'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,

139. The groundwork of these charges on the duke is thus stated in Holinshed: "The queene, a ladie of great wit, and no lesse courage, desirous of honor, and furnished with the gifts of reason, policie, and wisdome, disdaining that hir husband should be ruled rather than rule, first of all excluded the duke of Glocester from all rule and governance, not prohibiting such as she knew to be his mortal foes to invent and imagine causes and greefs against him and his, insomuch that diverse noblemen conspired against him. Diverse articles were laid against him in open councell, and especiallie one,—That he had caused men, adjudged to die, to be put to other execution than the law of the land assigned."—H. N. H.

145. *"ten commandments";* ten fingers; a cant phrase of the time. —C. H. H.

151. *"most master wear"; "master,"* Halliwell, *"masters"; "wear,"* so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"wears," "most master"*="the one who is most master," *i. e.* "the queen."—I. G.

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged.
[*Exit.*

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She 's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,
She 'll gallop far enough to her destruction.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I 'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,

152. This tilting-match of female spite is altogether fictitious; but it sets forth not unaptly the character of these two women. The fact is, the duchess and queen never met, the former having been put to incurable disgrace in November, 1441, and the latter not having landed in England till May, 1445.—H. N. H.

155. *"fume needs";* Grant White (Dyce and Walker conj.) *"fury,"* which seems a most plausible emendation; *"needs,"* the reading of F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"can need";* Keightley, *"needs now."*—I. G.

156. *"far";* Pope reads *"fast,"* adopted by many editors.—I. G.

My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:
Last time, I danced attendance on his will
Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Horner, the Armorer, and his man Peter, guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accused of treason:
Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

King. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these: that Richard Duke of York
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

177. The issue of this deadly feud between York and Somerset is thus related by Holinshed: "But the duke of Summerset, still maligning the duke of Yorkes advancement, as he had sought to hinder his dispatch at the first when he was sent over to the regent, likewise now wrought so, that the king revoked the grant made to the duke of Yorke for enjoieng of that office the terme of other five yeeres, and with helpe of William marquesse of Suffolke obteined that grant for himselfe. Which malicious deling the duke of Yorke might so evill beare, that in the end the heate of displeasure burst out into such a flame, as consumed at length not onelie both those two noble personages, but also manie thousands of others."—H. N. H.

King. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An 't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armor.

York. Base dunghill villain and mechanical,
I 'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigor of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my 'prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

King. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glou. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion:
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:

211. *"This doom, my lord, if I may judge";* Capell reads *"This do, my lord, if I may be the judge";* Dyce from Qq., *"This is my doom, my lord, if I may judge";* Vaughan conjectured *"This doom, my lord, if I may judge, is law";* Collier MS., *"This doom, my gracious lord, if I may judge."*—I. G.

This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case. The spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Glou. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

King. Away with them to prison; and the day of combat shall be the last of next month. Come, Somerset, we 'll see thee sent away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

218. Before this line, the two following lines, first inserted by Theobald from the quarto, are commonly retained in modern editions, on the ground that Somerset is made to thank the king for the regency before the king has confirmed it to him:

> "*King.* Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
> We make your grace lord regent o'er the French."

But as the king has already referred to Gloster to pronounce sentence of law in the case, perhaps the lines are needless; not to say, that the passage, as it stands, better shows the habit of almost kingly rule in the duke, and of answering submission in others.—H. N. H.

221. *"the spite of man";* Capell reads *"the sight of my master";* Ff. 2, 3, read *"the spite of my man";* F. 4, *"the spite of my master";* Collier MS., *"the spite of this man";* Steevens, *"the spite of a man";* Vaughan conj. *"the spite of many."*—I. G.

Scene IV

Gloucester's garden.

Enter Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell, and Bolingbroke.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Aye, what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go, in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate and grovel on the earth; John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess aloft, Hume following.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,

And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they do the ceremonies belonging, and make the circle; Bolingbroke or Southwell reads, Conjuro te, etc. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt. That I had said and done!

Boling. 'First of the king: what shall of him become- -' [*Reading out of paper.*

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.*

Boling. 'What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?'

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. 'What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?'

Spir. Let him shun castles;

31. It was anciently believed that spirits, who were raised by incantations, remained above ground, and answered questions with reluctance.—H. N. H.

35. *"What fates await";* so Ff.; Pope reads *"Tell me what fates await";* Capell, *"What fate awaits";* Vaughan, *"What fates awaiteth then";* Wordsworth, *"Tell me what fate awaits."*—I. G.

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake!
False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Exit Spirit.*

Enter the Duke of York and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.
Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch.
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord protector will, I doubt not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke, that threatest where 's no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us.
Stafford, take her to thee.

[*Exeunt above Duchess and Hume, guarded.*

We 'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming.
All, away! [*Exeunt guard with Jourdain, Southwell, etc.*

45. *"we watch'd you at an inch";* Daniel, *"we've catch'd in the nick,"* or *"at the nick."*—I. G.

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let 's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
'The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.'
Why this is just
'Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.'
Well, to the rest:
'Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?
Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains
Than where castles mounted stand.'
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them:
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

65. *"Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse";* the ambiguous answer which Pyrrhus received from the oracle at Delphi before his war against the Romans; meaning either "I say that thou, the descendant of Æacus, mayest conquer the Romans," or, "I say that the Romans may conquer thee, descendant of Æacus"; *"te"* inserted by Warburton; Ff. 1, 2, read, *"Æacida";* Ff. 3, 4, *"Æacide";* Rowe, *"te Æacidem."*—I. G.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord. Who 's within there, ho!

Enter a Servingman.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-morrow night. Away!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Saint Alban's.

Enter the King, Queen, Gloucester, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers halloing.

Queen. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.
King. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!
To see how God in all His creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glou. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much; he would be above the clouds.

1. *flying at the brook,* hawking water-fowl.—C. H. H.

Glou. Aye, my lord cardinal? how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?
King. The treasury of everlasting joy.
Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and common-weal!
Glou. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?
Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.
Glou. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord,
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
Glou. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.
Queen. And thy ambition, Gloucester.

24. *"Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?"* "Is such resentment found in heavenly minds?" (*Æneid,* i. 15). Omitted by Pope.—I. G.

26. *"With such holiness can you do it";* omitted by Pope. Warburton, *"With such holiness can you not do it?";* Johnson, *"A churchman, with such,"* &c.; Collier MS., *"And with such holiness you well can do it";* the old play *"dote"* for *"do it."* Many emendations have been proposed. If the original reading is retained, it must be considered ironical.—I. G.

29. *"you";* Pope, *"yourself."*—I. G.

King. I prithee, peace, good queen,
And whet not on these furious peers;
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.
Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!
Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere come to that!
Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Marry, when thou darest.
Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.
Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Aye, where thou darest not peep: an if thou darest,
This evening, on the east side of the grove.
King. How now, my lords!
Car. Believe me, cousin Gloucester,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport. [*Aside to Glou.*] Come with thy two-hand sword.
Glou. True, uncle.
Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Are you advised? the east side of the grove?
Glou. [*Aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I am with you.
King. Why, how now, uncle Gloucester!
Glou. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.
[*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's mother, priest,
I 'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail.

34. *"furious"*; F. 2, *"too-too furious."*—I. G.
47–49. given in Ff. to Gloster; corrected by Theobald.—I. G.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] Medice, teipsum—
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.
King. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords,
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter a Townsman of Saint Alban's, crying 'A miracle!'

Glou. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
Towns. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king and tell him what miracle.
Towns. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath received his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
King. Now, God be praised, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's and his brethren, bearing Simpcox, between two in a chair, Simpcox's Wife following.

Car. Here comes the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.
King. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,

54. *"Medice, teipsum—"*; "Physician, heal thyself"; from the Vulgate (Luke iv. 23). Ff. read *"Medice teipsum"*; Rowe, *"Medice cura teipsum"*; &c. omitted by Pope.—I. G.

69. *"To present your highness with the man"*; Pope reads, *"Before your highness to present the man"*; Capell, *"Come to present your highness with the man,"* &c.—I. G.

Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glou. Stand by, my masters: bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind and now restored?

Simp. Born blind, an 't please your grace.

Wife. Aye, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an 't like your worship.

Glou. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

King. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.

King. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban; who said, 'Simpcox, come,
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft

91. *"Simpcox";* Pope's emendation (Theobald conj.) of Ff. *"Symon";* Capell, *"Saunder."*—I. G.

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What, art thou lame?
Simp. Aye, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How camest thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glou. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.
Glou. What, and wouldst climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
Glou. Mass, thou lovedst plums well, that wouldst venture so.
Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desired some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.
Glou. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.
Let me see thine eyes: wink now: now open them:
In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.
Glou. Say'st thou me so? What color is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glou. Why, that's well said. What color is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth: coal-black as jet.
King. Why, then, thou know'st what color jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glou. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glou. Tell me, sirrah, what 's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glou. What 's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glou. Nor his? 120

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glou. What 's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glou. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colors we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colors, but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here 130

130. This passage between Gloster and Simpcox is founded on a story told by Sir Thomas More, substantially as follows: One time, as King Henry VI rode in progress, there came to the town of St. Albans a certain beggar, with his wife, and there was walking about the town, begging, saying that he was born blind, and was warned in a dream that he should come out of Berwick, where he had ever dwelt, to seek St. Alban. When the king was come, and the town full of people, suddenly this blind man, at St. Alban's shrine, had his sight; and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, so that nothing else was talked of in all the town. It so happened that Humphrey, duke of Gloster, a man no less wise than well-learned, called the poor man to him, and looked well upon his eyes, and asked whether he could never see any thing in all his life before. When both himself and his wife affirmed fastly "no," then he looked advisedly upon his eyes again, and said, "I believe you say well, for methinketh ye cannot see well yet." "Yes, sir," quoth he; "I thank God and his holy martyr, I can see now as well as any man." "Ye can?" quoth the duke; "what color is this gown?"

hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glou. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glou. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Glou. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with whips.

Glou. Well, sir, we must have you find your

Then anon the beggar told him. "What color," quoth he, "is this man's gown?" He told him this also, without staying or stumbling, and so of all the colors that could be showed him. And when the duke saw that, he had him set openly in the stocks.—H. N. H.

136. *"things called whips";* Halliwell and others quote from Armin's *Nest of Ninnies* (1608); "There are, as Hamlet saies, *things cald whips in store";* this cannot refer, as has been supposed, to Hamlet's *"whips and scorns of time,"* but may well have occurred in the pre-Shakespearian *Hamlet.* The actual words are to be found in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy:—*

"Well heaven is heaven still!
And there is Nemesis, and furies,
And things call'd whips."

Perhaps Armin wrote "Hamlet" when he meant "Jeronimy."—I. G.

legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord. Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, 'A miracle!'*

King. O God, seest Thou this, and bearest so long?

Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glou. Follow the knave; and take his drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glou. Let them be whipped through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Exeunt Wife, Beadle, Mayor, etc.*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glou. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold,
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practiced dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches and with conjurers:

Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy-council;
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. [*Aside to Glou.*] And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glou. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

King. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. Gloucester, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glou. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have loved my king and commonweal:
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:

180. *"forthcoming,"* that is, *your lady is in custody.*—H. N. H.
184. *"vanquish'd";* Walker, *"languish'd";* Vaughan, *"banish'd."*—I. G.

Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honor and virtue and conversed with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company,
And give her as a prey to law and shame,
That hath dishonor'd Gloucester's honest name.

King. Well, for this night we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers,
And poise the cause in justice's equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II

London. The Duke of York's garden.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave
In this close walk to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

6. *"at full"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"thus at full"*; Capell, *"at the full"*; Keightley, *"at full length"*; Marshall, *"told at full."*—I. G.

York. Then thus:
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield, and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who after Edward the Third's death reign'd as king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm, deposed the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

15. *"Edmund";* F. 1 reads *"Edmond";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Edward."*—I. G.

27. *"Richard was murder'd traitorously";* F. 1, reads *"Richard . . . traiterously";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"King Richard . . . traiterously";* Pope, *"King Richard trait'rously was murther'd";* Dyce, *"was harmless Richard murder'd traitorously."*—I. G.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
York. Which now they hold by force and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.
York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line
I claim the crown, had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March:
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne and Eleanor.
Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.

28. *"told the truth";* Hanmer reads *"told the very truth";* Capell, *"surely told the truth";* Keightley, *"told the truth in this";* Marshall, *"the Duke of York hath told the truth."*—I. G.

35. *"Philippe,"* Hanmer's correction; F. 1, *"Phillip";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Philip";* Collier MS., *"Philippa."*—I. G.

42. Here we have another troublesome piece of historical confusion. Shakespeare, following the chroniclers, confounded Sir Edmund Mortimer with the young earl of March, whose name was also Edmund Mortimer. Early in the reign of Henry IV, Sir Edmund, being sent with an army against Owen Glendower, was taken prisoner by him, but not long after was released, married to his daughter, and joined with the Percys in their great rebellion against the king. Lord Grey of Ruthven, who had also married a daughter of Glendower, getting afterwards into a war with his father-in-law, likewise fell into his hands, and died in captivity. Here, then, we have a double confusion: In the first place, Edmund, earl of March, is confounded with his uncle, Sir Edmund Mortimer; and in the second place, Sir Edmund, having been sometime captive to his father-in-

But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And in this private plot be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honor of his birthright to the crown.

law, is confounded with Lord Grey, who was held in captivity by his father-in-law till he died. In the First Part this same earl of March is represented as dying an old man in the Tower of London, where he had been detained not by Glendower, but by the king; which discrepancy has been thought to argue that the First and Second Parts were not by the same author.—H. N. H.

55. *"York claims";* Pope, *"York here claims";* Capell, *"but York claims";* Dyce, *"while York claims";* Hudson, *"York doth claim."*—I. G.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that 's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you as I do in these dangerous days:
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham and all the crew of them,
Till they have snared the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek, and they in seeking that
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A hall of justice.

Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Gloucester, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury; the Duchess of Gloucester, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke, under guard.

King. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloucester's wife:
In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.
You four, from hence to prison back again;
From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honor in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

3. *"sins"*; Theobald's emendation of *"sinne"* Ff. 1, 2; *"sin"* Ff. 3. —I. G.

14. *"Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death"*; Pope reads *"Welcome is exile,"* &c.; Anon. conjecture, *"Welcome is banishment; welcomer my death"*; Wordsworth, *"Welcome is banishment; welcome were death"*; *"banishment"* is probably to be considered a dissyllable.—I. G.

Glou. Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath judged thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.
[*Exeunt Duchess and other prisoners, guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonor in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace and mine age would ease.
King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester: ere thou go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself

16. This sentence fell upon the duchess in November, 1441. Holinshed gives the following account of the matter: "This yeare dame Eleanor Cobham, wife to the said duke, was accused of treason; for that she by sorcerie and enchantment intended to destroie the king, to the intent to advance hir husband unto the crowne. Upon this she was examined in saint Stephans chappell before the bishop of Canterburie, and there convict and judged to doo penance in three open places within the citie of London; and after that to perpetuall imprisonment in the Ile of Man, under the keeping of sir John Stanlie knight. At the same season were arraigned and adjudged guiltie, as aiders to the duchesse, Thomas Southwell, priest, John Hum, priest, Roger Bolingbrooke, a cunning necromancer, and Margerie Jordeine, surnamed the witch of Eie. The matter laid against them was, for that they, at the request of the said duchesse, had devised an image of wax representing the king, which by their sorcerie by little and little consumed, intending thereby to waste and destroie the kings person. Margery Jordeine was burnt in Smithfield, and Roger Bolingbrooke was drawne to Tiborne, and hanged, and quartered. John Hum had his pardon, and Southwell died in the Tower the night before his execution." As this crime and punishment of the duchess had much to do in bringing about her husband's fall, there was good dramatic reason for setting it in close connection with the latter event, though in fact the two were over five years apart.—H. N. H.

20. *"I beseech";* Hanmer, *"Beseech."*—I. G.

21. *"ease,"* the reading of Ff. 1, 4; Ff. 2, 3, *"cease."*—I. G.

Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey, no less beloved
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Queen. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.
God and King Henry govern England's realm.
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glou. My staff? here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honorable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*

Queen. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey Duke of Gloucester scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once;
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honor raught, there let it stand
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

29. *"Should be to be protected like a child";* Collier MS. reads *"Should be protected like a child by peers." "Should be to be"*= "should need to be."—I. G.

30. *"God and King Henry govern England's realm";* omitted by Capell; *"Realm,"* the reading of Ff.; Steevens (Johnson conj.), *"helm";* Dyce and Staunton, *"helm!"* In the next line Keightley proposed *"helm"* for *"realm."*—I. G.

32. Collier MS. inserts after l. 32, *"To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh."*—I. G.

35. *"willingly";* Pope, *"willing"* (from Qq.).—I. G.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.
York. Lords, let him go. Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armorer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.
Queen. Aye, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.
King. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:
Here let them end it; and God defend the right!
York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armorer, my lords.

Enter at one door, Horner, the Armorer, and his Neighbors, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him and his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other door Peter, his man, with a drum and a sand-bag, and 'Prentices drinking to him.

First Neigh. Here, neighbor Horner, I drink

46. *"Her"* in this line refers to *pride,* and not to *Eleanor.*—H. N. H.

"youngest"; so Ff. 1, 2; Ff. 3, 4, *"younger";* Singer (Anon. conj. MS.), *"strongest";* Collier MS., *"proudest";* Staunton, *"haughtiest";* Kinnear, *"highest."* Perhaps *"her"* may be taken to refer to *"pride."*—I. G.

47. *"Lords, let him go,"* that is, let him pass out of your thoughts. Duke Humphrey had already left the stage.—H. N. H.

55. *"defend";* Pope, *"guard";* Vaughan, *"fend."*—I. G.

to you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbor, you shall do well enough.

Sec. Neigh. And here, neighbor, here 's a cup of charneco.

Third Neigh. And here 's a pot of good double beer, neighbor: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I 'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

First 'Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee: and be not afraid.

Sec. 'Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the 'prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron: and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer: and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord bless me! I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what 's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and

touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

York. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants!

[*Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon. Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in the master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

King. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

94. *"blow";* Warburton adds, from Qq., *"as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart."*—I. G.

99. This odd affair of Peter and Horner is founded on an incident told by Holinshed. It will be seen that Shakespeare innovated upon the story, in making Horner "confess treason." "In the same yeare also," (1446) "a certaine armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his owne. For proofe whereof a daie was given them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slaine; but yet by misgoverning of himselfe. For on the morrow, when he should come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slaine without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived not long unpunished; for being convict of felonie in court of assise, he was judged to be hanged, and so was, at Tiburne."—H. N. H.

105. *"Go, take hence that traitor from our sight";* Hanmer, *"Go, and take hence,"* &c.; perhaps *"traitor"* should be read as a trisyllable.—I. G.

For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. 110
[*Sound a flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene IV

A street.

Enter Gloucester and his Serving-men, in mourning cloaks.

Glou. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:

106. The real names of the combatants were John Daveys and William Catour. The names of the sheriffs were Godfrey Bologne and Robert *Horne;* the latter, which occurs in the pages of Fabian's Chronicle, may have suggested the name of *Horner.* The precept to the sheriffs, commanding them to prepare the barriers in Smithfield, with the account of expenses incurred, is among the records of the exchequer, and has been printed in Mr. Nicholls's *Illustrations of the Manners and Expenses of Antient Times in England,* quarto, 1797. It appears that the erection of the barriers, the combat itself, and the subsequent execution of the armourer, occupied the space of six or seven days; that a large quantity of sand and gravel was consumed on the occasion, and that the place of battle was strewed with rushes.—H. N. H.

3. *"Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold";* Pope, *"The barren winter, with his nipping cold";* Capell, *"Bare winter with his wrathful nipping cold";* Mitford, *"The barren winter with his wrathful cold."*—I. G.

So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what 's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glou. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft! I think she comes; and I 'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of Gloucester in a white sheet, and a taper burning in her hand; with Sir John Stanley, the Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we 'll take her from the sheriff.

Glou. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze!
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!

5. *"ten";* Steevens, *"'Tis ten o'clock";* Lettsom, from Qq., *"'Tis almost ten."*—I. G.

12. *"laughing";* so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"still laughing";* Hudson (Lettsom conj.) *"and laughing."*—I. G.

Ah, Gloucester, hide thee from their hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine!

Glou. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself.
For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble that rejoice
To see my tears and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I 'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I 'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince and ruler of the land:

25. *"thine enemies"*; F. 4, *"their enemies"*; Rowe, *"our enemies."* —I. G.

31. *"Mail'd up in shame,"* that is *wrapped* or *bundled* up in disgrace, referring, of course, to the sheet of penance. Thus Randell Holme: *"Mail a hawk* is to wrap her up in a handkerchief or other cloath, that she may not be able to stir her wings or struggle." And in Drayton's *Epistle of Eleanor Cobham to Duke Humphrey:*

"Should after see me *mayld up in a sheet,*
Doe shameful penance three times in the street."—H. N. H.

31. *"with papers on my back"*; "criminals undergoing punishment usually wore papers on their backs containing their offence."—I. G.

Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild and blush not at my shame,
Not stir at nothing till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk—he that can do all in all
With her that hateth thee and hates us all—
And York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they 'll tangle thee:
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

57. The thirty-one lines of this speech are an expansion, but scarce an improvement of twenty-three in the quarto:

"Ah, Gloster! teach me to forget myself;
For, whilst I think I am thy wedded wife,
The thought of this doth kill my woful heart.
The ruthless flints do cut my tender feet,
And when I start the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread;
And thus, with burning taper in my hand,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
Ah, Gloster! can I endure this and live?
Sometime I'll say I am Duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, protector of the land;
But so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was led with shame, and made a laughing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.—
Be thou mild, and stir not at my disgrace,
Until the axe of death hang o'er thy head,
As, sure, it shortly will. For Suffolk, he,—
The new-made duke, that may do all in all

Glou. Ah Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attainted;
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scathe,
So long as I am loyal, true and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,
Holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glou. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
[*Exit Herald.*
My Nell, I take my leave: and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An 't please your grace, here my commission stays,
And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

With her that loves him so, and hates us all,
And impious York, and Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they will entangle thee."
—H. N. H.

Glou. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?
Stan. So am I given in charge, may 't please your grace.
Glou. Entreat her not the worse in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness if
You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell!
Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell!
Glou. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[*Exeunt Gloucester and Serving-men.*
Duch. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me: my joy is death,—
Death, at whose name I oft have been afear'd,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.
Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favor,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.
Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
There to be used according to your state.
Duch. That 's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be used reproachfully?
Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady;
According to that state you shall be used.
Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.
Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.
Duch. Aye, aye, farewell; thy office is discharged.
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

87. *"gone too?"*; so Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, *"gone to?"*; Collier MS., *"gone so?"*—I. G.

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.
Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.
[*Exeunt.*

110. This impatience of a high spirit is very natural. It is not so dreadful to be imprisoned as it is desirable in a state of disgrace to be sheltered from the scorn of gazers.—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene 1

The Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's.

Sound a Sennet. Enter King, Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick to the Parliament.

King. I muse my Lord of Gloucester is not come
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.
Queen. Can you not see? or will ye not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself,
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable,
And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admired him for submission;
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;

But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First note that he is near you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say I wrong'd the duke.
My Lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,

Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
As next the king he was successive heir,
As such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbors treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloucester is a man
Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

King. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but, shall I speak my conscience,
Our kinsman Gloucester is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild and too well given

48. *"reputing of his high descent,"* valuing himself on his high descent.—H. N. H.

To dream on evil or to work my downfall.

Queen. Ah, what 's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he 's disposed as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he 's inclined as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

King. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

King. Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be done!

York. [*Aside*] Cold news for me; for I had hope of France
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

78. *"as is the ravenous wolf";* Rowe's correction of Ff., *"as is . . . Wolues";* Malone, *"as are.....wolves";* Vaughan, *"as the ravenous wolves."*—I. G.

83. Here, again, the Poet anticipates. The parliament at Bury was opened February 10, 1447. On the 28th of the same month Gloster was found dead. Somerset's return from France was not till September, 1450; in fact, he did not enter upon the regency till after this parliament.—H. N. H.

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.
Suf. Nay, Gloucester, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.
Glou. Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?
York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.
Glou. Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Aye, night by night, in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!

98. *"Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush";* the reading of F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Well, Suffolk, yet thou,"* &c.; Malone, from Qq., *"Well, Suffolk's duke, thou,"* &c.; Dyce (Walker conj.), *"Well, Suffolk, well, thou,"* &c.—I. G.

No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glou. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders never heard of,
That England was defamed by tyranny.

Glou. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleeced poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment:
Murder indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
Above the felon or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

King. My Lord of Gloucester, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all suspect:

133. *"easy"*; Collier MS., *"easily"*; Walker, *"very"*; omitted by Wordsworth.—I. G.

140. The original has *suspence* here, which Steevens changed to *suspect*.—H. N. H.

Glo. "Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief."
Duch. "Ah, Gloucester, teach me to forget myself!"

Henry VI. Part 2. Act 2, Scene 4.

My conscience tells me you are innocent.
Glou. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous:
Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
And charity chased hence by rancor's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exiled your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life;
And if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavor have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy:
Aye, all of you have laid your heads together—
Myself had notice of your conventicles—
And all to make away my guiltless life.

151. *"But mine is,"* &c.; Hudson (Lettsom conj.), from Qq., reads, *"But I am,"* &c.; *"mine"*="my death."—I. G.

167. This line was omitted, accidentally no doubt, in Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell. From thence the omission has been derived into many modern editions, and, among others, into Singer's

I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected:
'A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.'

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,

and Knight's. The merit of the restoration belongs to Mr. Collier. —H. N. H.

170. That is, *well carried into effect,* or, as it is in the quarto, *perform'd.* Modern editors generally have changed *effected* into *affected,* out of which it seems not easy to gather any congruent meaning.—Perhaps this speech as it stands in the quarto will further a right judgment as to the original authorship of the play:

"Ah, gracious Henry! these days are dangerous:
And would my death might end these miseries,
And stay their moods for good King Henry's sake.
But I am made the prologue to their play,
And thousands more must follow after me,
That dread not yet their lives' destruction.
Suffolk's hateful tongue *blabs his heart's malice;*
Beaufort's fiery eyes show his envious mind;
Buckingham's proud looks bewray his cruel thoughts;
And dogged York, that levels at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have held back;
All you have joined to betray me thus:
And you, my gracious lady and sovereign mistress,
Causeless have laid complaints upon my head.
I shall not want false witnesses enough,
That so, amongst you, you may have my life.
The proverb no doubt will be perform'd,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog."—H. N. H.

As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?
Queen. But I can give the loser leave to chide.
Glou. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.
Buck. He 'll wrest the sense and hold us here all day:
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.
Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.
Glou. Ah! thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body.
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.
[*Exit, guarded.*
King. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.
Queen. What, will your highness leave the Parliament?
King. Aye, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,

194. This was most likely suggested by the following from Holinshed: "Ofttimes it hapneth that a man, in quenching of smoke, burneth his fingers in the fire: so the queene, in casting how to keepe hir husband in honor, and hirselfe in authoritie, in making awaie of this noble man brought that to passe which she had most cause to have feared; which was the deposing of hir husband, and the decaie of the house of Lancaster, which of likelihood had not chanced, if this duke had lived."—H. N. H.

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
My body round engirt with misery,
For what 's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honor, truth and loyalty:
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come
That e'er I proved thee false or fear'd thy faith.
What louring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords and Margaret our queen
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong nor no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house,
Even so remorseless have they borne him hence;
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss,
Even so myself bewails good Gloucester's case
With sad unhelpful tears, and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan
Say 'Who 's a traitor? Gloucester he is none.'

[*Exeunt all but Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk and York. Somerset remains apart.*

211. *"strays"*; Theobald (adopting the conj. Thirlby), *"strives"*; Vaughan, *"strains."*—I. G.

Queen. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity, and Gloucester's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers,
Or as the snake roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I—
And yet herein I judge mine own with good—
This Gloucester should be quickly rid the worl
To rid us from the fear we have of him.
Car. That he should die is worthy policy;
But yet we want a color for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.
Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labor still to save his life,
The commons haply rise, to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.
York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.
Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I!
York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:

223. *"Free lords"*; Hanmer, *"See, lords"*; Dyce (Collier MS.), *"Fair lords"*; Cambridge editors suggest *"My lords."*—I. G.

Were 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Queen. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were 't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold:
Who being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature proved an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps he stain'd with crimson blood,
As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.

260. That is, "as Humphrey *is* prov'd by reasons *to be an enemy,* to my liege."—H. N. H.

265. To *mate* or *amate* was often used in the sense of *destroy, confound,* or *overcome.* Mr. Dyce, however, says,—"I incline to believe that Percy was right, when he observed that *mates* is used here with an allusion to chess playing. Palsgrave, in his *Lesclarcissement,* 1530, gives not only 'I *mate* or overcome, *Ie amatte,*' but also 'I *mate* at the chesses, *Ie matte.*' And in Sir John Harrington's *Orlando Furioso* we have both *amated* in the sense of confounded, and *mated* with an allusion to chess."

"The wound was great, but yet did greater show;
Which sight faire Isabella much *amated:*
The Prince, that seemed not the same to know,
With force increased rather than abated,

Queen. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.
Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke and seldom meant:
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.
Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say you consent and censure well the deed,
And I 'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.
Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.
Queen. And so say I.
York. And I: and now we three have spoke it.
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succors, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow uncurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.
Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither:

Upon the Pagans brow gave such a blow
As would, no doubt, have made him *checkt and mated,*
Save that, as I to you before rehearst,
His armour was not easie to be pierst."—H. N. H.

280. *"spoke";* so Ff.; Hanmer, *"spoken."*—I. G.

'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes
Than bring a burthen of dishonor home,
By staying there so long till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.
Queen. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire.
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:
No more, good York; sweet Somerset, be still:
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have proved far worse than his.
York. What, worse than nought? nay, then, a shame take all!
Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!
Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content: provide me soldiers, lords,

Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I 'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I 'll see it truly done, my Lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but York.*
York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,

329. York is here represented as just going to do what he has before spoken of as having already done. Holinshed, relating the events that fell out soon after the parliament at Bury, has the following: "About the same time also began a new rebellion in Ireland; but Richard, duke of Yorke, being sent thither to appease the same, so asswaged the furie of the wild and savage people there, that he wan him such favour amongst them, as could never be separated from him and his linage." While York was thus winning in Ireland, Somerset was losing all in France. In reference to which losses, the same chronicler states that "sir David Hall with diverse of his trustie freends departed to Chierburgh, and from thence sailed into Ireland to the duke of Yorke, making relation to him of all these dooings; which thing kindled so great rancour in the dukes heart and stomach, that he never left persecuting the duke of Summerset, until he had brought him to his fatal end and confusion." It was during his stay in Ireland that York first gathered about him an army and formed it to his purpose; and it was upon the knowledge of his having landed in England with that army headed against the king, that Somerset hastened over from France to thwart him. This was the return of Somerset mentioned in the note to l. 83 of this scene.—H. N. H.

And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hopest to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying:
Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbor in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain more busy than the laboring spider
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet be well assured
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,

348. *"nourish"* (monosyllabic),="nurse" (verb); (Collier MS. reads *"march"*).—I. G.

357. *"John Cade of Ashford";* Seymour adds, *"with a headlong crew."*—I. G.

To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kernes,
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine;
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I moved him to those arms.
Say that he thrive, as 'tis great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,

365. A dancer in a morris dance, originally, perhaps, meant to imitate a Moorish dance, and thence named. The bells sufficiently indicate that the English morris dancer is intended. It appears from Blount's *Glossography*, and some of our old writers, that the dance itself was called a *morisco*. Florio, in the first edition of his *Italian Dictionary*, defines "Moresca, a kind of morice or antique dance, after the *Moorish* or Ethiopian fashion."—H. N. H.

And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me.
[*Exit.*

Scene II

Bury St. Edmund's. A room of state.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

First Mur. Run to my Lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
Sec. Mur. O that it were to do! What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

First Mur. Hence comes my lord.
Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?

383. There is no proof that York was any way privy to the insurrection of Cade, save that it fell out very opportune to his purpose, and those engaged in it were generally favorable to his claim: for which cause he was naturally suspected to have set it on foot; and that suspicion, ripened into belief, was no doubt handed down to the Poet's time in the bundle of "Lancastrian prejudices." This speech of York's, however, makes a capital point in the drama, as it represents him to have been the conscious designer, as in fact he was to a great extent the real occasion, of the following events; and it was plainly more dramatic to set him forth as the maker of circumstances than as merely the user of them. In the quarto this speech has but twenty-five lines, which are here rather consolidated than expanded into fifty-three.—H. N. H.

First Mur. Aye, my good lord, he 's dead.
Suf. Why, that 's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? Is all things well,
According as I gave directions?
First Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.
Suf. Away, be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*

Sound trumpets. Enter the King, the Queen, Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, with Attendants.

King. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight;
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,

14. The common belief of the people, and the no less common report of the chroniclers was, that the duke of Gloster was murdered, by procurement of the queen, Suffolk, and Somerset: which would doubtless have justified the Poet's representation, even if he had known the truth to be otherwise; for the very fact of such a belief proves, in some sort, that the thing believed was consonant to the spirit of the time. The strongest argument in the question is derived from Whethamstede, abbot of St. Albans, and is strongly stated by Lingard, thus: "That writer, who had received many benefits from the duke, was much attached to his memory, which he vindicates on all occasions, and equally prejudiced against his enemies, whom he calls *canes, scorpiones, impii susurrones.* And yet, though he wrote when the royal party was humbled in the dust, and he had of course nothing to fear from their resentment, he repeatedly asserts that the duke fell ill immediately after his arrest, and died of his illness. 'Fecit eum arrestari, ponique in tam arta custodia, quod præ tristitia decideret in lectum ægritudinis, et infra paucos dies posterius secederet in fata.'" He was arrested on the second day of the parliament at Bury, and seventeen days after was found dead in his bed. Holinshed gives this character of him: "He was an upright and politike governour, bending all his indevours to the advancement of the commonwealth; verie loving to the poore commons, and so beloved of them againe; learned, wise, full of courtesie, void of pride and ambition, but where it is most commendable."—H. N. H.

If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I 'll call him presently, my noble lord.
[*Exit.*

King. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Glouces-
ter
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approved in practice culpable.

Queen. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!

King. I thank thee, Nell; these words content me much.

Re-enter Suffolk.

How now! why look'st thou pale? why trem-
blest thou?
Where is our uncle? what 's the matter, Suf-
folk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.

Queen. Marry, God forfend.

Car. God's secret judgment: I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb and could not speak a
word. [*The King swoons.*

Queen. How fares my lord? Help, lords! the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Queen. Run, go, help, help! O Henry, ope thine eyes!

26. *"Nell";* Theobald, *"Well";* Capell, *"Meg";* Malone, *"Margaret";* Clark MS., *"well."* The playwright here, as in other places (*cp.* below, ll. 79, 100, 120), seems, by some strange error, to have thought of Eleanor instead of Margaret.—I. G.

Suf. He doth revive again: Madam, be patient.
King. O heavenly God!
Queen. How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words;
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:
Yet do not go away: come, basilisk,

52. The *basilisk*, from βασιλισκος, is so called, says Richardson, "either because it hath on its head something white like a diadem, or because all other kinds of serpents flee from its superior strength." Thus in Holland's *Pliny:* "The like propertie hath the serpent called a *basiliske:*—a white spot or starre it carrieth on the head, and setteth it out like a coronet or diadem." The old notion touching this serpent is shown by Chaucer in *The Persones Tale:* "That sleth right as the *Basilicok* sleth folk by venime of his sight." So in Albion's England:

> "That did with easy sight enforce a *basilisk* to flie,
> Albeit naturally that beast doth murther with the eye."

Under this notion Shakespeare has several allusions to "that beast." Thus in The Winter's Tale, Act i. sc. 2:

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life but double death, now Gloucester's dead.

Queen. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk . thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most Christian-like laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends:
It may be judged I made the duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: aye me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

King. Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man!

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.

"Make me not sighted like the *basilisk:*
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so."—H. N. H.

70. *"aye me";* Pope reads *"ah me."*—I. G.

73. That is, let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me.—H. N. H.

What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What! art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?
Why, then, dame Eleanor was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his statuë and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well forewarning wind
Did seem to say 'Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore'?
What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts,
And he that loosed them forth their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty-vaulting sea refused to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,

78–121 struck out in Collier MS.—I. G.

79. *"Eleanor"; cp. supra,* Note, III. ii. 26.—I. G.

80. *"Statuë and worship it";* Keightley correction of Ff., *"Statue, and worship it";* Rowe reads *"statue, and do worship to it";* Capell, *"statue then, and worship it";* Dyce, *"statua and worship it."*—I. G.

88. *"gentle";* Singer (Anon. MS. conj. and Collier MS.) reads *"ungentle,"* destroying the whole point of the passage.—I. G.

89. *"he," i. e.* Æolus, the God of the winds.—I. G.

With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Eleanor.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm,
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds—
And threw it towards thy land: the sea received it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue,
The agent of thy foul inconstancy,
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts commenced in burning Troy!
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?

100. *"Eleanor," cp. supra,* Note, III. ii. 26.—I. G.
116. *"witch,"* Theobald's emendation for Ff. "watch." *"Ascanius,"* son of Æneas, in whose form Cupid appeared to Dido."—C. H. H.

Aye me, I can no more! die, Eleanor!
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, Salisbury, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

King. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege. Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return. [*Exit.*

King. O Thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts,
My thoughts, that labor to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to Thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,

And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

Re-enter Warwick and others, bearing Gloucester's body on a bed.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

King. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale and bloodless,
Being all descended to the laboring heart;

147. *"earthy";* the reading of F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"earthly."*—I. G.

152. *"For seeing him I see my life in death";* F. 4 reads *"For . . . life is Death";* Johnson, *"For . . . death in life";* Capell, *"And . . . death in life";* Rann, *"And . . . life in death";* Vaughan, *"So . . . myself in death."*—I. G.

161. *"a timely-parted ghost,"* the body of one that has died a natural death.—C. H. H.

163. *"being all descended," i. e.* "the blood being."—I. G.

Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood,
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life and was by strength subdued:
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

182. *"But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes,"* the reading of F. 1; F. 2, *"were . . . death";* Ff. 3, 4, *"have . . . death";* Capell first suggested true reading.—I. G.

Queen. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.
War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.
Queen. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? Where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? Where are his talons?
Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease.
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.
Say, if thou darest, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.
[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*
War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?
Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

192. *"was dead";* Vaughan, *"is dead,"* or *"was deaded,"* or *"was ended."*—I. G.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.
Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanor!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art
And never of the Nevils' noble race.
War. But that the guilt of murder buckles thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself was born in bastardy;
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!
Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou darest go with me.
War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I 'll cope with thee
And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost. [*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*
King. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,

And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
[*A noise within.*

Queen. What noise is this?

Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

King. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?
Why, what tumultuous clamor have we here?
Suf. The traitorous Warwick with the men of Bury
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.
Sal. [*to the Commons, entering*] Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless Lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,

244. "*Lord Suffolk*"; the reading of Ff.; Malone reads from Qq., "*false Suffolk.*"—I. G.

That if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest
In pain of your dislike or pain of death,
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were waked,
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal;
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whether you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is,
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons [*within*]. An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury!

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honor Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons [*within*]. An answer from the king, or we will all break in!

King. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care,
And had I not been cited so by them,

262. *"harmful"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, read *"harmless."*—I. G.

Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.
[*Exit Salisbury.*

Queen. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

King. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word,
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.

287. *"breathe . . . in,"* breathe out . . . into.—C. H. H.

297. The storm of the commons against Suffolk did not burst forth till January, 1450, and was immediately occasioned by the disasters in France under Somerset's regency. As usual in such cases, many terrible crimes were charged upon Suffolk, but none of them were proved; and he fell at last by violence, not by law. Holinshed has the following account of his fall: "The queene, which intirely loved the duke, doubting some commotion and trouble to arise, if he were let go unpunished, caused him for a color to be committed to the Tower; where he remained not past a moneth, but was againe delivered and restored to the kings favor, as much as ever he was before. This dooing so much displeased the people, that if politike provision had not beene, great mischeefe had immediately insued. When the king perceived that there was no remedy to appease the peoples furie by anie colorable waies, shortlie to pacifie so long an hatred he banished the duke of Suffolke for tearme of five yeares, meaning by this exile to appease the malice of the people for the time, and after to revoke him home againe."—H. N. H.

Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.
[*Exeunt all but Queen and Suffolk.*
Queen. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent and sour affliction
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There 's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!
Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.
Queen. Fie, coward woman and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?
Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:

308. *"enemy";* Capell (from Qq.), *"enemies."*—I. G.

310. *"kill, as doth the mandrake's groan."* The folklore which gathered about the plant mandragora turned upon (1) the human form of its root (as in *2 Hen. IV,* i. 2. 17), (2) the groan or shriek which it was thought to utter when torn out of the ground. This was believed to produce madness (*Rom. and Jul.* iv. 3. 47) or death, as in the present passage. To avert this effect, a dog or other animal was used to drag the plant from the earth by a cord. In its medicinal capacity, as a soporific, the herb is always called in Shakespeare "mandragora."—C. H. H.

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Aye, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself,
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,

322. *"daintiest that";* Theobald, *"daintiest meat";* Hanmer (from Qq.), *"daintiest thing";* Vaughan, *"daintiest cate."*—I. G.

325. This is one of the vulgar errors in the natural history of our ancestors. The *lizard* has no sting, and is quite harmless.—H. N. H.

333. This inconsistency is very common in real life. Those who are vexed to impatience, are angry to see others less disturbed than themselves; but when others begin to rave, they immediately see in them what they could not find in themselves, the deformity and folly of useless rage.—H. N. H.

Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. O, let me entreat thee cease. Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou mightst think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmised whiles thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.
O, go not yet! Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished;
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

344–5. *"That thou mightst think,"* &c. "That by the impression of my kiss forever remaining on thy hand, thou mightest think on those lips through which a thousand sighs will be breathed for thee."—Johnson.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more: live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought but that thou livest.

Enter Vaux.

Queen. Wither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prithee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him.
That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow as to him
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,

359. *"thence,"* away from the land; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"hence."*—I. G.

366. *"no joy";* Singer (Collier MS.), *"to joy"; "nought,"* Ff. 3, 4, *"ought."*—I. G.

376. So in Macbeth, Act v. sc. 1: "Infected minds to their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets." The passage stands thus in the quarto:

> "Sometimes he calls upon Duke Humphrey's ghost,
> And whispers to his pillow as to him."

The cardinal died at his palace of Wolvesey, April 11, 1447,

That even now he cries aloud for him.

Queen. Go tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit Vaux.*

Aye me! what is this world! what news are these!

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears,
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming;
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

which was six weeks after the death of Gloster. He was eighty years of age. The chroniclers give him a very bad character, but it is remarkable that they do not specify facts to bear out their charges. Holinshed, following Hall, dismisses him thus: "He was descended of an honorable lineage, but born in hast, more noble in blood than notable in learning, hautie in stomach, and high of countenance, rich above measure, but not verie liberall, disdainfull to his kin, and dreadfull to his lovers, preferring monie before friendship, manie things beginning and few performing, saving in malice and mischief; his insatiable covetousnesse and hope of long life made him both to forget God, his prince, and himselfe." Lingard vindicates him, and the vindication cannot well be upset: "That he expired in the agonies of despair, is a fiction which we owe to the imagination of Shakespeare: from an eye-witness we learn that during a lingering illness he devoted most of his time to religious exercises. According to the provisions of his will, his wealth was chiefly distributed in charitable donations: no less a sum than four thousand pounds was set aside for the relief of indigent prisoners in the capital; and the hospital of St. Cross, in the vicinity of Winchester, still exists a durable monument of his munificence."—H. N. H.

381. Why do I lament a circumstance of which the impression will pass away in an hour; while I neglect to think on the loss of Suffolk, my affection for whom no time will efface?"—H. N. H.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it lived in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall!

Queen. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I 'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Queen. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Queen. This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene III

A bedchamber.

Enter the King, Salisbury, Warwick, to the Cardinal in bed.

King. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I 'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

4. *"and feel no pain";* Theobald reads, from Qq., *"but one whole year."*—I. G.

6. This scene was evidently founded, in part, on a passage in Hall: "Doctor John Baker, his privy counsellor and his chaplain, wrote that he, lying on his death-bed, said these words: 'Why should I die, having so many riches? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it. Fie! will not death be hired, nor will money do nothing? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myself half up the wheel; but when I saw my other nephew of Gloster deceased, I thought myself able to be equal with kings, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worn a triple crown. But I see now the world faileth me, and so I am deceived; praying you all to pray for me!'" Lingard discredits this story, and adds that three weeks before his death the cardinal had himself carried into the great hall of his palace, where the clergy of the city and monks of the cathedral were assembled. "There he sat or lay while a dirge was sung, the funeral ceremony performed, and his will publicly read. The next morning they were assembled again: a mass of requiem was celebrated, and his will was again read, with the addition of several codicils. He then took leave of all, and was carried back to his chamber."—H. N. H.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess. 11
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I 'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
King. O thou eternal mover of the heavens,

8. Of this wonderful scene the quarto has a full outline and some of the most Shakespearian touches, which we must needs subjoin:

"*Card.* O, death! if thou wilt let me live
But one whole year, I'll give thee as much gold
As will purchase such another island.
King. O, see, my lord of Salisbury, how he is troubled!
Lord cardinal, remember, Christ must save thy soul.
Card. Why, died he not in his bed?
What would you have me to do then?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
Sirrah, go fetch me the poison which the 'pothecary sent me.
O, see where Duke Humphrey's ghost doth stand,
And stares me in the face! Look, look! comb down his hair!
So, now he's gone again: O, O, O!
Sal. See, how the pangs of death do gripe his heart!
King. Lord cardinal, if thou diest assur'd of heavenly bliss,
Hold up thy hand, and make some sign to us—
O see! he dies, and makes no sign at all.
O God! forgive his soul.
Sal. So bad an end did never none behold;
But as his death, so was his life in all.
King. Forbear to judge, good Salisbury, forbear,
For God will judge us all.
Go, take him hence, and see his funerals perform'd."—H. N. H.

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!

Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

King. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

The coast of Kent.

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, and others; with them Suffolk, and others, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who, with their drowsy, slow and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,

Sc. 1. "a Captain, a Master." On ships of war the master was an officer subordinate to the captain.—C. H. H.

1. "The epithet *blabbing,* applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt, if afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidant of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale day.*"—*Johnson.*

Or with their blood stain this discolored shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

First Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?
Cut both the villains' throats; for die you shall:
The lives of those which we have lost in fight 21
Be counterpoised with such a petty sum!

First Gent. I 'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

Sec. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die;
[*To Suf.*
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George; I am a gentleman:
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid. 30

21, 22. *"The lives of those,"* &c., so Ff., with the exception of the note of exclamation, added by Grant White; Knight prints a note of interrogation; Nicholson, *"Shall the lives . . . sum?"* Marshall, *"The lives . . . shall they Be conterpoised,"* &c.—I. G.

29. *"my George,"* the image of St. George, a badge worn by members of the Order of the Garter.—C. H. H.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by water I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.
Whit. Gaultier or Walter, which it is, I care not:
Never did base dishonor blur our name,
But with our sword we wiped away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.
Whit. The Duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!
Suf. Aye, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?
Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

31. *"Walter,"* pronounced Water; a pronunciation still traceable in the surname *Waters.*—C. H. H.

35. Of course this refers to the prediction of the Spirit in Act i. sc. 4.—Thus Drayton, in Queen Margaret's Epistle to this duke of Suffolk:—

> "I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou dost pass;
> Never the sea yet half so dangerous was;
> And one foretold by *water* thou shouldst die."

A note on these lines says, "The witch of Eye received answer from the spirit, that the duke of Suffolk should take heed of *water.*"—H. N. H.

48. Omitted in Ff.; restored by Pope (from Qq.).—I. G.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,
The honorable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?
Remember it and let it make thee crest-fall'n,
Aye, and allay this thy abortive pride;
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

50. In Ff. this line is made part of preceding speech, with *"lowsie"* for *"lowly,"* restored by Pope (from Qq.).—I. G.

52. A *jaded groom* is a low fellow. Suffolk's boast of his own blood was hardly warranted by his origin. His great-grandfather had been a merchant at Hull. If Shakespeare had known his pedigree he would not have failed to make some of his adversaries reproach him with it.—H. N. H.

Suf. Thou darest not, for thy own.
Cap. Yes, Pole.
Suf. Pole!
Cap. Pool! Sir Pool! lord!
Aye, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips that kiss'd the queen shall sweep the ground;
And thou that smiledst at good Duke Humphrey's death
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France,
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord, and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,

70. "Cap. *Yes, Pole.* Suf. *Pole!*" added by Capell from Qq.—I. G.
85. *"mother's bleeding,"* Rowe's correction of Ff., *"Mother-bleeding."*—I. G.

Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York, thrust from the crown
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colors
Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ 'Invitis nubibus.'
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood but rob bee-hives:
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage and not remorse in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the Channel.

Cap. Walter,—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Gelidus timor occupat artus: it is thee I fear.

117. *"Gelidus timor occupat artus," i. e.,* "chill fear seizes my

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
First Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.
Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Used to command, untaught to plead for favor.
Far be it we should honor such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any
Save to the God of heaven and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear.
More can I bear than you dare execute.
Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.
Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders

limbs"; the reading of Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1 reads, *"Pine gelidus";* Theobald, *"Pœne gelidus,"* &c. (*cp. Æneid,* vii. 446).—I. G.

129. Lloyd, *"Exempt from fear is true nobility."*—I. G.

136. *"Brutus' bastard hand";* Theobald proposed *"dastard,"* but afterwards withdrew his suggestion; Servilia, the mother of Brutus, became, it is true, the mistress of Julius Cæsar, but not until after the birth of Brutus.—I. G.

137, 138. *"savage islanders Pompey the Great";* the story of Pompey's death is given in Plutarch; the murderers were Achillas, an Egyptian, and Septimius, who had served under him; perhaps they are described as "islanders," because the murder was committed at Pelusium, an island-like spot in the midst of morasses, easternmost mouth of the Nile.—I. G.

Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.
[*Exeunt Whitmore and others with Suffolk.*

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with us and let him go.
[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*

Re-enter Whitmore with Suffolk's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*

First Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit with the body.*

Scene II

Blackheath.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, though

147. The fate of Suffolk is despatched in few words by the chroniclers. Thus Holinshed, following Hall: "But Gods justice would not that so ungracious a person should so escape: for when he shipped in Suffolke, intending to transport himselfe over into France, he was incountered with a ship of warre, appertaining to the duke of Excester, constable of the Tower of London, called the Nicholas of the Tower. The capteine of that barke with small fight entered into the dukes ship, and, perceiving his person present, brought him to Dover road, and there on the one side of a cocke bote caused his head to be striken off, and left his bodie with the head lieng there on the sands. Which corps, being there found by a chapleine of his, was conveied to Wingfield college in Suffolke, and there buried." His death was in May, 1450.—H. N. H.

made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

Holl. They have the more need to sleep now, then,

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Holl. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

Holl. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Holl. True; and yet it is said, labor in thy vocation; which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be laboring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there 's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Holl. I see them! I see them! There 's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

Holl. And Dick the butcher,—

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Holl. And Smith the weaver,—

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Holl. Come, come, let 's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. [*Aside*] Or rather stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. [*Aside*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. [*Aside*] I know her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. [*Aside*] She was indeed, a peddler's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. [*Aside*] But now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable house.

Dick. [*Aside*] Aye, by my faith, the field is honorable; and there was he born, under a hedge, for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*Aside*] A' must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside*] No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*Aside*] He need not fear the sword; for his coat is of proof.

Dick. [*Aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass: and when I am king, as king I will be,—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people: there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo man? Some say the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal

once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who 's there?

Enter some, bringing forward the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here 's a villain!

Smith. Has a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honor; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters: 'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him! he 's a villain and a traitor.

97. *"Chatham";* Rowe's emendation; F. 1, *"Chartam";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Chattam,"* &c.—I. G.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exit one with the Clerk.*

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where 's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a'? 130

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Kneels*] Rise up, Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises*] Now have at him!

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford and his Brother, with drum and soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down; 139
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,
If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not:
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;

For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

Staf. Aye, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That 's false.

Cade. Aye, there 's the question; but I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Aye, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

Bro. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself. Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose

time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I 'll be protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore, we 'll have the Lord Say's head for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French; and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O, gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies; go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we 'll have his head.

Bro. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away; and throughout every town Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those which fly before the battle ends May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors: And you that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two Staffords, and soldiers.*

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.

174. *span-counter,* a game, in which the object was to throw one counter within a span's distance of another.—C. H. H.

Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would, but that they dare not, take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Another part of Blackheath.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain. Enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where 's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee, the Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no 10

8. *"a hundred lacking one";* Malone, *"a hundred lacking one, a week,"* from Qq. In the reign of Elizabeth butchers were not allowed to sell flesh-meat in Lent; by special licenses, however, a limited number of beasts might be killed each week.—I. G.

less. This monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on Sir Humphrey's brigandine*]; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse heels till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let 's march toward London. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The palace.

Enter the King with a supplication, and the Queen with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Say.

Queen. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge and cease to weep,
But who can cease to weep and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where 's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

King. I 'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,

Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general:
But stay, I 'll read it over once again.

Queen. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

King. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Aye, but I hope your highness shall have his.

King. How now, madam!
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Queen. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

King. How now! what news? why comest thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:

22. Pope, *"Lamenting still and mourning Suffolk's death!"*—I. G.

All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars and intend their death.

King. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be raised to put them down.

Queen. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased!

King. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge:
The citizens fly and forsake their houses:
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor, and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

King. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succor us.

39. *"Killingworth"* is the ancient form of *Kenilworth,* and occurs frequently in Holinshed and other old writers. In modern editions the name has been unwarrantably changed into the modern form.—H. N. H.

43. *"Lord Say, the traitors hate thee";* F. 1, *"hateth";* Capell, *"traitor rebel hateth";* Marshall, *"the traitor Jack Cade hateth thee."* —I. G.

51. *"The rascal people,"* the mob, as distinguished from "the citizens."—C. H. H.

Queen. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceased.
King. Farewell, my lord: trust not the Kentish rebels.
Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.
Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

London. The Tower.

Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower, walking. Then enter two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?
First Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the lord mayor craves aid of your honor from the Tower to defend the city from the rebels.
Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself;
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Goffe;
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so, farewell, for I must hence again.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

London. Cannon Street.

Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he 'll never call ye Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there 's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let 's go fight with them: but first, go and set London bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

2. "*London-stone,*" an ancient landmark in Cannon Street, City, of the origin of which, even in Shakespeare's time, no tradition survived.—C. H. H.

4. "*pissing-conduit,*" one of the public fountains of London was popularly so called.—C. H. H.

Scene VII

London. Smithfield.

Alarums. Matthew Goffe is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Jack Cade, with his company.

Cade. So, sirs: now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

Holl. [*Aside*] Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. [*Aside*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

Holl. [*Aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and

one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Mounsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed,

41. *"thou hast caused printing to be used";* printing was not really introduced into England until twenty years later.—I. G.

only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this; 'tis 'bona terra, mala gens.'

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:

55. A comparison of this speech as it is in the quarto will show that it gained nothing in humor by the revisal: "Come hither, thou Say, thou George (serge,) thou buckram lord, what answer canst thou make unto my mightiness, for delivering up the towns in France to monsieur Bus-mine-cue, the dolphin of France? An, more than so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammar-school, to infect the youth of the realm; and against the king's crown and dignity thou hast built up a paper-mill: nay, it will be said to thy face, that thou keep'st men in thy house that daily read of books with red letters, and talk of a noun and verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear is able to endure it. And, besides all this, thou hast appointed certain justices of the peace in every shire, to hang honest men that steal for their living; and because they could not read, thou hast hung them up; only for which cause they were most worthy to live."—H. N. H.

67, 68. Cæsar says in Book V. of the *Commentaries*, *"Ex his omnibus sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt,"* which Golding rendered (1590), *"Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the civilest are the Kentish folke."*—I. G.

Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favor have I always done;
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.
When have I ought exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me:
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

69. *"because full"*; Hanmer reads *"beauteous, full"*; Vaughan, *"bounteous, full,"* &c.—I. G.

77. *"But to maintain"*; (Johnson Rann); *"Kent to m.,"* the reading of Ff.; Steevens, *"Bent to m."*; Malone, *"Kent to m.,"* &c.—I. G.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I 'll be even with you; I 'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honor? speak.
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harboring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. [*Aside*] I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I 'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life: Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-

96. *"The help of hatchet";* so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"the help of a hatchet";* Farmer, *"pap with a hatchet,"* a singularly happy emendation, &c.—I. G.

in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye.
[*Exeunt some with Lord Say.*
The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: men shall hold of me

118. *"Sir James Cromer";* it was Sir William Cromer whom Cade beheaded.—I. G.

120. The following is Holinshed's account of these doings: "After that, he entered into London, cut the ropes of the draw-bridge, and strooke his sword on London stone, saieng, 'Now is Mortimer lord of this citie.' And, after a glosing declaration made to the maior touching the cause of his thither comming, he departed againe into Southwarke, and upon the third daie of Julie he caused sir James Fines, lord Saie, and treasurer of England, to be brought to the Guildhall, and there to be arreigned; who, being before the kings justices put to answer, desired to be tried by his peeres, for the longer delaie of his life. The capteine, perceiving his dilatorie plee, by force tooke him from the officers, and brought him to the standard in Cheape, and there caused his head to be striken off, and pitched it upon an high pole, which was openlie borne before him through the streets. And, not content herewith, he went to Mile-end, and there apprehended sir James Cromer, then sheriffe of Kent, and sonne-in-law to the said lord Saie, causing him likewise to be beheaded, and his head to be fixed on a pole. And with these two heads this bloudie wretch entered into the citie againe, and as it were in spite caused them in everie street to kisse together, to the great detestation of all the beholders."—H. N. H.

in capite; and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

Re-enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver? Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets and at every corner have them kiss. Away! [*Exeunt.*

133. *"hold of me in capite,"* hold their possessions immediately from me, as king (with a quibble on "head" in the last line).—C. H. H.

137. *"take up commodities upon our bills,"* a play upon the commercial sense of the phrase: "accept goods as security for, or in part payment of, a loan." Cade is now, it is implied, the owner of London's wealth, which the citizens hold from him on credit.—C. H. H.

Scene VIII

Southwark.

Alarum and retreat. Enter Cade and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames! [*Sound a parley.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and Clifford, attended.

Buck. Aye, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee and go home in peace.
Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you;

Sc. 8. Southwark. This is certainly the locality of the latter part of the scene, where Cade is "left" at the White Hart. The opening words, however, suggest that Shakespeare is dramatising the battle on the bridge, of July 5 (1450), when, according to Holinshed, at one time "the Londoners were beaten back to St. Magnus' corner; and suddenly again the rebels were repelled to the stoops in Southwark." The charge and retreat are thus compressed into six lines, and as Mr. Daniel says, Cade's men "seem to be on both sides of the river at the same time."—C. H. H.

Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say 'God save his majesty!'
Who hateth him and honors not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave? And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me, I will make shift for one; and so, God's curse light upon you all!

All. We 'll follow Cade, we 'll follow Cade!

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you 'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,

14. *"rebel"*; Singer's emendation (Collier MS. and Anon. MS.) of Ff., *"rabble"*; Vaughan, *"ribald."*—I. G.

And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas and vanquish you?
Methinks already in this civil broil
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying 'Villiago!' unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we 'll follow the king and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying. In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very middest of you! and heavens and honor be witness that no want of resolution in me, but only my

followers' base and ignominious treasons,
make me betake me to my heels.
[*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go some, and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.
[*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me, soldiers: we 'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IX

Kenilworth Castle.

Sound trumpets. Enter King, Queen, and Somerset, on the terrace.

King. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old.
Was never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!
King. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?
Or is he but retired to make him strong?

Enter, below, multitudes, with halters about their necks.

Clif. He is fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.
King. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.
All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and mighty power
Of gallowglasses and stout kernes
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee

26. *"gallowglasses,"* native Irish soldiers, armed with pole-axes, and noted as being "grim of countenance, tall of stature, big of limb, lusty of body, well and strongly timbered."—C. H. H.

"Of gallowglasses and stout kernes"; Hanmer reads, *"Of desp'rate gallowglasses,"* &c.; Capell, *"Of nimble g.,"* &c.; Dyce, *"Of savage g.,"* &c.; *"stout";* Mitford, *"stout Irish"; "kernes";* Keightley, *"kernes, he";* Vaughan, *"kernes supplied."*—1. G.

29. *"arms";* F. 1, *"Armes";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Armies."*

The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
Like to a ship that, having 'scaped a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;
And now is York in arms to second him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him what 's the reason of these arms.
Tell him I 'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower;
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

King. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

33. *"calm'd,"* the reading of F. 4; F. 1, *"calme"*; F. 2, *"claimd"*; F. 3, *"claim'd"*; Beckett, *"cramp'd"*; Walker, *"chased."*—I. G.

34. *"But"* is here not adversative. "It was only *just now.*"—H. N. H.

36. *"I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him"*; Staunton, *"Go, I pray thee, B.,"* &c.; Rowe reads, *"go and meet with him"*; Malone, *"to go and meet him"*; Steevens (1793), *"go forth and meet him"*; Collier (Collier MS.), *"then go and meet him"*; Dyce, *"go thou and meet him."*—I. G.

King. Come, wife, let 's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene X

Kent. Iden's garden.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word 'sallet' was born to do me

1. *"Fie on ambition";* so the later Ff.; F. 1, *"Ambitions."*—I. G.

9. Of course Cade is punning on the word *sallet,* which meant a *helmet* as well as a *preparation* of herbs. In illustration of the text, Mr. Collier produces an apt passage from an Interlude written as early as 1537, where the hero, Thersites, applies to Mulciber for a suit of armor, and Mulciber pretends to misunderstand him:

"Thersites. Nowe, I pray Jupiter, that thou dye a cuckold:
I mean a *sallet* with which men do fyght.
Mulciber. It is a small tastinge of a mannes might,
That he should for any matter
Fyght with a few *herbes in a platter.*"—H. N. H.

good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart pot to drink in; and now the word 'sallet' must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him: but I 'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

23. The original has *warning*, which was corrected by Pope. In the preceding line *is* is understood before *worth*.—H. N. H.

Cade. Brave thee! aye, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou are far the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy leg a stick compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valor, the most complete cham-

45. *"dead as a door-nail";* the phrase was properly used, here, of death produced by repeated blows, as of the door-knocker upon the "door-nail."—C. H. H.

48. *"That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent";* Capell, *"squir";* Marshall omits *"an,"* following Hall.—I. G.

58. *"As for words, whose greatness answers words";* Rowe reads, *"As for more words,"* &c.; Mason, *"As for mere words,"* &c.; Dyce (Anon. conj.), *"But as for words,"* &c., &c.—I. G.

pion that ever I heard! Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees thou mayst be turned to hobnails.

[*Here they fight. Cade falls.*

O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I 'll defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honor that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell, and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valor. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee;

64. *"God"*; Malone's correction (from Qq.) of *"Ioue"* of the Ff.—I. G.

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit.*

86. *"And as I thrust thy body in with my sword";* Dyce (Lloyd conj.), omits *"in."*—I. G.

92. The Poet has here wandered from the line of historical fact, with a view, no doubt, to relieve his scenes of strife and hatred with a passage of rural quiet and unambitious comfort. Iden had in fact just been appointed sheriff of Kent, and was in pursuit of Cade, having left home for that very purpose. The matter, however, is thus given by Holinshed: "A gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Eden, awaited so his time, that he tooke the said Cade in a garden in Sussex; so that there he was slain at Hothfield, and brought to London in a cart, where he was quartered, his head set on London bridge, and his quarters sent to diverse places to be set up in the shire of Kent." Cade's flight was on July 9, 1450, and his death but two days after.—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.

Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colors.

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah! sancta majestas, who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or scepter balance it:
A scepter shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I 'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?

10. *"have I,"* as I have.—C. H. H.

The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [*Aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great:
O, I could hew up rocks and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.—
Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:

The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honor, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honor, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay and everything you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I 'll send them all as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armor, any thing I have,
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

41. York's arrival from Ireland was in September, a few weeks after Cade's death. Proceeding to London with a retinue of four thousand men, he wrung from the king a promise that he would call a parliament, and then retired to one of his castles. Upon the return of Somerset from France a few days later, the old enmity between them revived with greater fierceness than ever. The next year York withdrew into Wales, and there gathered an army of ten thousand men; and when the king went against him with a much larger force, he turned aside and passed on into Kent, and encamped himself near Dartford. From thence he sent word to the king that his coming was but to remove certain evil counsellors, especially Somerset, and promising to dissolve his army, if that nobleman were committed to prison, and held to answer in open parliament whatever charges might be laid against him. The issue of the negotiation thereupon is thus stated by Holinshed: "After all this adoo, it was agreed upon by advise, for the avoiding of bloudshed, and pacifieng of the duke and his people, that the duke of Summerset was committed to ward, as some say, or else commanded to keepe himselfe privie in his owne house for a time."—H. N. H.

King. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility
York doth present himself unto your highness.
King. Then what intends these forces thou dost bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence,
And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden, with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.
King. The head of Cade! Great God, how just art Thou!
O, let me view this visage, being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?
Iden. I was, an 't like your majesty.
King. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?
Iden. Alexander Iden, that 's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.
Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss

74. *"Alexander Iden, that's my name";* Capell, *"My name is Alexander Iden, sir";* Hanmer, *"Ev'n Alexander,"* &c.; Edd., *"Iden, Alexander Iden,"* &c.; Keightley, *"Alexander Iden, that's my name, my liege,"* &c.—I. G.

He were created knight for his good service.

King. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege! [*Rises.*

Enter Queen and Somerset.

King. See, Buckingham, Somerset comes with the queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Queen. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king,
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

78. *"Iden, kneel down. Rise up a knight";* Hanmer reads, *"Iden kneel down; and rise thou up a knight";* Dyce (Lettsom conj.), *"Iden, kneel down. Iden, rise up a knight";* Vaughan, *"Iden, kneel down; and now rise up Sir Alexander."*—I. G.

95. *"darest";* monosyllabic; F. 1, *"dar'st";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"darst."*—I. G.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely scepter.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:
[*Exit Attendant.*
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They 'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Queen. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
[*Exit Buckingham.*

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,

100. *"Achilles' spear"* was proverbial for its power to heal as well as slay. The myth of Telephus related how, having been wounded by the spear, he was cured by the rust scraped from it.—C. H. H.

109. *"these"*; Theobald's correction of *"thee"* of the Ff.—I. G.

Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys!

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come: I 'll warrant they 'll make it good.

Enter Clifford and his son.

Queen. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.
Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!
[*Kneels.*
York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistakest me much to think I do:
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

122. *"Enter Edward and Richard."* At this time, 1452, Edward, York's oldest son, was but ten years old. However, Holinshed relates, that "whilest the councell treated of saving or dispatching the duke of Yorke, a rumor sprang through London, that Edward earle of March, sonne and heir-apparent to the said duke, with a great armie of Marchmen was comming toward London; which tidings sore appalled the queene and the whole councell." The issue of this trouble was, that "the councell set the duke of Yorke at libertie, and permitted him to go to his castell of Wigmore, in the marches of Wales; by whose absence the duke of Summerset rose in such high favor, both with the king and queene, that his voice onelie ruled, and his voice alone was heard."—H. N. H.

130. *"mistakest"*; so Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, *"mistakes."*—I. G.

131. This "hospitall for distracted people" was founded, according to Stowe, by Simon Fitz-Mary, one of the sheriffs of London, in the year 1246. It was called "The Hospital of St. Mary of *Bethlehem"*; which latter term was corrupted into *Bedlam.*— In this part of the scene, the Poet, in order to come at once upon

King. Aye, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humor
Makes him oppose himself against his king.
Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.
Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.
York. Will you not, sons?
Edw. Aye, noble father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.
Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!
York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so:
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:

the battle of St. Albans, overleaps a period of three years, from March, 1452, to the spring of 1455, during which time the queen gave birth to a son, who was named Edward, and, the king having fallen into a state of bodily and mental imbecility, York regained the ascendancy and became protector, and Somerset was committed to the Tower, but, upon the king's recovery not long after, was released; whereupon York withdrew into Wales, and gathered the army which fought on his side in the ensuing battle."—H. N. H.

135. It was Somerset, not Clifford, that gave this advice: "The duke of Summerset, which now conceived in his mind the thing that shortlie followed, incessantlie exhorted the councell, that the duke of Yorke might be driven to confesse his offence, that so, being atteinted of treason, he might suffer execution, and his children to be taken as adversaries to their native countrie" (*Holinshed*).—H. N. H.

146. *"fell-lurking";* Roderick, *"fell-barking";* Hudson (Heath conj.), *"fell-lurching";* Collier (Collier MS.), *"fell-looking";* Capell, *"fell lurking."*—I. G.

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we 'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou darest bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

King. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,

158. In the stage-direction of the quarto we have,—"Enter the Duke of York's sons, Edward the Earl of March, and *crook-back Richard*, at the one door, with Drum and Soldiers."—The Poet here anticipates by many years; for as York's oldest son was at this time but thirteen, and as there were two others, Edmund and George, between him and Richard, of course the latter could have no part in these transactions. A similar anticipation touching Prince Henry occurs near the close of King Richard II; and, indeed, the thing is so in keeping with Shakespeare's method of art, that it may go far towards inferring his authorship of the original play.—H. N. H.

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbor in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honorable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

King. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

King. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin.
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Queen. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

170. *"shame"*; Dyce (Walker conj.), *"stain."*—I. G.

I am resolved for death or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolved to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I 'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I 'll wear aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountain top the cedar shows
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from the burgonet I 'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite.
For thou shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that 's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you 'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*

211. *"victorious"*; so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, read *"victorious noble."*—I. G.

215. One on whom nature has set a mark of deformity, a stigma. It was originally and properly "a person who had been branded with a hot iron for some crime; one notably defamed for naughtiness."—H. N. H.

Scene II

Saint Alban's.

Alarums to the battle. Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls:
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me:
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed,
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.
War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.
[*Exit.*

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou are so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!

York. A dreadful lay! Address thee instantly.
[*They fight, and Clifford falls.*

Clif. La fin couronne les œuvres. [*Dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!
[*Exit.*

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

28. *"La fin couronne les œuvres"; i. e.* "the end crowns the work"; F. 1 reads, *"Corrone les eumenes";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Corronne les oevres."* —I. G.

30. The author, in making Clifford fall by the hand of York, has departed from the truth of history, a practice not uncommon with him when he does his utmost to make his characters considerable. This circumstance, however, serves to prepare the reader or spectator for the vengeance afterwards taken by Clifford's son on York and Rutland. At the beginning of the Third Part the Poet represents Clifford's death as it really happened:

> "Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
> Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
> Were by the swords of common soldiers slain."—H. N. H.

Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance! Let no soldier fly.
He that is truly dedicate to war
Hath no self-love, nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially but by circumstance
The name of valor. [*Seeing his dead father*]
O, let the vile world end,
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease! Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire,
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it

42. *"Knit earth and heaven together";* Vaughan adds *"in one blaze."* —I. G.

As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.
[*Exit, bearing off his father.*

Enter Richard and Somerset to fight. Somerset is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there;
For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.
[*Exit.*

Fight. Excursions. Enter King, Queen, and others.

Queen. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!

King. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

59. When Medea fled with Jason from Colchos, she murdered her brother Absyrtus, and cut his body into several pieces, that her father might be prevented for some time from pursuing her.—H. N. H.

66. *"So, lie thou there";* Malone supposes that a line has been omitted here, equivalent to *"Behold the prophecy is come to pass";* Vaughan conj. adds *"fulfilling prophecy."*—I. G.

69. *"the wizard," i. e.* Bolingbroke, who in i. 4. warned Somerset to "shun castles."—C. H. H.

Queen. What are you made of? you 'll nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom and defense,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
As well we may, if not through your neglect,
We shall to London get, where you are loved,
And where this breach now in our fortunes made
May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. But that my heart 's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

87. *"parts"*; Hanmer reads *"pow'rs"*; Warburton, *"party"*; Collier MS., *"frends"*; Dyce (Walker conj.), *"part."*—I. G.

Scene III

Fields near St. Alban's.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard, Warwick, and soldiers, with drum and colors.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him,
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all. I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;

1. *"of";* Collier MS. (from Qq.), *"Old,"* adopted by Dyce.—I. G.

And it hath pleased him that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.
York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him ere the writs go forth.
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle won by famous York
Shall be eternized in all age to come.
Sound drums and trumpets, and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall!
[*Exeunt.*

29. *"faith"*; Malone's correction (from Qq.); Ff., *"hand."*—I. G.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A', he; I. iii. 7.

Abortive, monstrous, unnatural; IV. i. 60.

Abrook, brook, endure; II. iv. 10.

Absyrtus, Medea's brother, killed and dismembered by her; (Theobald's correction of Ff., *"Absirtis"*; Rowe, *"Absirtus"*); V. ii. 59.

Accompt, accounts; IV. ii. 108.

Accuse, accusation; III. i. 160.

Achilles' spear, alluding to the story that Telephus was cured by the rust scraped from Achilles' spear by which he had been wounded; V. i. 100.

Act, put in action; (Capell, *"enact"*; Vaughan, *"coact"*); V. i. 103.

Adder, a venomous snake, supposed to stop its ears and render itself deaf (*cp.* Psalm lviii. 4, 5); III. ii. 76.

Address thee, prepare thyself; V. ii. 27.

Adsum, I am here; (F. I, *"Ad sum"*); I. iv. 26.

Advance, raise up; IV. i. 98.

Adventure, run the risk; III. ii. 350.

Advertised, informed; IV. ix. 23.

Advice, deliberate consideration; II. ii. 68.

Advised, careful, II. iv. 36; sedate, V. ii. 47.

'Advised, "are ye a.," did you hear? do you understand?; (Capell, *"avis'd"*); II. i. 48.

Æolus, the god of the winds; III. ii. 92.

Affected, aimed at; IV. vii. 104.

Affiance, confidence; III. i. 74.

Affy, affiance; IV. i. 80.

Aidance, assistance; III. ii. 165.

Ajax Telamonius, Ajax the son of Telamon, the Greek hero, who slew a whole flock of sheep, which in his frenzy he took for the sons of Atreus; V. i. 26.

Alder-liefest, dearest, very dearest of all; I. i. 28.

Althæa, the mother of Meleager, the prince of Calydon, whose life was to last only as long as a certain fire-brand was preserved; Althæa threw it into the fire, and he died in great torture; I. i. 234.

Amain, in great haste, swiftly; III. i. 282.

Anchises, the father of Æneas; V. ii. 62.

An't like, if it please; V. i. 72.

Approved, proved; III. ii. 22.

Argo, a corruption of *ergo;* IV. ii. 31.

Argues, proves, shows; III. iii. 30.

Argument, a sign in proof, I. ii. 32; III. i. 241.

Arms, coat of arms; IV. i. 42.

As, that; (Pope, *"That"*); II. iv. 45.

Ascanius, the son of Æneas; III. ii. 116.

Asmath, the name of an evil spirit; I. iv. 27.

Assay'd, attempted; IV. v. 9.

At once, in a word; III. i. 66.

Attainted, convicted of capital treason; II. iv. 59.

Avoid, avaunt, be gone; I. iv. 43.

Awful, awe-inspiring; V. i. 98.

Awkward, adverse; (Pope, *"adverse"*); III. ii. 83.

Bait thy bears; bear-baiting was a popular amusement of Shakespeare's day; (F. 1, *"bate"*; F. 2, *"baite"*); V. i. 148.

Banditto, outlaw; (Ff., *"Bandetto"*); IV. i. 135.

Ban-dogs, fierce dogs held in bands, or chained; I. iv. 21.

Bane, destruction, ruin; (Theobald, *"bale"*;); V. i. 120.

"Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate"; *The Contention* reads *"Abradas, the great Macedonian pirate,"* to whom reference is made in Greene's *Penelope's Web;* Bargulus is mentioned in Cicero's *De Officiis;* his proper name was Bardylis; he was originally a collier, and ultimately became king of Illyria; he was defeated and slain in battle by Philip of Macedon; IV. i. 108.

Basilisk, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; III. ii. 52.

Basimecu, a term of contempt for a Frenchman; IV. vii. 32.

Beard, defy; IV. x. 40.

Bears; alluding to the cognizance of the Nevils of Warwick, a bear and ragged staff; V. i. 144.

Bear-ward, bear-leader; (Pope's correction of Ff. 1, 2, *"Berard,"* Ff. 3, 4, *"Bearard"*); V. i. 149.

Beat on, hammer on, keep on thinking about; II. i. 20.

Bedlam, a hospital for lunatics; V. i. 131.

Bedlam, lunatic; III. i. 51; V. i. 132.

Beldam, term of contempt for an ld woman; I. iv. 45.

Beshrew, woe to; a mild form of imprecation; III. i. 184.

Bested; "worse b.," "in a worse plight"; II. iii. 56.

Bestrid, bestrode, stood over him in posture of defense; V. iii. 9.

Betime, in good time; III. i. 285.

Bezonians, beggars; IV. i. 134.

Bills; "take up bills," get goods o' credit, with a quibble on (1) "bills n = halberds, (2) "bills" = promissory notes; IV. vii. 137.

Blabbing, blurting out secrets; IV. i. 1.

Blood-consuming sighs, referring to the old idea that each sigh drew a drop of blood from the heart; III. ii. 61.

Bona terra, mala gens, *i. e.* "a good land, a bad people" (quoted by Lord Say, with reference to Kent); IV. vii. 64.

Bones; "by these ten b.," *i. e.* by these ten fingers; an old form of oath; I. iii. 196.

Book, learning; (Anon. conj. *"books"*); IV. vii. 79.

Boot, booty; IV. i. 13.

Brave, defy; IV. x. 40.

Brazen, strong, impregnable; III. ii. 89.

Break up, break open; (Collier MS., *"break ope"*); I. iv. 22.

Bristol (Ff., *"Bristow"*); III. i. 328.

Broker, agent, negotiator; I. ii. 100.

Brook; "flying at the b.," letting the falcon rise to pursue his game; II. i. 1.

Brook, endure, bear; V. i. 92.

Brow, aspect, appearance (Johnson, *"blow"*; Becket, *"browse"*; Collier (Collier MS.), *"bloom"*; Anon., *"glow"*; Cartwright, *"prime"*); V. iii. 4.

Brown bill, a kind of halberd; IV. x. 14.

Brush, hurt, injury; (Warburton, *"bruise"*); V. iii. 3.

Bucklers, shields, defends; III. ii. 216.

Buckram, coarse linen stiffened with glue; IV. vii. 28.

Bucks, linen for washing; IV. ii. 53.

Burgonet, a close-fitting helmet; V. i. 200.

But that, only that one; II. i. 99.

Buz, whisper; I. ii. 99.

By, according to; III. i. 243.

By and by, immediately; II. i. 142.

By that, about that, on that subject; II. i. 16.

Cade, small barrel; IV. ii. 35.

Cage, lock-up; IV. ii. 58.

Callet, a low woman (Dyce's emendation of Ff., *"Callot"*); I. iii. 88.

Calm'd, becalmed; IV. ix. 33.

Cask, casket (Rowe, *"casket"*); III. ii. 409.

Cease, to cause to cease; V. ii. 45.

Censure, opinion; I. iii. 122.

Censure well, approve; III. i. 275.

Chafe, heat, warm; III. ii. 141.

Chaps, jaws, mouth; III. i. 259.

Charm, appease, make silent; IV. i. 64.

Charneco, a kind of sweet wine, made at a village near Lisbon; II. iii. 63.

Check'd, reproved, rebuked; I. ii. 54.

Circuit, circlet, diadem; III. i. 352.

Circumstance, detailed phrases; I. i. 105.

Cited, incited, urged; III. ii. 281.

Clapp'd up, shut up; I. iv. 53.

Clerkly, scholarly; III. i. 179.

Clime, country; III. ii. 84.

Clip, embrace, surround; (Theobald's correction of Ff., *"Cleape"*; Pope, *"Clap"*); IV. i. 6.

Close, retired, private; II. ii. 3; secret, II. iv. 73.

Clouted shoon, patched shoes; generally used for hobnailed boots; IV. ii. 204.

Collect, gather by observation; III. i. 35.

Color, pretext; III. i. 236.

Commandments, "my ten c.," my ten fingers; a cant phrase of the time, still in use; I. iii. 147.

Commodities, goods, merchandise; IV. vii. 135.

Companion, fellow; used contemptuously; IV. x. 34.

Complot, plot; III. i. 147.

Concert (Ff., *"Consort"*); a company of musicians; III. ii. 327.

Condition, rank; V. i. 64.

Conduct, conductor, escort; II. iv. 101.

Conjurations, incantations; I. ii. 99.

Controller, censurer, detractor, perhaps "dictator"; III. ii. 205.

Convenient, proper, becoming; I. iv. 9.

Conventicles, secret assemblies; III. i. 166.

Corrosive, a pain-giving medicament; III. ii. 403.

Court-hand, the manner of writing used in judicial proceedings; IV. ii. 106.

Courtship, courtliness; I. iii. 59.

Crab-tree, tree that bears crab-apples; III. ii. 214.

Cullions, base wretches; I. iii. 45.

Curst, shrewish, sharp; III. ii. 312.

Custom'd, customary; V. i. 188.

Day, time, space; II. i. 2.

Dead as a door-nail, a proverbial expression; "the door-nail is the nail on which, in ancient doors, the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison to any one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte*, that is, with abundant death, such as iteration of strokes on the head would naturally produce"; IV. x. 44.

Deathful, deadly; III. ii. 404.

Deathsman, executioner; III. ii. 217.

Dedicate, dedicated; V. ii. 37.

Deep-fet, deep-fetched; II. iv. 33.

Demanding of, questioning about; II. i. 176.

Demean, deport, behave; I. i. 188.

Demean'd, conducted; I. iii. 106.

Denay'd, denied; (F. 4, *"deny'd"*); I. iii. 109.

Depart, departure; I. i. 2.

Discharge, (?) payment; (perhaps "giving up the troops and turning them over to my command"); I. iii. 174.

Discomfit, discouragement; (Ff., *"discomfite"*; Capell, *"discomfort"*); V. ii. 86.

Dispense with, obtain dispensation from; V. i. 181.

Dispursed, disbursed; (F. 4, *"disbursed"*); III. i. 117.

Distract, distracted; III. ii. 318.

Doit, the smallest piece of money; the twelfth part of a penny; III. i. 112.

Drain, drop (Rann, Capell, *"rain"*); III. ii. 142.

Earnest-gaping, earnestly riveted; (Anon. conj. *"earnest-gazing"*); III. ii. 105.

Effected, effectively proved; III. i. 170.

Emblaze, emblazon, glorify before the world; IV. x. 79.

Emmanuel; an allusion to the fact that documents were frequently headed with the name (*cp.* Kelly's "Notices of Leicester," pp. 119, 207, 227); IV. ii. 112.

Empty, hungry, famished; III. i. 248.

Entreat, treat; II. iv. 81.

Envious, spiteful; II. iv. 12; II. iv. 35; "e. load," load of malice; III. i. 157.

Exorcisms, charms for raising spirits; I. iv. 5.

Expedient, expeditious; III. i. 288.

Fact, deed; I. iii. 178.
Fain of, glad to, fond of; II. i. 8.
False-heart, false-hearted; V. i. 143.
Familiar, familiar spirit; IV. vii. 114.
Favor, lenity; IV. vii. 72.
Fearful, full of fear, III. i. 331; timorous, IV. iv. 2; cowardly, IV. viii. 46.
Fee-simple, lands held in fee-simple; IV. x. 28.
Fell-lurking, lurking to do mischief; V. i. 146.
Felon, (?) felony; III. i. 132.
Fence, skill in fencing; II. i. 53.
Fifteens, fifteenths; IV. vii. 24.
Fifteenth, the fifteenth part of all the personal property of a subject; I. i. 133.
Flaw, sudden burst of wind, gust; III. i. 354.
Flower-de-luce, the emblem of France (Ff. 1, 2, *"Fleure-de-Luce"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Floure-de-Luce"*); V. i. 11.
Fond, foolish; III. i. 36.
Foot-cloth, a kind of housing for a horse, so long that it nearly swept the ground; IV. i. 54.
For, because, II. iii. 9; on account of (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"with"*); IV. vii. 90.
Force perforce, by very force; I. i. 258.
Forsooth, certainly, in truth; used contemptuously; III. ii. 183.
Forth, forth from (Ff. 3, 4, *"from"*); III. ii. 89.
Forthcoming, in custody; II. i. 179.
Fretful, gnawing; III. ii. 403.
From, away from; III. ii. 401.
Furniture, equipment; I. iii. 174.
Furred pack, a kind of knapsack or wallet made of skin with the hair outwards; IV. ii. 52.

Gait, walking (Ff., *"gate"*); III. i. 373.
Gallowglasses, heavy-armed foot soldiers of Ireland and the Western Isles; IV. ix. 26.
Gather head, assemble forces; IV. v. 10.
Gear, affair, business (Ff., *"geer"*), I. iv. 17; matter, III. i. 91.
George, badge of the Order of the Garter; IV. i. 29.
Ghost, corpse; III. ii. 161.
Gird, invest (Ff. and Qq., *"girt"*); I. i. 65.
Gnarling, snarling; III. i. 192.
Go; "let him g.," *i. e.* let him pass from your thoughts; II. iii. 47.
Go about, attempt; II. i. 146.
Gobbets, mouthfuls; IV. i. 85.
Gone out; "had not gone out," *i. e.* "would not have taken flight at the game"; II. i. 4.
Got, secured; V. iii. 20.
Graceless, impious; IV. iv. 38.
Graft, grafted; III. ii. 214.
Groat, a small piece of money worth four pence; III. i. 113.

Hale, drag forcibly; IV. i. 131.
Half-faced sun, the device on the standard of Edward III; (Vaughan, *"pale-faced"*); IV. i. 98.
Hammering, pondering; I. ii. 47.
Hamper, fetter, entangle; I. iii. 150.

Hap, fortune; III. i. 314.

Haply, perchance, perhaps; III. i. 240.

Happily, haply, perhaps (Ff., 2, 3, 4, *"haply"*); III. i. 306.

Hardly, with difficulty; with play upon *hardly*, scarcely, l. 75 (Theobald, *"hardily"*); I. iv. 74.

Have, possess; V. iii. 20.

Have at him, I shall hit at him; IV. ii. 136.

Heavy, sad, sorrowful; III. ii. 306.

Hempen caudle, a slang phrase for hanging ("caudle," a comforting drink); IV. vii. 95.

Henry, trisyllabic; III. ii. 131.

Here, at this point, IV. iv. 76; (Heath, *"hence"*; Hudson, Walker, *"there"*); II. iv. 79.

Hinds, boors, peasants; III. ii. 271; IV. ii. 138.

Hoise, hoist, heave away (Ff., *"hoyse"*; Qq., *"heaue"*; Theobald, *"hoist"*); I. i. 169.

Horse, horse's (Ff., 3, 4, *"horses"*; Rowe reads, *"horse's"*; Capell, *"horse'"*); IV. iii. 14.

Hose and doublets; "in their h. and d.," *i. e.* without a cloak; IV. vii. 59.

Household, family (Malone's correction (from Qq.) of F. 1, *"houſed"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"houses"*); V. i. 201.

Housekeeping, keeping open house, hospitality; I. i. 191.

Ill-nurtured, ill-bred (F. 4, *"ill-natur'd"*); I. ii. 42.

Images (?) dissyllabic (Walker, *"image'"*); I. iii. 65.

Imprimis, firstly, in the first place; I. i. 43.

Impugns, opposes; III. i. 281.

In, into; III. ii. 287.

In capite, a law term, signifying a tenure of the sovereign immediately as feudal lord; used quibblingly; IV. vii. 133.

Inch; "at an i.," in the nick of time; I. iv. 45.

Indigested, formless, shapeless; V. i. 157.

Infortunate, unfortunate; (Ff. 3, 4, *"unfortunate"*); IV. ix. 18.

Injurious, insolent; I. iv. 51.

Instance, proof; III. ii. 159.

Invitis nubibus, in spite of the clouds (*vide "half-faced sun"*); IV. i. 99.

Iris, goddess of the rainbow and messenger of Juno; here, messenger; III. ii. 407.

Item, originally, likewise, used in enumerating; I. i. 50.

Jaded, no better than a jade; (Capell, from Qq., *"jady"*); IV. i. 52.

Jades, term of contempt or pity for a maltreated or worthless horse; applied to the dragons of Night's chariot; IV. i. 3.

Jar, discord; IV. viii. 43.

Joy, enjoy; III. ii. 365.

Ken, descry, discern; III. ii. 101.

Kennel, gutter; IV. i. 71.

Kernes, Irish soldiers; III. i. 310.

Killingworth, an old form of Kenilworth; IV. iv. 39.

Laid, beset, laid with traps; IV. x. 4.

Laugh, smile; "the world may l. again," *i. e.* fortune may smile on me again; II. iv. 82.

Lay, stake, wager (Ff. 3, 4, *"day"*); V. ii. 27.

Leave, leave off, desist; II. i. 183; III. ii. 333.

Lesser, smaller; IV. x. 50.

Lewdly, wickedly; II. i. 168.

Liefest, dearest; III. i. 164.

Light, alight, descend; I. iii. 93.

Like; "an it l.," if it please; II. i. 9.

Limed, smeared with bird-lime; I. iii. 91.

Lime-twigs, twigs smeared with lime for catching birds; III. iii. 16.

Listen after, gain information about; I. iii. 154.

Lived, would live; III. ii. 399.

Lizards' stings, alluding to the old belief that lizards have stings, which they have not; III. ii. 325.

Loather, more unwilling; III. ii. 355.

Lodged, beat down; technical term for the beating down of grain by violent weather; III. ii. 176.

London-stone, an ancient landmark, still carefully preserved in Cannon Street, London; IV. vi. 2.

Lordings, lords; I. i. 145.

Madding, growing mad with love; III. ii. 117.

Mail'd up in shame, "wrapped up in disgrace"; alluding to the sheet of penance (Johnson); II. iv. 31.

Main, chief point; used with play upon *"Maine"* and *"main force"*; I. i. 209.

Mained, maimed (F. 4, *"maim'd"*); IV. ii. 172.

Make, draw up; IV. ii. 105.

Make shift; contrive; IV. viii. 35.

Mandrake, "a plant the root of which was supposed to resemble the human figure; it was said to cause madness and even death when torn from the ground"; III. ii. 310.

Mass, by the mass; an asseveration; II. i. 101.

Mates, checkmates, confounds, disables; III. i. 265.

Mechanical, mechanic; I. iii. 199.

Meetest, most suitable; I. iii. 165.

Mercy; "I cry you m.," I beg your pardon; I. iii. 144.

Mickle, much, great (F. 2, *"milckie"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"milky"*); V. i. 174.

Middest, midst; (F. 4, *"midst"*); IV. viii. 66.

Minion, pert, saucy person; I. iii. 143.

Minister, instrument; III. i. 355.

Miscarry, perish; IV. viii. 51.

Misdoubt, diffidence; III. i. 332.

Monuments, memorials, mementos; III. ii. 342.

Morisco, morris-dancer; III. i. 365.

Mortal, deadly, fatal; III. ii. 263.

Mounsieur, Monsieur; IV. vii. 31.

Mournful, mourning, expressing sorrow; III. i. 226.

Muse, wonder; III. i. 1.

Naughty, bad, wicked; II. i. 168.

Next, "the n.," what follows; III. i. 383.

Nigh, well-nigh, nearly; III. ii. 82.

Nominate, name; II. i. 130.

Notice, information (conj. *"note"*); III. i. 166.

Numbers, "factious n.," bands of factious retainers; II. i. 40.

Obligations, contracts; IV. ii. 100.
Obsequies, shows of love; III. ii. 146.
O'erweening, overbearing, presumptuous; V. i. 151.
Omitting, leaving unregarded; III. ii. 382.
Opposites, adversaries; V. iii. 22.
Order, "take o.," make arrangements, III. i. 320; manner, III. ii. 129.
Out, given out, *i. e.* given up (Walker, *"over";* Cartwright, *"up"*); IV. viii. 28.
Over-blown, blown over, dispelled; I. iii. 157.

Packing, "send me p.," send me away; III. i. 342.
Pageant (trisyllabic); I. ii. 67.
Palmer's, pilgrim's; V. i. 97.
Palsy, paralysis; IV. vii. 98.
Paly, pale; III. ii. 141.
Part, party; V. ii. 35.
Particularities, single or private respects (opposed to "general" in previous line); V. ii. 44.
Pass, care, regard; IV. ii. 144.
Period, end, stop; III. i. 149.
Perish, cause to perish; III. ii. 100.
Pinnace, a small two-masted vessel; IV. i. 9.
Pitch, the height to which a falcon soars; II. i. 6.
Plainness, frankness, sincerity; I. i. 101.
Plot, plot of ground, spot; II. ii. 60.
Pointing-stock, object to be pointed at, butt; II. iv. 46.
Pole, pronounced *Poole;* IV. i. 70.
Porpentine, porcupine; (Rowe *"porcupine"*); III. i. 363.
Port, deportment, carriage; IV. i. 19.
Posted over, slurred over; III. i. 255.
Pot; "three-hooped p.," a wooden drinking-vessel bound with hoops; IV. ii. 72.
Power, armed force; IV. iv. 40.
Practice, plotting; III. ii. 22.
Practiced, plotted; II. i. 172.
Premised, sent before the time; (Delius, *"promised"*); V. ii. 41.
'Prentice, apprentice; I. iii. 203.
Presence, Cade's blunder for *"presents";* IV. vii. 33.
Present, immediate; V. iii. 25.
Presently, immediately; I. i. 171; III. ii. 18.
Pretty-vaulting, bounding in a pleasant manner; (Ff. *"pretty vaulting"*); III. ii. 94.
Priest, father-confessor; III. i. 272.
Private, retired; II. ii. 60.
Procurator, substitute, proxy; I. i. 3.
Proof; "his coat is of p.," used with a quibble on the two senses of "proof," (1) able to resist, (2) well worn, long worn; IV. ii. 68.
Proper, handsome; IV. ii. 107.
Proportion, shape, form; I. iii. 59.
Puissant (dissyllabic); IV. ix. 25.
Pursuivant, a lower rank of herald, a state messenger; I. iii. 40.
Puttock's, kite's; III. ii. 191.

Quaint, fine; III. ii. 274.

Quillets, subtleties, sly tricks in argument; III. i. 261.

Quire, choir; I. iii. 94.

Quitting, freeing; III. ii. 218.

Rack'd, harrassed by exactions; I. iii. 133.

Ragged, rugged, rough; III. ii. 98.

Rascal, rascally; II. iv. 47.

Raught, having been gained; (lit. "reached"; Capell, *"wrenched"*; others,="reft"); II. iii. 43.

Razing, erasing, blotting out; I. i. 101.

Rear, raise; III. ii. 34.

Reave, deprive; V. i. 187.

Relent, yield, comply; (Collier MS., *"repent"*); IV. viii. 12.

Remorse, pity, compassion; IV. vii. 111.

Remorseful, compassionate; IV. i. 1.

Repairing; "of such r. nature," *i. e.* so able to recover from defeat; V. iii. 22.

Repeal, recall from banishment; III. ii. 349.

Reprove, disprove, refute; III. i. 40.

Reputing of, boasting of; (Rowe, *"by repeating"*); III. i. 48.

Respecting, considering; III. i. 24.

Revenues; I. iii. 85.

Reverent, humble; III. i. 34.

Revolt, turn back (Anon. conj. *"repent"*); IV. ii. 141.

Right now, just now; III. ii. 40.

Roast, "rule the r.," Pope's emendation of Ff. *"rost,"* Qq. *"roast"*; Grant White, *"roost"*; according to some the phrase originally meant "to rule the roost," *i. e.* the "hen-roost"; I. i. 109.

Rude, rough, ill-mannered; III. ii. 135.

Ruder, more unrefined; I. i. 30.

Sack, generic name for Spanish and Canary wine; II. iii. 60.

Sallet, salad; IV. x. 9; a kind of helmet, with a play upon the two senses of the word; IV. x. 13.

Sancta Majestas, sacred majesty; (Pope, *"majesty"*; Capell, from Qq., *"santa maestá"*); V. i. 5.

Savoy, the Palace of the Duke of Lancaster; destroyed by the rebels under Wat Tyler, and not rebuilt till the reign of Henry VII; IV. vii. 2.

Saws, maxims, moral sayings; I. iii. 63.

Say, a kind of satin; IV. vii. 27.

Scathe, injury; II. iv. 62.

Score, a notch made on a tally; IV. vii. 40.

Seemeth; "me s.," it seems to me; III. i. 23.

Shearman, one who uses the tailor's shears; IV. ii. 149.

Shrewd, bad, evil; II. iii. 41.

Sicil, Sicily; I. i. 6.

Silent, "the s. of the night" (Collier MS., from Qq., *"silence"*); I. iv. 19.

Silly, poor (used as a term of pity, not of contempt); I. i. 225.

Since, when; III. i. 9.

Sir, a common title of priests; I. ii. 68.

Skills, matters; III. i. 281.

Slough, the skin of a snake; III. i. 229.

Smart, painful; III. ii. 325.

Smooth, bland, insinuative; III. i. 65.
Smoothing, flattering; I. i. 156.
Smooth'st, flatterest; II. i. 22.
So, if only; V. i. 53.
Soft, hush, stop; II. iv. 15.
Sometime, sometimes; II. iv. 42.
Sophister, captious reasoner; V. i. 191.
Sort, company, set; II. i. 167; III. ii. 277.
Sort, adapt, make comformable; II. iv. 68; let it fall out; I. ii. 107.
Sour, bitter; III. ii. 301.
Span-counter, a game "in which one player throws a counter, which the other wins, if he can throw another to hit it, or lie within a span of it" (Nares); IV. ii. 174.
Spleenful, hot, eager; III. ii. 128.
Splitting, wont to split the sides of vessels; III. ii. 97.
Spoil, despoil, plunder; IV. iv. 53.
Sprays, shoots, twigs; II. iii. 45.
Starved, benumbed with cold; III. i. 343.
State, estate; IV. x. 25.
Stays, ceases, ends; II. iv. 76.
Stigmatic, one branded by nature with deformity; V. i. 215.
Still, continually; III. i. 239.
Stomachs, angry tempers; II. i. 56.
Strait, strict; (F. 4, *"strange"*); III. ii. 258.
Straiter, more severely; III. ii. 20.
Stray, vagrant; IV. x. 28.
Strength, army; III. i. 380.
Style; "large style"; high-sounding list of titles; I. i. 111.
Subornation, abetting, inciting; III. i. 45.
Subscribe, yield the point; III. i. 38.
Suddenly, immediately, at once; II. ii. 67.
Suffer'd, allowed to have his way; V. i. 153.
Sufficeth, it sufficeth; IV. x. 25.
Suffocate, suffocated (with a quibble upon *"Suffolk"*); I. i. 124.
Suspect, suspicion; (Ff. *"suspence"*; Rowe, *"suspicion"*; Malone (Steevens), *"suspects"*); III. i. 140.
Swallowing; "for s.," "that it may not swallow," (Ff. 3, 4, *"swallowing up"*); IV. i. 74.
Sworder, gladiator; IV. i. 135.
Sylla; Sulla, the rival of Marius; IV. i. 84.

Tainture, defilement; II. i. 188.
Take my death, take it upon my death; an oath; II. iii. 91.
Tally, a stick on which notches or scores were cut to keep accounts by; IV. vii. 39.
Temper, moisten, wet; III. i. 311.
Tend, attend, wait on; III. ii. 304.
Tender, have care for; III. i. 277.
That, would that, I. iv. 31; so that, III. i. 12.
Thorough, through; IV. i. 87.
Threatest, threatenest; (Ff. 3, 4, *"threaten'st"*); I. iv. 51.
Tickle, ticklish, unstable; I. i. 216.
Tickled, vexed, irritated; I. iii. 155.
Timeless, untimely; III. ii. 187.

Timely-parted, having died a natural death; III. ii. 161.
To, compared to; III. i. 64.
Towards, monosyllabic; III. ii. 90.
Tower, soar, fly high; II. i. 10.
Treasury, treasure; I. iii. 136.
Trencher, plate; IV. i. 57.
Trow'st, thinkest; II. iv. 38.
Tully, Cicero; IV. i. 136.
Tumble down, make to fall; I. ii. 48.
Twit, twitted; III. i. 178.
Two-hand sword, sword wielded with two hands; II. i. 46.

Uncivil, ill-mannered, rude; III. i. 310.
Uncurable, incurable (Ff. 3, 4, *"incurable"*); III. i. 286.
Uneath, not easily; II. iv. 8.
Unmeet, unsuitable; I. iii. 169.
Untutor'd, untaught, rude; III. ii. 213.

Vantages, advantages; I. i. 131.
Verge, compass, circle; I. iv. 25.
Villiago, base coward; (Theobald reads *"Villageois"*; Capell, *"Viliaco"*; a corruption of Italian *Vigliacco,* rascal; IV. viii. 50.
Void, devoid; IV. vii. 71.
Voiding lobby, ante-room, waiting room; IV. i. 61.

Watt, carry, bear; IV. i. 114.
Walter, pronounced "water"; IV. i. 31.
Waning, decline, loss (Rowe, *"waining"*; Ff., *"warning"*); IV. x. 23.
Ward, custody, confinement; V. i. 112.
Well given, well-disposed; III. i. 72.
What, who; III. i. 107; whatever; III. i. 132.
Where, whereas; III. ii. 394.
Whether, monosyllabic; (Ff. *"where"*); III. ii. 265.
White Hart, probably a tavern in Southwark; used with a quibble on white-heart = cowardly (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"white-heart"*); IV. viii. 26.
Who, whom; III. ii. 127; he who; IV. viii. 15.
Whom, which; III. ii. 345.
Wink, shut your eyes; II. i. 105.
Witch, bewitch (Theobald's correction of Ff., *"watch"*); III. ii. 116.
With; "I am with you," I'll be there, I understand; II. i. 49.
Woe, woful; "be w. for me," be sorrowful, feel sorrow, for me; III. ii. 73.
Worm, snake, serpent; III. ii. 263.
Worn, effaced from memory; II. iv. 69.
Worthy, worthy of; III. i. 68.
Would, requires, desires; II. iii. 21.
Wreck, ruin (Ff., *"wrack"*); I. iii. 129.
Wrest, misinterpret; III. i. 186.
Wrested, took wrongfully; III. i. 112.

Y-clad, clad; I. i. 33.
Yet, still, even then; II. iv. 65.

STUDY QUESTIONS

1. When was the *Second Part of Henry the Sixth* first issued,—according to Hudson,—with that title, and in its present state? What is the title page of an earlier edition of which the later one is but an enlargement?

2. What was the substance of Greene's attack upon Shakespeare in his pamphlet? What was the apology and reply that Chettle made to the ill-feeling it aroused?

3. In what several passages throughout is Margaret's contempt and impatience at the weakness of her husband most apparent?

4. Outline the proceedings of the Second Part as they are developed consistently from the principles of action in the first. Trace with their counteraction and forecast, the scenes that carry these crescendo and descrescendo movements of the action throughout Parts I and II.

5. What constitutes the first practicable breach between the houses of York and Lancaster?

6. Of what early presage in the dramatic action is the battle of St. Albans the first ripe fulfilment?

7. In what respects is Part II an advance upon Part I? Characterize the differences in detail. What is one probable reason for this superiority?

8. The first part represents the introductory process, and deals with the initial spur of the action; what does the second part represent in its process?

9. What passages throughout this part indicate Henry's feeling towards Margaret? Describe the impression they make.

10. In the conduct of what important episodes does

Duke Humphrey show himself as negative in actual effectiveness as Henry himself?

11. Does history entirely justify the Shakespearean handling of the character of York?

12. What is the dramatic effect of Shakespeare's treatment of Margaret's character?

13. Who were the most powerful nobles in the factions of York and Lancaster, respectively?

14. Compare Richard Plantagenet's fitness for ruling with that of Henry.

ACT I

15. What is the general action of the first act? What passages in it foreshadow incidents in Act II?

16. In what passages does the disinterested spirit of Warwick and Salisbury show itself for the good of England?

17. To what family did the Earl of Salisbury belong, and with what one did he connect himself?

18. What constituted just causes for the discontent with Henry's alliance with Margaret of Anjou?

19. In what passages in scene i is the Duke of Gloucester's popularity with the common people specifically referred to? In what ones, as contrasted with Duke Humphrey's demeanor, is that of the Cardinal set forth as unbridled?

20. By what tie was York connected with the Earl of Salisbury? What is the discrepancy in point of time between the historic fact of York's French regency, and the mention of it in the play in scene i?

21. To what situation does York refer in lines 215, 216, scene i? Explain his classical allusion to "the fatal brand Althæa burn'd."

22. What passage in scene ii illustrates the people's realization that Suffolk was their enemy?

23. In what passage does Suffolk voice his consciousness that the power of Salisbury and Warwick is most to be dreaded? Before the cruelty and manifest un-

truth of the charges against Gloucester by the opposing faction of nobles,—and especially those charges made by Suffolk, known as the latter was for being a main cause of England's latest grievance,—what can be said of the attitude of the King?

24. What was the issue of the deadly feud between York and Somerset?

ACT II

25. In scene i what is the undercurrent of the light talk, at first referring to the sport apparently, but continually reverting figuratively to other matters? What is the dramatic value of this in the general movement?

26. What is a special interest of the Simpcox passage, as likewise of the passages in Act I, scene iii, and Act II, scene iii, descriptive of the armorers' petition and duel? What and where are the stories upon which these passages are founded?

27. To what does Gloucester refer in lines 160, 161?

28. What is York's title to the crown of England ?

29. Describe the customs of dealing with sorcerers and witches, so-called, in this period, as set forth in Act II, scene iii.

30. What was the dramatic reason for setting the crime and punishment of Eleanor in close connection with Humphrey's downfall?

31. Is the historic account of this circumstance substantially in keeping with the episode in the play?

32. What passage in scene ii sets forth the shameless vindictiveness of Margaret in the pursuit of her ends?

33. To what custom does Eleanor refer in line 31, scene iv?

34. By what passage in scene iv does Gloucester betray his misguided spirit of trust in others' just dealing?

ACT III

35. What saying from Holinshed voices just such a situation as that into which the downfall of Gloucester eventually brings the king?

36. What passage in scene i particularly demonstrates Henry's weakness in the hands of his nobles?

37. What confusion in the sequence of incidents occurs in line 329, scene i?

38. Is there any proof that York actually instigated the Cade rebellion? If not why is he accused in the play of doing so?

39. How do the current reports and records of the Duke of Gloucester's death tally with or vary from that explanation of it used in the play?

40. How does the *Chronicle* eulogize Gloucester's character? What is the *Chronicle* account of the popular feeling toward Suffolk following Duke Humphrey's death?

41. To what Folk-Myth does Suffolk refer in speaking of the "mandrake's groan"?

42. What is the distinctive dramatic quality in the parting scene between Suffolk and the Queen?

43. What do the *Chronicles* say of the Cardinal?

44. What is Shakespeare's characteristic treatment of the death of the guilty?

ACT IV

45. What is the most important episode in this act? What is its dramatic relation to the trend of the play?

46. What is the meaning of "my George" in line 29, scene i?

47. What is the cause of Suffolk's dismay at Walter Whitmore's mention of his name?

48. Was Suffolk of a degree to warrant his boast of his blood?

49. What dramatic purpose does the captain serve by his tirade against Suffolk in scene i?

50. What is the *Chronicle* account of Suffolk's end?

51. What previous communistic uprising does Shakespeare utilize in combination with the actual Cade episode and for what special dramatic effect?

52. What passage has the poet taken almost verbatim from Holinshed's *Chronicle* and put in the mouths of Cade and his followers? What outrages of the previous insurrection are recalled in the utilization in this Cade episode of denunciation of "ink horn men," lawyers, and all learned people?

53. What probably was the true nature of the Cade Rebellion?

54. How does the first part of scene x operate as a relief or dramatic pause?

ACT V

55. What is the dramatic quality of York's opening speech?

56. What is the historic account of York's return from Ireland, his withdrawal into Wales, and the several events of this part of the episode?

57. What was the original Bedlam to which Clifford refers in scene i?

58. For what in the play's action does the circumstance of Clifford's death at York's hands serve to prepare the way?

59. Compare the rhapsodic pathos of young Clifford's lament over his father's body, with that of Talbot's over his dead son, in Part I. Explain the mythological allusions in young Clifford's final lines.

60. To what has Richard reference in his lines over Somerset's dead body?

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth resumes the course of history just where it paused at the close of the preceding play, and carries it on from the first battle of St. Albans, May, 1455, till the death of King Henry, which took place in May, 1471. And the connection of this play with the foregoing is much the same as that between the *First Part* and the *Second*, there being no apparent reason why the *Third* should begin where it does, but that the *Second* ended there. The parliamentary doings, which resulted in a compromise of the two factions, are here set in immediate juxtaposition with the first battle of St. Albans, whereas in fact they were separated by an interval of more than five years. Nevertheless, the arrangement is a very judicious one; for that interval was marked by little else than similar scenes of slaughter, which had no decisive effect on the relative condition of parties; so that the representing of them would but have encumbered the drama with details without helping on the purpose of the work. Not so, however, with the battle of Wakefield, which followed hard upon those doings in parliament; for this battle, besides that it yielded matter of peculiar dramatic interest in itself, had the effect of kindling that inexpressible rage and fury of madness, which it took such rivers of blood to slake. For historians note that from this time forward the war was conducted with the fiercest rancor and exasperation, each faction seeming more intent to butcher than to subdue the other. The cause of this demoniacal enthusiasm could not well be better presented than it is in the wanton and remorseless savagery displayed

at the battle in question. And the effect is answerably told in the next battle represented, where the varying fortune and long-doubtful issue served but to multiply and deepen the horrors of the tragedy. Even the pauses of the fight are but occupied in blowing hotter the passion and bracing firmer the purpose of the combatants; while the reflection of the King, whose gentle nature suffers alike in the success and the defeat of his party, solemnly moralize the scene, and render it the more awfully impressive by drawing in a remembrance of the homely rural contentment which has been scared away. His plaintive and pathetic musing is aptly followed by a strain of wailing, wafted, as it were, from the grand chorus of woe and anguish which the nation strikes up, on finding that in the blind tearing rage of faction the father has unwittingly been slaughtering his son, and the son his father. And such an elegiac tone as here swells upon the hearing is in truth the most natural and fit expression of a meditative patriotism, grieving over wounds which it is powerless to redress.

Thus in these two points of the drama the spirit and temper of the whole war is concentrated. Nor is it easy to see how the materials could have been better selected and disposed, so as to give out their proper significance, without bruising the feelings or distracting the thoughts of the spectator. By the final overthrow of the Lancastrians at Towton, the Yorkists were left to the divulsive energy of their own passions and vices; for in their previous contests had been generated a virulence of self-will that would needs set them at strife with one another when they had no common antagonist to strive against. The overbearing pride and arrogance of Warwick would not brook to be crossed, and the pampered caprice of Edward would not scruple to cross it: the latter would not have fought as he did, but to the end that he might be king; nor would the former have done so much for him, but that he might have a king subject to his control. It is remarkable that the causes of the deadly feud between the kingmaker and his royal creature have never been fully explained. His-

tory having assigned several, the Poet, even if he had known better, was amply warranted in taking the one that could be made to tell most on the score of dramatic interest. And the scene at the court of Lewis justifies his choice, being, in point of sound stage-effect, probably the best in the play; while the representation, however untrue to fact, is true to the temper, the motives, and character of the parties concerned; so that the Poet may here be said in a justifiable sense to have invented history, gathering up and bodying forth the spirit and life of several years in the form of one brief transaction. With such an occasion and such an assemblage of character, what a piece of work the Poet would have made in the maturity of his powers, when experience had armed his genius with a proportionable degree of technical skill!

The marriage of King Edward with the lady Elizabeth took place in May, 1464, something more than three years after the battle of Towton. The queen's influence over her husband, resulting in the preferment of her family, gave apt occasion for those discontents and schisms in the faction, which, in whatever line of conduct he had followed, could not have been long without pretexts. Of course the effect of such schisms was to rally and strengthen the opposite faction into a renewal of the conflict. The capture of Edward by Warwick occurred in the summer of 1469, and was followed by the restoration of Henry, who had been over five years a prisoner in the Tower. The domineering and dictatorial habit of Warwick was not less manifest in his alliance with Henry than it had been with Edward. The earl had given his oldest daughter to Clarence; and as she was to inherit her father's immense estates, he thus seemed to have a sure hold on her husband. But the duke appears to have regarded the marriage as offering him a prospect of the throne: so that the main cord between them was broken when Warwick gave his second daughter to the son of Henry. In October, 1470, Edward made his escape to the continent. The following March he returned, and in about a month was fought the battle of

Barnet, where he recovered the throne in spite of Warwick, and therefore had the better chance of keeping it. For this success he was much indebted to the perfidy of Clarence, who, having raised a large body of men by commission from Henry, but with the secret purpose of using them for Edward, a few days before threw off the mask, openly renouncing his father-in-law, and rejoining his brother. The death of Warwick at the battle of Barnet left Edward little to fear, and his security was scarce disturbed by the arrival of Queen Margaret, on the very day of that battle, with aid from France; which aid, together with what remained of Henry's late army, was despatched a few days after in the battle of Tewksbury. Prince Edward being murdered at the close of this last battle, and his father in the Tower about two weeks later, the Lancastrian line of princes was now extinct, so that its partisans had no inducement to prolong the terrible contest.

Further particulars of the history will be given from time to time in our notes. By a little attention to the dates it will be seen that throughout this play the Poet keeps to the actual order of events. And a more careful observation will readily perceive, that out of a large mass of materials Shakespeare judiciously selected such portions, and arranged them in such fashion, as might well convey in dramatic form the true historical scope and import of the whole. As the period brought forth little that was memorable save battles, all of which were marked by much the same bloodthirstiness of spirit, it was scarce possible to avoid an unusual degree of sameness in the action of the play; and the Poet seems to have made the most of whatever means were at hand for giving variety to the scenes. Such are the angry bickerings in parliament at the beginning; the cruel slaughter of young Rutland, and the fiendish mockeries heaped upon York, at Wakefield; the lyrical unbosomings of Henry when chidden from the field by Clifford, and when taken prisoner by the huntsmen; the wooing of lady Elizabeth by Edward, and the biting taunts and sarcasms which his brothers vent upon him touching

his marriage; and especially the passages between Lewis, Margaret, Oxford, and Warwick, at the French court; in some of which the Poet seems rather to have overworked his matter of purpose to relieve and diversify the representation. Yet this play is by no means equal to the Second Part in variety of interest; and, but for the pungent seasoning sprinkled in here and there from the bad heart and busy brain of the precocious Richard, would be in some danger of perishing by its own monotony.

All through this dramatic series the delineation of the meek and inoffensive Henry is wrought out with studious care and consistency from the character ascribed to him in the *Chronicles*. His leading traits and dispositions are thus summed up in Holinshed: "He was of seemly stature, of body slender; his face beautiful, wherein continually was resident the bounty of mind with which he was inwardly indued. Of his own natural inclination he abhorred all the vices as well of the body as of the soul. He was plain, upright, far from fraud, wholly given to prayer, reading of Scriptures, and alms-deeds! of such integrity of life, that the bishop, which had been his confessor ten years, avouched that he had not all that time committed any mortal crime; so continent, as suspicion of unchaste life never touched him. So far he was from covetousness, that when the executors of his uncle, surnamed the rich cardinal, would have given him two thousand pounds, he plainly refused it, willing them to discharge the will of the departed, and would scarcely accept the same sum toward the endowing of his colleges in Cambridge and Eton. He was so pitiful, that when he saw the quarter of a traitor against his crown over Cripplegate he willed it to be taken away, with these words,—'I will not have any Christian so cruelly handled for my sake.' Many great offenses he willingly pardoned; and receiving at a time a great blow by a wicked man which compassed his death, he only said,—'Forsooth, forsooth, ye do foully to smite a king anointed so.'"

The Poet's representation is in the main but a temperate

filling-up and coloring of this historical sketch and outline. The three plays embrace the whole period of the king's life; and in the child of the *First Part* a steady eye will readily discern the rudiments of what afterwards appears more fully developed in the man; the lines of his individuality meantime growing imperceptibly firmer, while years bring with them a riper thoughtfulness, and a more considerate, though hardly less passive virtue. At times he seems quite spirited and energetic, but this is generally under some sudden external pressure, and passes away as soon as he has time to temper and adjust his mind to the exigency. He shows considerable powers of thought and will, but somehow he cannot bring them to move athwart his sense of right; while at the same time such is his moral and intellectual candor as to render him inaccessible to the sophistries whereby men usually reconcile their conscience to the suggestions of interest or passion: so delicate and sensitive is his rectitude, that he can hardly bear of two evils to choose the least; and his position has always been such as obliged him either to act upon a choice of evils, or else to do nothing. And it is to be noted, withal, that there has ever been a disproportion between his nature and his circumstances, so that the latter could not properly educate the former; whatsoever native principles of energy there were in him having been rather choked down than called forth, by the rampant, undisciplined, overbearing energy of those about him. Thus he is an instance of a truly good man, altogether out of place; and himself fully aware of his unfitness for the place he is in, yet unable to leave it, for the very reason that the staying there involves him in continual self-sacrifice. He would still be a peacemaker, and therefore what he did still resulted in war, because in his circumstances war was the only effectual means of peace. The only impartial man in the kingdom, his impartiality, however, seems rather the offspring of weakness than of principle: yet, while his condition moves our pity, his piety and innocence secure him a share of respect; and we are apt to think of his situation as one where evil has

got such head that it must needs take its course and run itself out, there being no way for the good to conquer but by suffering.

One is strongly tempted to run a parallel between Henry VI and Richard II, as delineated by Shakespeare. To this temptation Hazlitt yielded outright, and perhaps we may as well follow him so far at least as to start the subject. The two kings closely resemble each other in a certain weakness of character, bordering on effeminacy, and this resemblance is made especially apparent by their similarity of state and fortune. Yet this very circumstance, which in almost any other hands would have caused a confounding of the men, seems only to have put Shakespeare upon a more careful discrimination of them. Richard is as selfish as he is weak, and weak, perhaps, partly because of his selfishness. With large and fine powers of mind, still his thinking never runs clear of self, but is all steeped to the core in personal regards; and to him a thing seems right and good only as, for private ends, he wishes to have it so: he can scarce see things to be true or false, but as they serve or thwart his own fancies and pleasures. And because his thoughts do not rise out of self, and stay in the contemplation of general and independent truth, therefore it is that his course of life runs so tearingly a-clash with the laws and conditions of his place. With Henry, on the other hand, disinterestedness is pushed to the degree of an infirmity. He seems to perceive and own truth all the more willingly where it involves a sacrifice of his personal interests and rights; whereas, these being an essential part of that general truth which maketh strong, a sober and temperate regard to them is among the constituents of wisdom. For a man, especially a king, cannot be wise for others, unless he be so for himself. Thus Henry's weakness seems to spring in part from an excessive disregard of self. He permits the laws to suffer, and in them the people, partly because he cannot vindicate them without, in effect, taking care of his own cause. This trait is finely exemplified in his talk with the keepers who have taken him captive, where

he urges the sanctity of an oath the more strictly, that in this instance it makes against himself. Had he been as rigid and exacting in his own case, as he is here in behalf of his rival, their oaths to himself would not have been broken; and for their breach of faith he blames his own remissness, as having caused them to wrong themselves.

Much has been said by one critic and another about the Poet's Lancastrian prejudices as manifested in these plays. One may well be curious to know whether those prejudices are to be held responsible for the portrait of Queen Margaret, wherein we have, so to speak, an abbreviature and sum-total of nearly all the worst vices of her time. The character, however life-like and striking its effect, is colored much beyond what sober history warrants: though some of the main features are not without a basis of fact, still the composition and expression as a whole has hardly enough of historical truth to render it a caricature. Bold, ferocious, and tempestuous, void alike of delicacy, of dignity, and of discretion, all the bad passions, out of which might be engendered the madness of civil war, seem to flock and hover about her footsteps. Her speech and action, however, impart a wonderful vigor and lustihood to the movement of the drama; and perhaps it was only by exaggerating her or some other of the persons into a sort of representative character, that the springs and processes of that long national bear-fight could be developed in a poetical and dramatic form. Her penetrating intellect and unrestrainable volubility discourse forth the motives and principles of the combatant factions; while in her remorseless impiety and revengeful ferocity is impersonated, as it were, the very genius and spirit of the terrible conflict. So that we may regard her as, in some sort, an ideal concentration of that murderous ecstasy which seized upon the nation. Nor is it inconsiderable that popular tradition, sprung from the reports of her enemies, and cherished by patriotic feeling, had greatly overdrawn her wickedness, that it might have whereon to father the evils resulting

from her husband's weakness, and the moral distemper of the times.

The dramatic character of Margaret, whether as transpiring at court or in the field, is sustained at the same high pitch throughout. Afflictions do but open in her breast new founts of embitterment: her speech is ever teeming with the sharp answer that engenders wrath; and out of every wound issues the virulence that is sure to provoke another blow. And even in the next play, when she is stripped of arms and instruments, so that her thoughts can no longer be embodied in acts, for this very cause her energies concentrate themselves more and more in words: she talks with the greater power and effect, for that she can do nothing else; and her eloquence, while retaining all its point and fluency, waxes the more formidable, that it is the only organ she has left of her will. So that she still appears the same high-grown, wide-branching tree, rendered leafless indeed, and therefore all the fitter for the blasts of heaven to howl and whistle through.

Much might be said by way of explaining how, in the drama, the union of Henry and Margaret has the effect of making them both more and more what they ought not to be; his doing too little evermore stimulating her activity, and her doing too much as constantly opiating his. And by their endeavoring thus to repair each other's excess, that excess is not only heightened in itself, but rendered on both sides more mischievous in its effects, forasmuch as it practically inverts the relation between them: her energy cannot make up for his imbecility, because in either case the quality does not fit the person. For in seeking to make his place good she only displaces both herself and him, and, of course, the more she does out of her place, the more she undoes her cause. All which shows that in such matters it is often of less consequence what is done, than by whom, and how; for the simple reason that the issue depends not so much on the form of the act, as on the manner in which it is viewed by those to whom it refers. Finally, if any one think that Margaret's ferocity is

strained up to a pitch incompatible with her sex, and unnecessary for the occasion; perhaps it will be deemed a sufficient answer, that the spirit of such a war could scarce be dramatically conveyed without the presence of a fury, and that the Furies have always been represented as females.

Warwick and Clifford are appropriate specimens of the old English feudal baronage in the height of its power and splendor; a class of men brave, haughty, turbulent, and rough, accustomed to wield the most despotic authority on their estates, and therefore spurning at legal restraint in their public capacity; and individually able, sometimes, to overawe and browbeat both king and parliament. In the play, however, we see little of their personal traits, these being, for the most part, lost in the common habits and sentiments of their order; not to mention that, in the collision of such steel-clad champions, individual features are apt to be kept out of sight, and all distinctive tones are naturally drowned in the clash of arms. It is mainly what they stand for in the public action, that the drama concerns itself about, not those characteristic issues which are the proper elements of a personal acquaintance. Yet they are somewhat discriminated: Clifford is more fierce and special in his revenge, because more tender and warm in his affections; while Warwick is more free from particular hate, because his mind is more at ease in the magnitude of his power, and the feeling of his consequence. It is said that not less than thirty thousand persons lived daily at the tables of his different castles and manors. Add to this, that his hospitality was boundless, his dispositions magnificent, his manners captivating, his spirit frank, forthright, and undesigning, and it may well be conceived why his "housekeeping won the greatest favour of the commons," insomuch that, though but an earl in style, he could in effect force kings to reign as viceroys under him. Holinshed speaks of him thus: "Full fraught was this nobleman with good qualities right excellent and many, all which a certain natural grace did so far forth recommend,

that with high and low he was in singular favor and good liking, so as, unsought-for it seemed, he grew able to command all alone." And his bearing in the play is answerable to the character that history assigns him; though it were to be wished, that in the doings of the king-maker the Poet had given us more taste of the individual man.

The representation of Suffolk in the *Second Part* might also be cited in disproof of Shakespeare's alleged bias to the Lancastrian side. Ambitious, unprincipled, impatient of every one's pride and purpose but his own, a thorough-paced scoundrelism is depicted in him without mitigation or remorse. Yet if his dramatic character be compared with the worst that history has alleged concerning him, the portrait will probably appear to have rather the overcoloring of a young author aiming at effect, than the temperance and moderation of conscious strength. Generally, however, the *Second Part* and the *Third* are in effect a pretty fair revivification of history, in that they set before us an overgrown nobility, a giant race of iron-bound warriors, who being choked off from foreign conquest, and unused to the arts of peace, their high-strung energies got corrupted into fierce hatreds and revengeful passions; and they had no refuge from the gnawings of pride and ambition, but to struggle and fight at home for that distinction which they had been bred to anticipate by fighting abroad.

In the *Second* and *Third Parts of Henry VI* the character of Richard is set forth in the processes of development and formation; whereas in *King Richard III* we have little else than the working-out of his character as already formed. In Shakespeare's time the prevailing idea of Richard was derived from the *History of his Life and Reign*, put forth by Sir Thomas More, but supposed to have been partly written by Dr. John Morton, himself a part of the subject, who was afterwards Cardinal, Primate of England, and Lord Chancellor to Henry VII. More's *History*, as it is commonly called, was adopted by both Hall and Holinshed into their *Chronicles*. In that noble piece

of composition the main features of the subject are digested and drawn together as follows:

"Richard, the third son, was in wit and courage equal with either of them, little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crook-backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard-favored of visage; malicious, wrathful, envious, and from afore his birth ever froward. It is reported that he came into the world with the feet forward, and not untoothed; whether men of hatred report above the truth, or else that nature changed her course in his beginning, which in his life many things unnaturally committed. Free he was called of dispense, and somewhat above his power liberal: with large gifts he gat him unsteadfast friendship, for which he was fain to pill and spoil in other places, and gat him steadfast hatred. He was close and secret, a deep dissembler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart; outwardly companionable where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill; despiteous and cruel, not for evil will always, but oftener for ambition, and either for the surety or increase of his estate." In another place he is spoken of thus: "His face was small, but such, that at the first aspect a man would judge it to savor and smell of malice, fraud, and deceit. When he stood musing, he would bite and chaw his nether lip; as who said, that his fierce nature in his cruel body always chafed, stirred, and was ever unquiet: besides that, the dagger which he ware he would, when he studied, with his hand pluck up and down in the sheath to the midst, never drawing it fully out." And elsewhere he is noted by the same writer as being inordinately fond of splendid and showy dress, thus evincing an intense craving to be "look'd on in the world;" to fill the eyes of men, and ride in triumph on their tongues.

It is evident that this furnished the matter and form of the Poet's conception; his character of Richard being little other than the historian's descriptive analysis reduced to dramatic life and expression. In accordance with Shakespeare's usual method, at our first meeting with Rich-

ard, in the *Second Part*, act v. sc. 1, is suggested the first principle and prolific germ out of which his action is mainly evolved. He is called "foul stigmatic," because the stigma set on his person is both to others the handiest theme of reproach, and to himself the most annoying; like a huge boil on a man's face, which, because of its unsightliness, is the point that his enemies see most, and, because of its soreness, strike first. And his personal deformity is regarded not only as the proper outshaping and physiognomy of a certain original malignity of soul, but as yielding the prime motive of his malignant dealing, in so far as this dealing proceeds from motive as distinguished from impulse; his shape having grown ugly because his spirit was bad, and his spirit growing worse because of his ugly shape. For his ill-looks invite reproach, and reproach quickens and heightens his malice; and because men hate to look on him, he therefore cares all the more to be looked on; and as his aspect repels admiration, he has no way to win it but by power, that so fear may compel what inclination denies. Thus experience generates in him a most inordinate lust of power; and the circumstantial impossibility of coming at this, save by crime, puts him upon such a course of intellectual training and practice as may enable him to commit crimes, and still avoid the consequences, thus reversing the natural proportion between success and desert.

And his extreme vanity naturally results in a morbid sensitiveness to any signs of neglect or scorn; and these terms being especially offensive and hurtful to himself, he therefore has the greater delight in venting them on others: as taunts and scoffs are a form of power which he feels most keenly, he thence grows to using them as an apt form whereby to make his power felt. For even so bad men naturally covet to be wielding upon others the causes and instruments of their own sufferings. Hence the bitterly sarcastic humor which Richard indulges so freely and with such prodigious effect; as in what he says to the Cliffords, at his first appearance in the play, and

again in the dialogue that takes places over the dead body of the younger Clifford. Of course his sensitiveness is keenest touching the very particular wherein his vanity is most thwarted and wounded: he thinks of nothing so much as the ugliness that balks his desire, and resents nothing so sharply as the opinion or feeling it arrays against him. Accordingly his first and heaviest shots of sarcasm are at those who were the first to twit him on that score. And in the scene where Prince Edward is killed, he seems unmoved till the prince hits him in that eye, when his wrath takes fire at once, and bursts out in the reply,—"By Heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word."

All which indicates the cause of his being so prone to "descant on his own deformity:" his thoughts still brood upon it, because it is the sorest spot in his condition; and because he never forgets it, therefore he is the more intent on turning it into the source of a dearer gratification than any it withholds from him, the consciousness, namely, of such an inward power as can bear him onward and upward in spite of such outward clogs. Thus the shame of personal disgrace, which in a good mind yields apt motive and occasion of a sweet and virtuous life, in the case of Richard inverts itself into a most hateful and malignant form of pride,—the pride of intellectual force and mastery. Hence he comes to glory in the very matter of his shame, to exaggerate it, and hang over it, as serving to approve, to set off, and magnify the strength and fertility of wit whereby he is able to triumph over it; as who would say,—Nature indeed made me the scorn and reproach of men, nevertheless, I have proved too much for her, and made myself their wonder and applause; and though my body be such that men could not bear the sight of me, yet I have managed to charm their eyes.

It should be remarked that Richard, steeped as he is in essential villainy, is actuated by no such "motiveless malignity" as distinguishes Iago. Cruel and unrelenting in pursuit of his end, yet there is no wanton and gratuitous cruelty in him: in all his crimes he has a purpose beyond

the act itself. Nor does he seem properly to hate those whom he kills: they stand between him and his ruling passion, and he "has neither pity, love, nor fear," that he should blench or scruple to hew them out of the way. And he has a certain redundant, impulsive, restless activity of nature, that he never can hold still; in virtue of which, as his thought seizes with amazing quickness and sureness where, and when, and how to cut, so he is equally sudden and sure of hand: the purpose flashes upon him, and he instantly darts to the crisis of performance, the thought setting his whole being a-stir with executive transport. It is as if such an excess of life and energy had been rammed into his little body, as to strain and bulge it out of shape.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

THE ENGLISH CHRONICLE PLAY

Among the many and diverse forms which the English drama displayed in the latter part of the sixteenth century there is none which was at once so popular in its day and so distinctively English as that which drew its subject-matter from the historical lore of the national chronicles. For years this variety of drama disputed with Romantic comedy and tragedy the supremacy of the stage, and only yielded to defeat with the subsidence of the national spirit of which it was born. The English Chronicle Play began with the tide of patriotism which united all England to repel the threatened invasion of Philip of Spain. It ebbed and lost its national character with the succession of James, an un-English prince, to the throne of Elizabeth.—Schelling, *The English Chronicle Play.*

HENRY VI

In prison Henry at last is really happy; now he is responsible for nothing; he enjoys for the first time tranquil solitude; he is a bird who sings in his cage. His latter days he will spend, to the rebuke of sin and the praise of his Creator, in devotion. Henry's equanimity is not of the highest kind; he is incapable of commotion. His peace is not that which underlies wholesome agitation, a peace which passes understanding. "Quietness is a grace, not in itself; only when it is grafted on the stem of faith, zeal, self-abasement, and diligence." If Henry had known the nobleness of true kingship, his content in prison might be

admirable; as it is, the beauty of that content does not strike us as of a rich or vivid kind. But the end is come, and that is a gain. Henry has yielded to the house of York, and the evil time is growing shorter. The words of the great Duke of York are confirmed by our sense of fact and right:

> King did I call thee? nay, thou art not king.
> . . . . .
> Give place; by heaven thou shalt rule no more
> O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

In the last scene of *Richard II* his despair lends him courage: he beats the keeper, slays two of his assassins, and dies with imprecations in his mouth against Sir Pierce Exton, who "had staggered his royal person." Henry, when he is seized by the deer-stealers, only reads them a moral lecture on the duty of allegiance and the sanctity of an oath; and when stabbed by Gloucester in the tower, reproaches him with his crimes, but pardons him his own death.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

LADY GREY

She was a poor widow who came trembling before King Edward, and begged him to restore to her children the small estate which, after the death of her husband, had reverted to the enemy. The licentious king, who could not stir her chastity, was so enchanted by her beauty, that he placed the crown on her head. Her history, known to all the world, announces how much misery to both came from this match.—Heine, *Florentine Nights.*

THE WARWICKS

The magnificent and exceedingly romantic castle of Warwick, was the seat of the powerful Earls of Warwick, a brave and warlike race, which has played a prominent

part in the history of England. The founder of the family is said to have been the legendary Guy of Warwick, the subduer of the Danish giant Colbrand, who after his warlike exploits retired to what is now called Guy's Cliff,

> Where with my hands I hewed a house
> Out of a craggy rocke of stone;
> And lived like a palmer poore
> Within that cave myself alone:
>
> And daylye came to begg my bread
> Of Phelis att my castle gate,
> Not knowne unto my loved' wiffe
> Who dayle mourned for her mate, &c.

The legends and ballads relating to Sir Guy must undoubtedly have been told or sung to the boy Shakespeare; and no doubt he had also seen the statue of the old hero at Guy's Cliff. Among the famous Norman Earls of Warwick are the Beauchamps, especially Thomas Beauchamp, the fourth Earl, whom parliament appointed guardian of Richard II; and Richard Beauchamp, the fifth Earl, surnamed the Good (1381–1439), who distinguished himself in the struggle with Owen Glendower, and at the battle of Shrewsbury against the Percies; it was he who negotiated the marriage of Henry V with Catherine of France, and was appointed "tutor" to Henry VI up to his fifteenth year. This Richard Beauchamp was likewise one of the heroes of the Wars of the Roses. He died as Regent of France at Rouen, and his body was brought to Warwick and buried in St. Mary's Church in the Beauchamp Chapel, which had been erected there by him; his tomb, which is said to have cost the extravagant sum of nearly £2,500, is still an object of admiration to persons visiting Warwick. His son Henry was not only made Earl of Warwick, by Henry VI, but subsequently even King of the Isle of Wight, of Jersey and Guernsey. With him the male line of the Beauchamps became extinct in 1445, and the lands and possessions passed, through the female line, into the hands of the Nevilles, the first and mightiest of these

being the famous Richard Neville, the "king-maker." He was the mainstay of the Yorkists (the White Rose) for whom he gained the victories of St. Albans and Northampton. He was less successful at the battle of Wakefield and at the second battle of St. Albans. In conjunction with the Duke of York, however, he drove the Lancastrian party back northwards, and in March, 1461, proclaimed his cousin king in London, as Edward IV. By his victory at Towton he secured the throne for the newly-made king, who in return, showered honors and rewards upon him and his family. Nevertheless, discords gradually arose between the dependent king and his all-powerful vassal, which ended in the latter having to flee to the Continent in 1470; while there he gave his daughter Anne in marriage to Edward Prince of Wales, the son of Queen Margaret. Thereupon at the head of a considerable force he landed at Plymouth, and proclaimed Henry VI king. Edward IV, meanwhile, fled to Holland, where he likewise raised an army, which he brought over and landed at Ravenspurg, in Yorkshire, in March. 1471. At the battle of Barnet, the Lancastrians were at last thoroughly beaten, but the King-Maker and his brother Lord Montague lost their lives on the field of battle. Richard Neville left two daughters, Isabella, married to the Duke of Clarence, the brother of Edward IV, and Anne (mentioned above), who after the murder of her first husband in 1741, married the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

These were the great historical characters whom young Shakespeare could not fail to have thought of, when entering Warwick Castle by the passage cut through the solid rock, and gazing at its massive towers built to withstand the wear and tear of hundreds of years,—or when visiting the Beauchamp Chapel and looking inquisitively at its monuments and tombstones there. That Shakespeare, even as a boy, wandered to Warwick, which was only some eight miles from Stratford, and became acquainted with all the objects of interest there, will not admit of any reasonable doubt. At Warwick he would at once be transported to

the time of the Wars of the Roses, to the scene of his Histories, and would learn the present as well as the past circumstances of the famous race of earls who figure in all of these dramas. Would it be too much to maintain that the youthful impressions which Warwick made upon Shakespeare, were the first inspiration of his Histories?—Elze, *William Shakespeare.*

RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

If we may call the character of Henry VI Shakespeare's own creation, that of Richard of Gloucester, on the contrary, was wholly prepared for his use in the Third Part. The aspiring spirit inherited from his father; the glance of the eagle at the sun; the great ambition, the indifference to the means for an object; the valor, the superstition which represents in him the voice of conscience; the subtle art of dissimulation; the histrionic talent of a "Roscius," the faithless policy of a Catiline; these had been already assigned to him by Greene in this piece. But how excellent even here have been Shakespeare's after-touches is evinced in the soliloquy (Part III Act iii. sc. 2), where the ambitious projects of the duke hold counsel as it were with his means of realizing them; it is the counterpart to the similar soliloquy of his father York (Part II Act iii. sc. 1), and permits us to anticipate how far the son will surpass the father. The principal figure of the two plays, Richard of York, is almost throughout delineated as if the nature of his more fearful son was prefigured in him. Far-fetched policy and the cunning and dissimulation of a prudent and determined man are blended in him—not in the same degree, but in the same apparent contradiction as in Richard—with firmness, with a hatred of flattery, with inability to cringe, and with bitter and genuine discontent. With the same assurance and superiority as Richard the son, he is at one time ready to decide at the point of the sword, and at another to shuffle the cards silently and wait "till time do serve;" both alike are animated by the same

aspirations and ambitions. Had he been endowed with the same favor of nature as his father, Richard would have developed the same good qualities which the father possessed in addition to his dangerous gifts. Ugly, misshapen, and despised, without a right to the throne and without any near prospect of satisfying his royal projects, his devouring ambition was poisoned; in his father, called as he was the flower of the chivalry of Europe, convinced of his rights and proud of his merits, the aspiring disposition was moderated into a more legitimate form. At the death of his son Rutland his better nature bursts forth forcibly to light. He is honest enough, upon the pretended disgrace of his enemy Somerset, to dismiss his "powers" and to give his sons as pledges; had he not been led away by his sons, he is moderate enough, and is even ready to suspend his claims to the throne until Henry's death, whom, in the course of nature, he was not likely to survive; he labored for his house, and not as his son, for himself. His claims and those of his house, which he asserts in opposition to the helpless and inactive Henry, he grounds not upon the malicious consciousness of personal superiority, as his son Richard does subsequently; but upon a good right, upon his favor with the people, upon his services in France and Ireland. Contrasted with Henry, he feels himself more kingly in birth, nature, and disposition. When he exercises his retaliation on the Lancastrians, he utters those words which Bolingbroke had before more cunningly applied to Richard II: "Let them obey, that know not how to rule."—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

THE TRILOGY

In all three parts we have a reflection of the same law, of the same conception of history, which again is but a modification of the fundamental theme of the whole trilogy; all the parts gather round one central point and arrange themselves into one great whole. . . . We

have history represented in its degeneration into civil war, which is the consequence of the original disturbance of its course and of the general demoralization which increases with it. This is the theme upon which the whole trilogy is based, and which exhibits the two sides of life according to Shakespeare's conception. The three parts then show the principal stages in the development of such a state of things. History, when so degenerate, first of all casts out those that are good and noble but who are nevertheless not wholly unaffected by the spirit of their age, and at the same time shows that the great and pure are not understood and that they cannot keep themselves entirely pure. This is exhibited in the *First Part* by the events belonging to it (and hence, because appropriate here only, Shakespeare introduces Talbot's death into this first part in violation of the laws of chronology). History then continues falling into a wild state of chaos, where right and wrong flow into one another and can no longer be distinguished, and consequently where the bad and the good, or, to speak more correctly, the bad and those that are less bad are drawn into the general vortex. This is the second stage of which we have a representation in the *Second Part.* Having arrived at this climax, history demands that man shall not interfere with its course, and refrain from having any determination of his own, and that he shall leave all action to that man whom it has itself chosen to restore order. It therefore punishes every uncalled-for interference as unauthorized presumption, whereas the submissive spirit is inwardly exalted and glorified through suffering and death. This is the thought which connects the events of the *Third Part* into an organic unity.—Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

CONCLUSION

In leaving these plays I would draw attention to the parallel not only of incident but expression, of the slaughter of young Rutland by Clifford, and that of Lycaon by Achilles in the Iliad. The resemblance may be due to the

classical knowledge of the original English dramatist, or to the sympathy of poetic minds. The rendering of this passage is one of the worthiest in Pope's translation. Clifford and Achilles are here merciless alike, and yet not utterly pitiless:—

> *"Clifford.* In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
> Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter."

And thus the Greek:—

> "Die then, my friend, what boots it to deplore,
> The great, the good Patroclus is no more."

—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

King Henry *the sixth*
Edward, *Prince of Wales, his son*
Lewis XI, *King of France*
Duke of Somerset
Duke of Exeter
Earl of Oxford
Earl of Northumberland
Earl of Westmoreland
Lord Clifford
Richard Plantagenet, *Duke of York*

Edward, *Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV,*
Edmund, *Earl of Rutland,*
George, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*
Richard, *afterwards Duke of Gloucester,*
} *his sons*

Duke of Norfolk
Marquess of Montague
Earl of Warwick
Earl of Pembroke
Lord Hastings
Lord Stafford

Sir John Mortimer,
Sir Hugh Mortimer,
} *uncles to the Duke of York*

Henry, *Earl of Richmond, a youth*
Lord Rivers, *brother to Lady Grey*
Sir William Stanley
Sir John Montgomery
Sir John Somerville
Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York
Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman
Two Keepers. A Huntsman
A Son that has killed his father
A Father that has killed his son

Queen Margaret
Lady Grey, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV*
Bona, *sister to the French Queen*

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

Scene: *England and France*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I

Before Henry VI reaches London, the Duke of York is there and is seated on the throne by the Earl of Warwick. The king enters the Parliament-house and finding threats of no avail to make York give up the throne, promises that York shall be his heir. Margaret is very angry that her son should thus be denied the succession and she herself raises an army. A battle takes place between the forces of the queen and those of York, in which the latter is defeated and slain.

ACT II

Edward and Richard, York's sons, are much disheartened over the death of their father, but are encouraged when Warwick joins them. Another battle is fought near Towton and Henry's forces are routed. Edward and his followers then proceed to London, there to crown Edward as king.

ACT III

After Edward's coronation, Warwick journeys to France to arrange a marriage between the new king and the Princess Bona, sister of the queen of France. King Henry is taken prisoner and carried to the London Tower. At the French court Warwick meets Margaret; both plead with Lewis, the first for the hand of Bona for his king and the latter for aid to restore Henry to his throne. Lewis has just promised to accede to Warwick's wishes when a post enters bringing letters. They contain the news of

Edward's marriage with Lady Elizabeth Grey. Angry with Edward for his broken faith, Warwick and Lewis both turn to Margaret; Warwick is reconciled to her and Lewis promises her the French troops she so much needs.

ACT IV

Warwick hastens to England, by forced marches surprises Edward, deposes him, and restores the crown to Henry. Edward escapes from his captors and flees to Burgundy, where he succeeds in recruiting fresh troops. He returns to his dukedom of York in England and is there joined by his own friends and their followers. They march upon London and Henry is again seized and imprisoned in the Tower.

ACT V

Warwick "the King-maker" and Edward meet in battle near Barnet and the forces of the Earl are defeated, he himself being killed. The king then proceeds to Tewksbury, where he meets Margaret and her French troops. The queen is taken prisoner, and the prince, her son, stabbed to death by York's brother. Edward's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, hastens to London and kills Henry. Edward ascends the throne with every prospect of peace and security for the future were it not for the mutterings of the Duke of Gloucester.

THE THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY VI

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

London. The Parliament-house.

Alarum. Enter the Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

War. I wonder how the king escaped our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

9. It was seen in the note to l. 30 of Act. v. sc. 2, of the preceding play, that the circumstances of old Clifford's death are here stated as they really were. As the representation is in both cases the same in the quarto as in the folio, it is obvious that on the principle of Malone's reasoning this discrepancy proves the two parts of the

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerously;
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood
Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me and tell them what I did.
[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*
York. Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.
But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?
Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

quarto to have been by different hands. Of course the personal fight of York and Clifford in the former play was for dramatic effect; and here the Poet probably fell back upon the historical facts without thinking of his preceding fiction.—In the present scene Shakespeare brings into close juxtaposition events that were in fact more than five years asunder. The first battle of St. Albans was fought May 22, 1455, and the parliament at Westminster, whose proceedings are here represented, was opened October 7, 1560. In October, 1459, the Yorkists had been dispersed, and the duke himself with his son Edmund had fled to Ireland; but they soon rallied again, and in July, 1460, a terrible battle was fought at Northampton, wherein the Yorkists were again victorious, and got the king into their hands, and compelled him soon after to call the parliament in question.—H. N. H.

11. *"dangerously,"* Theobald's correction (from Qq.); Ff., *"dangerous."*—I. G.

14. In this play York and Montague are made to address each other several times as *brothers.* Perhaps the Poet thought that John Nevil, marquess of Montague, was brother to York's wife, whereas he was her nephew. Montague was brother to the earl of Warwick; and the duchess of York was half-sister to their father, the earl of Salisbury.—H. N. H.

18. *"But is your grace";* Pope, *"Is his grace";* Capell, *"Is your grace";* Malone (from Qq.), *"What, is your grace";* Steevens, *"What, 's your grace";* Lettsom, *"What, Is your grace."*—I. G.

19. *"hope";* Capell, *"enõ";* Dyce (Anon. conj.), *"hap."*—I. G.

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.
War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We 'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk: stay by me, my lords;
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night
[*They go up.*
War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.
York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let 's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

34. *"thrust you out perforce";* Rowe, *"thrust you out by force";* Capell (from Qq.), *"put us out by force."*—I. G.

36. *"council";* Pope's emendation of Ff. 1, 2, *"counsaile";* F. 3, *"counsell";* F. 4, *"counsel."*—I. G.

41. *"And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice";* Qq., *"be deposde";* as the line stands in the Ff. "Henry" must be either dissyllabic or monosyllabic.—I. G.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute:
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I 'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and the rest.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state: belike he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favorites and his friends.
North. If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What, shall we suffer this? let 's pluck him down:

47. The allusion is to falconry. Hawks had sometimes little bells hung on them, perhaps to *dare* the birds; that is, to fright them from rising. The quarto has "the proudest *bird* that holds up Lancaster."—H. N. H.

55. *"You both have vow'd"*; F. 4, *"you have both vow'd"*; Pope, *"you vow'd"*; Collier MS., *"you have vow'd"*; Collier conj. *"both have vow'd"*; Vaughan conj. *"you both vow'd."*—I. G.

56. *"favorites"*; Capell, *"favorers."*—I. G.

My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.
Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father lived.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.
K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favors them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe. But when the duke is slain, they 'll quickly fly.
K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.
York. I am thine.
Exe. For shame, come down: he made thee Duke of York.
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

62. *"poltroons, such as he";* F. 1, *"Poultroones, such as he";* Ff. 2, 3, *"Poultroones, and such is he";* F. 4, *"Poltroons, and such is he";* Capell, *"poltroons, and such as he."*—I. G.

70. *"Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart";* Capell (from Qq.), *"Far be it from the thoughts of Henry's heart."*—I. G.

76. *"I am thine";* Rowe, *"Henry, I am thine";* Theobald (from Qq.), *"Thou'rt deceiv'd, I'm thine."*—I. G.

78. *"The earldom was," i. e.* the earldom of March, by which he claimed the throne; Theobald (from Qq.), *"The kingdom is."*

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; and that 's Richard Duke of York.
K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
York. It must and shall be so: content thyself.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.
West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget.
That we are those which chased you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colors spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.
North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I 'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

83. *"and that's,"* the reading of Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, *"that's"*; Qq. *"and that is"*; Collier, *"that is."*

York. Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seized upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

105. *"Thy father"; "Thy,"* Rowe's correction (from Qq.) of Ff., *"My"; "father";* Capell conj. *"uncle."*—I. G.

It will be remembered that his father was *not* duke of York, but earl of Cambridge, and that even that title was forfeited, leaving the present duke plain Richard Plantagenet, until he was advanced by the present king. Accordingly, Exeter has said, a few lines before,—"He *made* thee duke of York." So that here we have another discrepancy, and that not in different plays or scenes, but in different parts of the same scene.—H. N. H.

110. *"Sith," since;* a contraction of *sithence.*—The following extracts from the Chronicles will show the historical basis of these proceedings. "During the time of this parlement, the duke of Yorke with a bold countenance entered into the chamber of the peeres, and sat downe in the throne roiall, under the cloth of estate, which is the kings peculiar seat, and in the presence of the nobilitie, as well spirituall as temporall, after a pause made, he began to declare his title to the crowne." Then follows the speech which York was said to have made, after which the chroniclers add,—"When the duke had made an end of his oration, the lords sat still as men striken into a certeine amazednesse, neither whispering nor speaking foorth a word, as though their mouthes had been sowed up. The duke, not verie well content with their silence, advised them to consider throughlie, and ponder the whole effect of his words and saiengs; and so neither fullie displeased, nor yet altogither content, departed to his lodgings in the kings palace. The lords forgot not the dukes demand, and, to take some direction therein, diverse of them as spirituall and temporall, with manie grave and sage persons of the commonaltie, dailie assembled at the Blacke-

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I: 111
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lovest and honorest arms,
Let 's fight it out and not stand caviling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords; 121
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colors, often borne in France,
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,

friers and other places, to treat of this matter. During which time the duke of Yorke, although he and the king were both lodged in the palace of Westminster, would not for anie praiers or requests once visit the king, till some conclusion were taken in this matter; saieng that he was subject to no man, but only to God, under whose mercie none here superiour but he."—H. N. H.

Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?
My title 's good, and better far than his.
War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. [*Aside*] I know not what to say; my title 's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. [*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,

144. *"his crown"*; Johnson, *"his son"*; Dr. Percy pointed out that Richard II had no son; Capell (from Qq.), *"the crown"*; Vaughan, *"his line"*; Wordsworth, *"the throne."*—I. G.

Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.
War. Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceived: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defense:
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.*
K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.
King. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

171. *"for this my life-time reign as king,"* the reading of F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"for this time,"* &c.; Theobald (from Qq.), *"but reign in quiet, while I live."*—I. G.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!
War. What good is this to England and himself!
West. Base, fearful and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injured both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honor bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised!
[*Exeunt North., Cliff., and West.*
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may: I here entail
The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honor me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down and reign thyself.
York. This oath I willingly take and will perform,

War. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

Exe. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!

[*Sennet. Here they come down.*

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I 'll to my castle.

War. And I 'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came.

[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, their Soldiers, and Attendants.*

205. The terms of this compromise are thus given in Hall and Holinshed: "After long debating of the matter amongest the peeres, prelats, and commons, upon the vigill of All-saints it was condescended, for so much as king Henrie had beene taken as king by the space of thirtie and eight yeares and more, that he should injoy the name and title of king, and have possession of the realme during his naturall life. And if he either died, or resigned, or forfeited the same by breaking or going against anie point of this concord, then the said crowne and authoritie roiall should immediately be devoluted and come to the duke of Yorke, if he then lived; or else to the next heire of his linage. And that the duke of Yorke from thense foorth should be protectour and regent of the land. This agreement, put in articles, was ingrossed, sealed, and sworne unto by the two parties, and also enacted in the parlement. For joy whereof the king, having in his companie the duke of Yorke, rode to the cathedrall church of saint Paule in London, and there on the day of All-saints with the crowne on his head went solemnlie in procession, and was lodged a good space in the bishops palace, neere to the said church. And upon the Saturdaie next insuing, Richard duke of Yorke was by sound of trumpet solemnlie proclaimed heire apparent to the crowne of England, and protectour of the realme." All-saints day is November 1.—H. N. H.

206. Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.—H. N. H.

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen Margaret and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I 'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son:
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

Q. Mar. Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced?

211. *"Beweay"* is an old form of *betray*, meaning to discover.—H. N. H.

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulcher,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honor:

239. This was Thomas, natural son of William Nevil Lord Falconbridge, who was uncle to Warwick and Montague. This Thomas Nevil, says Hall, was "a man of no lesse corage than audacitie, who for his cruel condicions was such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the world in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an ill hazard." He had been appointed by Warwick vice admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favored King Henry or his friends should escape untaken or undrowned: such at least were his instructions with respect to the friends and favorers of King Edward after the rupture between him and Warwick. On Warwick's death he fell into poverty, and robbed, both by sea and land, as well friends as enemies. He once brought his ships up the Thames, and with a considerable body of the men of Kent and Essex, made a spirited assault on the city, with a view to plunder and pillage, which was not repelled but after a sharp conflict, and the loss of many lives; and, had it happened at a more critical period, might have been attended with fatal consequences to Edward. After roving on the sea some little time longer, he ventured to land at Southampton, where he was taken and beheaded.—H. N. H.

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colors
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let 's away;
Our army is ready; come, we 'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Aye, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field
I 'll see your grace: till then I 'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle

261. *"from,"* the reading of Ff. 2, 3, 4, and Qq.; F. 1, *"to."*—I. G.
268. *"cost,"* so Ff.; Hanmer, *"truss"*; Warburton, *"coast,"* i. e. "watch and follow, or hover round"; Steevens, *"cote"*; Jackson, *"court"*; Dyce, *"souse."* Warburton's emendation is generally adopted by modern editors.—I. G.

Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I 'll write unto them and entreat them fair.
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Sandal Castle.

Enter Richard, Edward, Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

269. To *"tire"* is to *tear,* to *feed* like a bird of prey; from the Anglo-Saxon *tirian.* Thus in the Poet's Venus and Adonis:

> "Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
> *Tires* with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone."—H. N. H.

270. That is, of Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Clifford, who had left him in disgust.

272. *"Cousin";* Henry Holland, the present duke of Exeter, was cousin german to the king, his grandfather, John Holland, earl of Huntingdon and duke of Exeter in the time of Richard II, having married Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter to John of Ghent by his first wife. The earldom of Huntingdon was his inheritance, and he was created duke of Exeter in 1444, at the same time that Suffolk was made marquess. His grandfather, the first earl of Huntingdon in that line, was half-brother to Richard II, being son to Joan the Fair Maid of Kent by her first husband, Sir Thomas Holland. He was made duke of Exeter by King Richard in 1397, his brother Thomas and Henry of Bolingbroke being at the same time made dukes of Surrey and Hereford; but, being a fast friend to Richard, he was deprived of that title in 1399, soon after Bolingbroke mounted the throne; and, being engaged in the first conspiracy against that king, was taken and beheaded the next year. However, his son John, the second earl of Huntingdon, was in favor with Henry V, and was with him in France.—H. N. H.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.
York. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your grace and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.
York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I 'll prove the contrary, if you 'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;

16. *"any"*; Dyce, *"an."* (?) *"But for a kingdom may an oath be broken."*—I. G.

Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms! · And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

27. The obligation of an oath is here eluded by a very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain a usurper, (taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself,) in the foregoing play, was rational and just (*Johnson*).—H. N. H.

38. *"shalt to the Duke of Norfolk";* the reading of Ff. 1, 2, 3; F. 4, *"shalt be D. of N.";* Rowe, *"shall go to the D. of N.";* Pope, *"shalt to th' D. of N. go";* Steevens, *"shalt unto the D. of N.";* Vaughan, *"shalt straight to the D. of N."*—I. G.

40. *"Lord Cobham";* Hanmer, *"Lord of Cobham."*—I. G.

48. The folio reads "Enter *Gabriel.*" It was the name of the

But, stay: what news? Why comest thou in such post?

Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Aye, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

actor, probably *Gabriel* Singer, who played this insignificant part. The emendation is from the quarto.—H. N. H.

59. From the hollow reconciliation of the foregoing scene, both parties went directly to preparing for war. The preliminaries to the battle of Wakefield, which followed soon after, are thus delivered in the Chronicles: "The duke of Yorke, well knowing that the queene would spurne against all this, caused both hir and hir sonne to be sent for by the king. But she, as woont rather to rule than be ruled, not onelie denied to come, but assembled a great armie, intending to take the king by force out of the lords hands. The protectour in London, having knowledge of all these dooings, assigned the duke of Norffolke, and erle of Warwick, his trustie freends, to be about the king, whiles he with the earles of Salisburie and Rutland, and a convenient number, departed out of London the second daie of December northward, and appointed the earle of March, his eldest sonne, to follow him with all his power. The duke came to his castell of Sandall beside Wakefield on Christmasse eeven, and there began to make muster of his tenants and freends. The queene, thereof ascerteined, determined to cope with him yer his succour were come. Having in hir companie the prince hir sonne, the dukes of Excester and Summerset, the lord Clifford, and in effect all the lords of the north parts, with eighteene thousand men, she marched from Yorke to Wakefield, and bad base to the duke,

Mont. Brother, I go; I 'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.
[*Exit.*

Enter Sir John Mortimer and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen means to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need; we 'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Aye, with five hundred, father, for a need:
A woman's general; what should we fear?
[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums: let 's set our men in order,
And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

even before his castell gates."—Prince Edward was at that time in his eighth year, having been born October 13, 1453.—H. N. H.

Scene III

Field of battle betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield.

Alarums. Enter Rutland and His Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter Clifford and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away with him!
Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!
[*Exit, dragged off by Soldiers.*
Clif. How now! is he dead already? or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I 'll open them.
Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:

"Enter Rutland and his Tutor." Rutland is described by Halle as "scarce of the age of xii yeares, a faire gentleman and maidenlike person." He was in reality seventeen. The "tutor's" name was Robert Aspall.—C. H. H.

Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore— [*Lifting his hand.*
Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death!
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me,
Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offense,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause!
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.
[*Stabs him*

Rut. Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ! [*Dies.*
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe

48. *"Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ"; i. e.* "The gods grant that this be the sum of thy glory"; (Ovid, *Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon*).—I. G.

This scrap of Latin appeared first in the folio; but as Malone would needs argue that the original play was not Shakespeare's, from its having several Latin quotations, he did not see fit to adorn this line with a star.—This savage slaughter of Rutland is thus related by Hall: "Whilst this battle was in fighting, a priest called Sir Robert Aspall, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young earl of Rutland, perceiving that flight was more safeguard than tarrying, both for himself and his master, secretly conveyed the earl out of the field, by the lord Clifford's band, towards the town: but ere he could enter into a house he was by the said lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparel demanded what he was. The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees imploring mercy, and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance; for his speech was gone for fear. Save him, said his chaplain, for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the lord Clifford marked him, and said, By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so I will do thee and all thy kin: and with that word he struck the earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the earl's mother and brother word what he had said and done."—H. N. H.

Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried 'Courage, father! fight it out!'
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, 'Charge! and give no foot of ground!'
And cried, 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A scepter, or an earthly sepulcher!'
With this, we charged again: but, out, alas!
We bodged again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labor swim against the tide
And spend her strength with over-matching waves. [*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

26. The story of this battle is thus told in the Chronicles: "The duke of Summerset and the queenes part appointed the lord Clifford to lie in one stale, and the earle of Wiltshire in another, and the duke with the other to keepe the maine battell. The duke of Yorke descended downe the hill in good order and arraie; but when he was in the plaine betweene his castell and the towne of Wakefield, he was invironed on everie side, like fish in a net, so that, though he fought manfullie, yet was he within halfe an houre slaine, and his whole armie discomfited. With him died his two bastard

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Aye, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

uncles, sir John and sir Hugh Mortimer, and two thousand and eight hundred others, whereof manie were yoong gentlemen, and heirs of great parentage in the south parts, whose kin revenged their deaths within four months next."—H. N. H.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.
Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.
North. Hold, Clifford! do not honor him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valor were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valor.
[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*
Clif. Aye, aye, so strives the woodcock with the gin.
North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.
North. What would your grace have done unto him now?
Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand on this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What! was it you that would be England's king?

Was 't you that revel'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee 'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York! and, lords, bow low to him:

73. *"mess of sons,"* four sons; the company at great dinners being arranged in "messes" or sets of four.—C. H. H.

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Aye, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Aye, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

108. The piece of exquisite inhumanity, which furnished the basis of this scene, is thus narrated in the Chronicles: "The same lord Clifford came to the place where the dead corpse of the duke of Yorke laie, caused his head to be striken off, and set on it a crowne of paper, fixed it on a pole, and presented it to the queene, not lieng farre from the field, in great despite; at which great rejoising was showed: but they laughed then that shortlie after lamented, and were glad then of other mens deaths, that knew not their owne to be so neere at hand." Thus far Holinshed copies Hall, and then adds the following: "Some write that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a molehill; on whose head they put a garland in steed of a crowne, which they had fashioned and made of sedges or bulrushes; and, having so crowned him, they kneeled downe afore him, as the Jewes did unto Christ, in scorne, saieng to him,—'Haile, king without rule, haile, king without heritage, haile, duke and prince without people or possessions.' And at length, having thus scorned him with these and diverse other the like despitefull words, they stroke off his head, which they presented to the queene." It should be remarked, fur-

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.
Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God He knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:

ther, that Holinshed took this account from Whethamstede, who was a bitter enemy to the Lancastrians. It should be noted, in justice to womanhood, that according to the latter account the queen had no part in the blasphemous mockery of the living duke.—H. N. H.

109. *"sake"*; Capell (from Qq.), *"death."*—I. G.

'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals

150. *"passion moves"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"passions move"*; F. 1, *"passions moues."*—I. G.

152, 153. *"That face of his the hungry cannibals Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood"*; Warburton's arrangement (from Qq.); printed as three lines in Ff., ending *his . . . toucht . . . blood.* For *"with blood"* Ff. 2, 3, 4 reads *"the roses just with blood"*; Theobald, *"the roses juic'd with blood"*; Hanmer, *"the roses just i' th' bud"*; Collier MS., *"the rose's hues with blood."* —I. G.

Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say, 'Alas, it was a piteous deed!'
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my
curse;
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. *Mar.* What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here 's for my oath, here 's for my father's
death. [*Stabbing him.*

Q. *Mar.* And here 's to right our gentle-hearted
king. [*Stabbing him.*

York. Open Thy gate of mercy, gracious God!

169. *"to all"; Capell* (from Qq.), *"of all."*—I. G.

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee. [*Dies.*

Q. *Mar.* Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York. 180
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

180. So in Holinshed: "After this victorie, the earle of Salisburie and all the prisoners were sent to Pomfret, and there beheaded; whose heads, togither with the duke of Yorkes head, were conveied to Yorke, and there set on poles over the gate of the city." —All, it should seem, must needs agree that this scene is one of the very best in the whole play. Its logic and its pathos are eminently Shakespearean; and the coloring of Margaret bespeaks, throughout, the same hand which, after a few years more of practice, wrought out the terrible portrait of lady Macbeth. Yet of the 180 lines which the scene contains, only 26 were altered from the quarto, and 19 added in the folio. And of those additions 15 lines are in York's speech at the beginning, while many of the alterations are of a very trifling kind, such as the following:

Quarto. "So doves do peck the *raven's* piercing talons."
Folio. "So doves do peck the *falcon's* piercing talons."
Quarto. "That *aim'd* at mountains with outstretched *arm.*"
Folio. "That *raught* at mountains with outstretched *arms.*"
Quarto. "Look, York: I *dipp'd* this napkin *in* the blood."
Folio. "Look, York: I *stain'd* this napkin *with* the blood."
Quarto. "Is crown'd so soon, and broke his *holy* oath."
Folio. "Is crown'd so soon, and broke his *solemn* oath."

Moreover, nearly all the pith, marrow, and spirit of the scene are in the quarto, there being even less of improvement than of enlargement in the folio. And yet, according to the more current notion, of this, undoubtedly the most Shakespearean scene but one in the play, only 19 lines were original with Shakespeare; if, indeed, that can be called originality, which gives no new thoughts, but merely amplifies the old. And Malone's celebrated argument was to *vindicate* Shakespeare from the reproach of having written, into the honor of having stolen, the 161 lines of this scene, either taken whole or slightly altered from the quarto!—H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scaped,
Or whether he be 'scaped away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?
Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,

14. "*Neat*," says Richardson, "seems properly to denote *horned* cattle, from the A. S. *Hnit-an*, cornu petere, to butt or strike with the *horn*."—H. N. H.

Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So fared our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should notwithstanding join our lights together,

20. *"Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son";* Ff.; Warburton (from Qq.), *"pride."*—I. G.

32. The battle of Mortimer's Cross took place February 2, 1461, and the event of the text is spoken of by the chroniclers as having happened on the morning of that day: "At which time the sunne, as some write, appeared to the earle of March like three sunnes, and suddenlie joined altogither in one. Upon which sight he tooke such courage, that he fiercelie setting on his enemies put them to flight: and for this cause men imagined, that he gave the sunne in his full brightnesse for his badge or cognizance."—H. N. H.

And over-shine the earth as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.
Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on
When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!
Edw. O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.
Mess. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:

And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen;
For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fires all my breast,
And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!
Richard, I bear thy name; I 'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee:

His dukedom and his chair with me is left.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquess of Montague, and their army.

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?
Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!
Edw. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,

And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigor,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;

113. Omitted in Ff., added by Steevens (from Qq.).—I. G.
131. *"idle,"* Capell's emendation (from Qq.) of Ff., *"lazy."*—I. G.

Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,
In haste, post haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:

141. The second battle of St. Albans, of which Warwick here tells the story, took place February 17, 1461. The account is for the most part historically true. Of course it will be understood that the king was at that time in the keeping of those who were really fighting against him, though nominally with his sanction; and the effect of the battle was to release him from their hands, and restore him to his friends, who under the leading of the queen were seeking to break up the compromise that had been forced through in the late parliament. The course and issue of the fight are thus described in the Chronicles: "These (the Yorkists) gave the onset so fiercelie at the beginning, that the victorie rested doubtfull a certeine time; but after they had stood it a pretie while they began to faint, and, turning their backes, fled amaine over hedge and ditch, through thick and thin, woods and bushes, seeking to escape the hands of their cruell enimies, that followed them with eger minds, to make slaughter upon them, and bare downe manie, and more had doone, if the night comming on had not stayed them."—H. N. II.

146. *"Your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy," i. e.* Isabel, daughter of John I, King of Portugal, by Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt; she was, therefore, really third cousin to Edward, and not aunt.—I. G.

147. This is slightly at variance with fact. York's sons, George

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.
War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful scepter from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what 's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say aye, and to it, lords.
War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many moe proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.

and Richard, the one being then in his twelfth year, the other in his ninth, were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return till Edward had taken the crown.—H. N. H.

He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, Via! to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry 'Charge upon our foes!'
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Aye, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour!—
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd

182. *"to London will we march amain";* Theobald's emendation (from Qq.); Ff. read *"to London will we march";* Hanmer, *"straight to London will we march."*—I. G.

190. *"fail'st";* Steevens, *"fall'st";* Qq., *"faints."*—I. G.

In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up drums: God and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors, let 's away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Before York

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with drum and trumpets.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

209. *"it sorts,"* things are as they should be; it falls but right.—H. N. H.

Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
K. Hen. Aye, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings

Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defense?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got
My careless father fondly gave away'?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. *Hen.* Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I 'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know

47–48. *cp.* Greene's *Royal Exchange*:—"It hath been an old proverb, that happy is that son whose father goes to the devil," &c.—I. G.

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promised knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I 'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Aye, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

74. So in Holinshed: "Thus was the queene fortunate in hir two battels, but unfortunate was the king in all his enterprises; for where his person was present the victorie still fled from him to the contrarie part. The queene caused the king to dub hir sonne prince Edward knight, with thirtie other persons, which the day before fought on hir side against his part."—H. N. H.

K. Hen. Why, that 's my fortune too; therefore
I 'll stay.
North. Be it with resolution then to fight.
Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defense:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry 'Saint
George!'

March. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjured Henry! wilt thou kneel for
grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the
crown,
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!
Clif. Aye, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

89. This of course refers to the late compromise or agreement, which was *"sworne unto by the two parties."* In the folio, this and the three following lines are assigned to *Clarence;* but the words, "to blot out *me,"* show that they were meant to be a part of *Edward's* speech.—H. N. H.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Aye, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valor, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Aye, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sunset I 'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileged to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here

Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:
By Him that made us all, I am resolved
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armor on.
Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,—
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—
Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

134. In the folio this speech is assigned to Warwick, in the quarto to Richard. The queen's reply shows that the quarto is right.—H. N. H.

144. *"A wisp of straw"* was set as an ignominious badge on the head of scolds.—C. H. H.

Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revel'd in the heart of France,
And tamed the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We 'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

147. *"Although thy husband may be Menelaus," cp. Troilus and Cressida,* V. i. 61, where Thersites calls Menelaus "the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds."—I. G.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee; 170
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.
Sound trumpets! let our bloody colors wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman, we 'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A field of battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,

172. *"deniest,"* Warburton's correction (from Qq.); Ff. 1, 2, *"denied'st"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"deni'dst."*—I. G.

177. *"these"*; Capell (from Qq.), *"thy."*—I. G.

Scene III, Yorkshire. Soon after the second battle of St. Albans, Edward, coming fresh from his victory at Mortimer's Cross, united his forces with those under Warwick and Montague, and marched straight to London, which he knew was altogether of his faction. A few days later, a great council being held, it was resolved that Henry, by joining the queen's forces, had broken the late compact, and forfeited the crown to Edward, the heir to Richard late duke of York. Edward then made harangues to the people, who with shouts and acclamations ratified the sentence of the council; whereupon he was proclaimed king. This was done March 4, 1461. The 12th of the same month he started northward with a large army, intending to finish the war at one stroke. The immediate prelimi-

And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.

Enter Edward, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

Enter George.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'

naries to the action of the following scene are thus given in Holinshed: "His armie and all things prepared, he departed out of London the twelfe daie of March, and by easie journies came to the castell of Pomfret, where he rested, appointing the lord Fitz Walter to keepe the passage of Ferrybridge with a good number of tall men. King Henrie on the other part, having his armie in readinesse, committed the governance thereof to the duke of Summerset, the earle of Northumberland, and the lord Clifford, as men desiring to revenge the death of their parents, slaine at the first battell at saint Albons."—H. N. H.

So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I 'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I 'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,

22. "The lord Clifford determined to make a charge upon them that kept the passage of Ferrybridge; and so he departed with his light horssemen, and earlie, yer his enimies were ware, slue the keepers, and wan the bridge. The lord Fitz Walter, hearing the noise, suddenlie rose out of his bed, and, thinking it had beene a fraie amongst his men, came downe to appease the same; but yer he knew what the matter meant was slaine, and with him *the bastard of Salisburie, brother to the earle of Warwicke,* a valiant yoong gentleman, and of great audacitie."—*Holinshed.*—H. N. H.

32. "When the earle of Warwicke was informed hereof, like a man desperat, he mounted on his hacknie, and hasted puffing and blowing to king Edward, saieng,—'Sir, I praie God to have mercie of their soules, which in the beginning of your enterprise have lost their lives.' With that he lighted downe, and slue his horse with his sword, saieng,—'Let him flee that will, for surelie I will tarrie with him that will tarrie with me'; and kissed the crosse of his sword, as it were for a vow to the promise."—*Holinshed.*—H. N. H.

37. *"Thou setter up and plucker down of kings"; cp.* Daniel ii. 21, "He removeth kings and setteth up kings."—I. G.

Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,
Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.
Forslow no longer, make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*

43. *"in earth";* the reading of Ff. 1, 2; Ff. 3, 4, *"in the earth";* Pope, *"on earth."*—I. G.

49. *"all together,"* Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"altogether."*—I. G.

53. *"wear";* Collier MS., *"wore";* Collier (ed. 2), *"ware."*—I. G.

56. "King Edward, perceiving the courage of his trustie friend the earle of Warwike, made proclamation, that all men which were afraid to fight should depart; and to all those that tarried the battell he promised great rewards, with addition, that anie souldier which voluntarilie would abide, and afterwards, either in or before the

Scene IV

Another part of the field.

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight. Warwick comes; Clifford flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*

fight, should seeme to flee or turne his backe, then he that could kill him should have a great reward and double wages."—*Holinshed.* —H. N. H.

Scene V

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

King. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,

3. This seems to have been a mode of whiling away one's time, when one could do nothing else or had nothing else to do.—H. N. H.

13. So in Holinshed: "This deadlie conflict continued ten houres in doubtfull state of victorie, uncertainlie heaving and setting on both sides."—H. N. H.

To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorne-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,

26. *"make"*; Ff., *"makes."*—I. G.
38. *"months"*; Rowe, *"weeks, months."*—I. G.

Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his father, dragging in the body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who 's this? O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.

60. *"as this dead man doth me"*; Hanmer, *"as this dead man to me"*; Wordsworth, *"as this dead doth to me."*—I. G.

Weep, wretched man, I 'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.

Enter a Father that has killed his son, bringing in the body.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!
O, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,

78. Johnson's interpretation of this is probably right: "The state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the kingdom in a civil war; all shall be destroyed by a power formed within themselves."—Of course these instances of unwitting parricide and filicide are meant to illustrate generally the horrors of civil war. They were suggested, no doubt, by a passage in Hall concerning this battle of Towton: "This conflict was in manner unnatural, for in it the son fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew again the uncle, and the tenant against his lord."—H. N. H.

80. *"hast,"* the reading of Ff. 3, 4; Ff. 1, 2, *"hath."*—I. G.

87. *"kill,"* Rowe's correction of Ff., *kills."*—I. G.

92, 93. *"O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon, And hath bereft thee of thy life too late";* much has been written on these lines, the difficulty being in the words *"too late";* the simplest meaning of the

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colors of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country for these woful chances
Misthink the king and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

Son. I 'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit with the body.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;

phrase seems to be *"when too late"*; others explain *"too late"*="too recently." The Qq. read *"too late"* in the first line, and *"too soon"* in the second.

The force of the crude couplet seems to be:—O boy, too soon thy father gave thee life (better thou had'st never been born!); too late he discovers that the fatal blow was aimed at *thee*.—I. G.

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulcher,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Even for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I 'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.
[*Exit with the body.*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care;
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen Margaret, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;

119. *"Even,"* Capell's emendation; Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Men"*; F. 4, *"Man"*; Rowe, *"Sad"*; Mitford, *"Mere"*; Delius, (Mitford conj.) *"Son"*; Collier MS., *"E'en"*; Keightley conj. *"'Fore men"* or *"To men"*; Anon. conj. *"Main,"* &c.—I. G.

Or else come after: I 'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Another part of the field.

A loud alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out; aye, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!

139. The great battle of Towton was fought March 29, 1461, the day after the action at Ferrybridge. Its effect was to fix the crown on the brow of Edward. Holinshed's account of it is mainly copied from Hall: "This battell was sore foughten, for hope of life was set aside on either part, and taking of prisoners proclaimed a great offense; so everie man determined to vanquish or die in the field. But in the end king Edward so couragiouslie comforted his men, that the other part was discomfitted and overcome; who, like men amazed, fled toward Tadcaster bridge to save themselves, where in the mid waie is a little brooke called Cocke, not verie broad, but of great deepnesse, in which, what for hast to escape, and what for feare of their followers, a great number was drowned. It was reported that men alive passed the river upon dead carcasses, and that the great river of Wharfe whereinto that brooke dooth run, and all the water comming from Towton, was coloured with blood. The chase continued all night and the most part of the next daie, and ever the northerne men, as they saw anie advantage, returned againe, and fought with their enimies, to the great losse of both parts. For in these two daies were slaine, as they that knew it wrote, on both parts six and thirtie thousand seven hundred threescore and sixteene persons, all Englishmen and of one nation."—H. N. H.

My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts.
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning windows for our death;
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,

6. *"And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts,"* Rowe's reading; Ff., *"fall. Thy";* Rann, *"fall, that";* Johnson conjectured *"fall, the"; "commixture melts,"* Steevens' correction (from Qq.); F. 1, *"Commixtures melts";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Commixtures melt."*

8. Omitted in Ff. Restored by Theobald (from Qq.).—I. G.

17. Omitted by Capell, following Qq.—I. G.

And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest,
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*

Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
And whereso'er he is, he 's surely dead.
[*Clifford groans, and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle 's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

42–45. The assignment to the speakers is due to Capell, following Qq., which here are more correct than Ff.—I. G.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
War. I think his understanding is bereft.
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so perhaps he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.
Geo. Where 's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.
I know by that he 's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Aye, but he 's dead: off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king:
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

80. *"If this right hand would buy two hours' life";* Capell (from Qq.), *"would this right hand buy but an hour's life";* F. 1, *"two hours' ";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"but two hours'."*—I. G.

82. *"This hand should";* Capell (from Qq.), *"I'd."*—I. G.

86. So in the Chronicles: "After this great victorie, king Edward rode to Yorke; and first he caused the heads of his father, the earle of Salisburie, and other his freends, to be taken from the gates, and to be buried with their bodies, and there he caused the earle of Devonshire and three other to be beheaded, and set their heads in the same place."—H. N. H.

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I 'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And George, of Clarence: Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester;
For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that 's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,
To see these honors in possession. [*Exeunt.*

100. *"in thy shoulder";* so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"on thy s."*—I. G.

110. Holinshed, after Hall, winds up the story of "the good Duke Humphrey's" death with the following: "Some thinke that the name and title of Glocester hath beene unluckie to diverse, as Hugh Spenser, Thomas of Woodstoke, and this duke Humfrie; which three persons by miserable death finished their daies, and after them king Richard the third also. So that this name is taken for an unhappie stile, as the proverb speaketh of Sejans horsse, whose rider was ever unhorssed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie."—H. N H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

A forest in the north of England.

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

First Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we 'll
shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

Sec. Keep. I 'll stay above the hill, so both may
shoot.

First Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-
bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I 'll tell thee what befell me on a day
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

"Enter two keepers"; Ff., *"Enter Sinklo and Humfrey"*; "as Sinklo is certainly the name of an Actor who is mentioned in the stage directions in the *Taming of the Shrew* (Ind. i. 86), and in *Henry IV*, Part II, Act v. Sc. 4, there is a great probability that Humphrey is the name of another Actor; perhaps, as Malone suggests, Humfrey Jeaffes. Neither of these is mentioned in the list of "Principall Actors" prefixed to the first Folio" (Camb. Editors).—I. G.

9. Evidently meaning.—"And, *that* the time *may* not seem tedious"; a mode of speech not uncommon in the old writers.—H. N. H.

Sec. Keep. Here comes a man; let 's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stolen, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,

13. *"Enter King Henry, disguised, with a Prayer-book,"* Malone's emendation; Ff., *"Enter the King with a Prayer booke";* Collier MS., adds, *"disguised as a Churchman";* Capell (from Qq.), *"Enter King Henrie disguisde."*—I. G.

The Poet here leaps over something more than four years of military and parliamentary slaughter. After the battle of Towton the king fled into Scotland, and from thence sent the queen and prince to France. In October, 1463, she returned to Scotland with a small power of men, and soon after, having obtained a great company of Scots, she entered England with the king. At first the Lancastrian cause had a gleam of success, but was again crushed at the battle of Hexham, in April, 1464. After this overthrow, the king escaped a second time into Scotland; and it was upon his second return in June, 1465, that he was taken, somewhat as is represented in this scene. Such, at least, is the account delivered by Hall and Holinshed; who, after speaking of Edward's measures of security against his rival, add the following: "But all the doubts of trouble that might insue by king Henries being at libertie were shortlie taken away; for he himselfe, whether he was past all feare, or that hee was not well established in his wits, or for that he could not long keepe himselfe secret, in disguised atire boldlie entered into England. He was no sooner entred, but he was knowne and taken of one Cantlow, and brought toward the king; whom the earle of Warwicke met on the way, and brought him through London to the Tower, and there he was laid in sure hold."—H. N. H.

14. *"To greet mine own land with my wishful sight";* Rann (from Qq.), *"and thus disguis'd to greet my native land."*—I. G.

17. *"wast,"* the reading of Ff. 3, 4; Ff. 1, 2, *"was."*—I. G.

No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

First Keep. Aye, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee:
This is the quondam king; let 's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

Sec. Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

First Keep. Forbear awhile; we 'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labor is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account then Margaret may win him;
For she 's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild while she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Aye, but she 's come to beg, Warwick, to give;

24. *"thee, sour adversity"*; Dyce's emendation; Ff., *"the sower Adversaries"*; Pope, *"these sour adversities"*: Clarke's Concordance, *"these sour adversaries"*; Delius, *"the sour adversities."*—I. G.

She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn,

Sec. Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

Sec. Keep. Aye, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that 's enough.

54. "The piety of Henry scarce interests us more for his misfortunes than this his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful queen."—*Steevens.*

55. *"thou that talk'st,"* &c.; Rowe's emendation; Qq., *"thou that talkes,"* &c.; Ff., *"thou talk'st,"* &c.; Collier, *"thou talkest,"* &c.—I. G.

60. *"and that's enough";* Rann (from Qq.), *"though not in shew."* —I. G.

Sec. Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content:
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Sec. Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath deposed;
And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

Sec. Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

Sec. Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

First Keep. No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings, command, and I 'll obey.

First. Keep. We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

First Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

[*Exeunt.*

97. *"We charge you, in God's name, and the king's"; "You";* Anon. conj. *"you now"* or *"you then"; "and the king's";* Rowe, *"and in the king's."*—I. G.

101. We have already set forth the taking of King Henry as related in the Chronicles. Dr. Lingard probably has the truth of the matter; who tells us that after the battle of Hexham the king "sought an asylum among the natives of Lancashire and Westmoreland, a people sincerely devoted to his interests. Their fidelity enabled him for more than a year to elude the vigilance and researches of the government; but he was at last betrayed by the perfidy of a monk of Abingdon, and taken by the servants of Sir James Harrington, as he sat at dinner in Waddington hall in Yorkshire. At Islington he was met by Warwick, who ordered that no one should show him any respect, tied his feet to the stirrups as a prisoner, led him thrice round the pillory, and conducted him to the Tower. There

Scene II

London. The palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

he was treated with humanity, but kept in the most rigorous confinement for some years."—H. N. H.

2. *"Richard";* the reading of Ff. and Qq.; Pope (from Hall), *"John."*—I. G.

3. *"lands";* Capell's correction (from Qq.); Ff., *"land."*—I. G.

6–7. *"In quarrel of the house of York,"* &c.; but in reality Sir John Grey fell in the second battle of St. Albans, fighting on the side of King Henry.—I. G.

This seems a very needless departure from fact. Sir John Grey fell in the second battle of St. Albans, fighting on King Henry's side; and his lands were not seized by the queen, who conquered in that battle, but by King Edward after the victory at Towton. Shakespeare has the matter correctly in *Richard III,* Act i. sc. 3:

> "In all which time, you and your husband Grey
> Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
> And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your husband
> In Margaret's battle at St. Albans slain?"

As the text in this passage is but slightly altered from the quarto, Malone cites this discrepancy as "proving incontestably that Shakespeare was not the original author of the play."—H. N. H.

Glou. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonor to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I 'll make a pause.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Yea, is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!
Glou. [*Aside* to *Clar.*] Silence!
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Aye, widow? then I 'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you 'll catch a blow.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] God forbid that! for he 'll take vantages.
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] I think he means to beg a child of her.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Nay, whip me then: he 'll rather give her two.
L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] You shall have four, if you 'll be ruled by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I 'll try this widow's wit.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Aye, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch. [*Glou. and Clar. retire.*

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Aye, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I 'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

32. *"then"*; Qq., *"them."*—I. G.

K. Edw. Aye, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That 's soon perform'd because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Aye, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit:
Please you dismiss me, either with 'aye' or 'no.'

K. Edw. Aye, if thou wilt say 'aye' to my request;
No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. Edw. [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way or other she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

108. *"'twas for shift"*; so Ff. 1, 2; F. 3 reads, *"'twas for a shift"*; F. 4, *"it was for a shift."*—I. G.

L. Grey My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highness aims at, if I am aright."

King Henry VI. P. 3 Act 3, Scene 2

Glou. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You 'ld think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glou. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That 's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glou. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

110. *"very sad";* so F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"sad."*—I. G.

117. The first meeting of Edward with the lady Elizabeth is thus noted in the Chronicles: "The king, being on hunting in the forest of Wichwood beside Stonistratford, came for his recreation to the manor of Grafton, where the duchesse of Bedford then sojourned, wife to sir Richard Woodvile lord Rivers, on whome was then attendant a daughter of hirs, called the ladie Elizabeth Graie, widow of sir John Graie knight, slaine at the last battell of saint Albons. This widow, having a sute to the king for such lands as hir husband had given hir in jointure, so kindled the kings affection, that he not onelie favoured hir sute, but more hir person. For she was a woman of a more formall countenance, than of excellent beautie; and yet both of such beautie and favour, that with hir sober demeanour, sweete looks, and comelie smiling, neither too wanton nor too bashfull, besides hir pleasant toong and trim wit, she so alured and made subject unto hir the heart of that great prince, that, after she had denied him to be his paramour, with so good maner, and words so well set as better could not be devised, he finallie resolved with himselfe to marrie hir, not asking counsell of anie man, till they might perceive it was no bootie to advise him to the contrarie of that his purpose."—H. N. H.

119. *"your prisoner";* the reading of Ff., Capell (from Qq.), *"as prisoner";* Id. conj. *"a prisoner."*—I. G.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honorably. [*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Glou. Aye, Edward will use women honorably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title buried—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he 'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;
And so I say, I 'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,

143. *"Flattering me with impossibilities";* Pope, *"Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible";* (*"me"*="myself").—I. G.

Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved?
O monstrous fault, to harbor such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I 'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head

156. *"shrub"*; Qq., *"shrimpe."*—I. G.

170. *"Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head"*; the reading of Ff. 1, 2; Ff. 3, 4, *"Until this . . . head"*; Pope, *"Until*

Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
I can add colors to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.

the . . . head"; Thirlby, *"Until the head of this mis-shapen trunk"*; Hanmer, *"Until the head this mis-shap'd trunk doth bear,"* &c.—I. G.

190. *"Sinon,"* who persuaded the Trojans to take the wooden horse into Troy.—C. H. H.

193. *"the murderous Machiavel"*; Warburton (from Qq.), *"th' aspiring Catiline"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"Machevill"*; F. 4, *"Matchevil."*—I. G.

Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it further off, I 'll pluck it down.
[*Exit.*

Scene III

France. The King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, his sister Bona, his Admiral, called Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France: now Margaret
Must strike her sail and learn a while to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonor laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

3. *"while Lewis doth sit";* Rowe, *"whiles Lewis sits";* Pope, *"whilc Lewis sits."*—I. G.
11. *"seat";* Walker conj. *"state."*—I. G.

Q. *Mar.* From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. *Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: [*Seats her by him*] yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

Q. *Mar.* Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banish'd man,
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I 'll succor thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow!
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

Enter Warwick.

K. Lew. What 's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

42. *"waiteth on true sorrow";* Warburton, *"waiting rues to-morrow."*—I. G.

44. *"Enter Warwick."* The part which Warwick is made to act in this scene, though amply justified by the Chronicles, seems to have little or no foundation in fact. The king was privately married to the lady Elizabeth Grey, May 1, 1464, and there was no open rupture between him and Warwick till the fall of 1468, though the elements had long been secretly preparing for a storm. The causes that finally set the king-maker so fiercely against his royal creature are clouded in mystery; perhaps, as hath been said, "we need seek no further than that jealousy and ingratitude which is too often experienced in those who are under obligations too great to be discharged." For settling the point in hand, probably the best we can do is to quote from Dr. Lingard. "Many writers," says he, "tell us that the enmity of Warwick arose from his disappointment, caused by Edward's clandestine marriage with Elizabeth. If we may believe them, the earl was at that very time in France, negotiating on the part of the king a marriage with Bona of Savoy, sister to the queen of France; and, having succeeded in his mission, brought back with him the count of Dampmartin as ambassador from Louis. To me this whole story appears a fiction. 1. It is not to be found in the more ancient historians. 2. Warwick was not at that time in France. On the 20th of April, ten days before the marriage, he was employed in negotiating a truce with the French envoys in London, and on the 26th of May, about three weeks after it, was appointed to treat of another truce with the king of Scots. Nor

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[*He descends. She ariseth.*

Q. Mar. Aye, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love, 51
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. [*Aside*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. [*To Bona*] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf, 59
I am commanded, with your leave and favor,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand

could he bring Dampmartin with him to England; for that nobleman was committed a prisoner to the Bastile in September, 1463, and remained there till May, 1465."—H. N. H.

45. *"Our"*; Collier MS., *"The"*; Vaughan conj. *"Proud."*—I. G.

Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonor;
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:

75. *"thy"*; Johnson, *"thee."*—I. G.

82. This error was not derived from Holinshed. Gaunt in reality obtained only a few transient successes in Spain. Mr. Daniel suggests that "popular belief may have magnified these successes"; quoting the title of a play known only from Henslowe's *Diary: The Conquest of Spayne by John a Gant* (Apr. 11, 1601).—C. H. H.

From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obey'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father.
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?

96. *"thirty and six years"*; Qq., *"thirtie and eight"*; the correct number, according to Malone.—I. G.

102. This was during Edward's first parliament, in 1461, and is thus mentioned in the Chronicles: "The earle of Oxford, far striken in age, and his sonne and heire, the lord Awbreie Veer either through malice or their enimies, or for that they had offended the king, were both, with diverse or their counsellors, attainted and put to execution; which caused John earle of Oxford ever after to rebell."—It will not be amiss to add, that this little speech, relishing so choicely of Shakespeare, is but very slightly altered from the quarto.—H. N. H.

No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.
[*They stand aloof.*

Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honor.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

124. *"an eternal plant";* Warburton's emendation (from Qq.); Ff. read *"an externall p.";* Hanmer, *"a perennial p."*—I. G.

127. *"Exempt from envy, but not from disdain"; i. e.* not liable to malice or hatred, altho' not secured from female disdain.—I. G.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.
Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:
[*To War.*] Yet I confess that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.
K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's:
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.
Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.
Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.
K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason that I be released
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires and mine can yield.
War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;

133. *"tempted";* Vaughan, *"temper'd."*—I. G.

And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace,
Proud setter up and puller down of kings!
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.
[*Post blows a horn within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. [*To War.*] My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:
[*To Lewis*] These from our king unto your majesty:
[*To Margaret*] And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.
[*They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were nettled:
I hope all 's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

156. *"Warwick, peace"*; the reading of Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, *"Warwick."*—I. G.

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped joys.
War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
K. Lew. What! has your king married the Lady Grey?
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?
Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.
War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,
No more my king, for he dishonors me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honor:

187. This is a mistake. Salisbury was wounded and taken prisoner by the Lancastrians in the battle of Wakefield; was soon after beheaded, and his head, along with York's, set upon the gates of York. —H. N. H.

188. "King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles house, which was much against the earles honestie, (whether he would have deflowred his daughter or his *neece*, the certaintie was not for both their honours revealed,) for surely such a thing was attempted by king Edward."—*Holinshed.*—H. N. H.

And to repair my honor lost for him,
I here renounce him and return to Henry.
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, aye, his unfeigned friend,
That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I 'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succor him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He 's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honor,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore at last I firmly am resolved
You shall have aid.
Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.
K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what 's past, go fear thy king withal.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armor on.
War. Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There 's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit Post.*
K. Lew. But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men

228. *"I'll,"* Capell (from Qq); Ff. read *"I."*—I. G.

233, 234. *"But, Warwick, Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men";* Theobald, *"But, Warwick, Thyself and . . . men";* Hanmer, *"But Warwick, thou Thyself and . . . men";* Steevens, *"But, Warwick, thou And . . . men";* Collier MS., *"But, Warwick, thou And . . . warlike men";* Keightley, *"But, Warwick, Thou and Lord . . . men";* Anon. conj. *"But, Warwick, thou And . . . men of mine."* Perhaps, as an anonymous scholar has suggested, the line should be read as an Alexandrine.—I. G.

Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
And as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I 'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. *Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but Warwick.*

242. *"Mine eldest daughter"*; the reading of Ff. (following Qq.); Theobald (from Holinshed), *"my younger d."* It was, however, Anne, Warwick's second daughter, whom Edward married.—I. G.

253. *"Shalt,"* the reading of Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, *"Shall."*—I. G.

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I 'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.
[*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

London. The palace.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset and Montague.

Glou. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.
Glou. And his well-chosen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended; Lady Grey, as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings, and others.

K. Edw. Now, brother Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick,

Which are so weak of courage and in judgment
That they 'll take no offense at our abuse.
K. Edw. Suppose they take offense without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glou. And shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
Glou. Not I:
No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; aye, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's queen.
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

13. *"our"*; Capell, *"your."*—I. G.
17. *"And shall"*; Rowe, *"And you shall"*; Walker, *"Ay, and shall,"* or *"Marry, and shall."*—I. G.

Glou. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonored by this new marriage.
K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.
Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. But the safer when 'tis back'd with France.
Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Aye, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

41. *"But the safer"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Yes, but the safer."* S. Walker conj. *"But then the safer"*; Keightley, *"Ay, but the safer"*; Anon. conj. *"But yet the safer"*; Vaughan, *"But all the safer"*; F. 2, *"safter."*—I. G.

42. *"using"*; Vaughan, *"losing."*—I. G.

Glou. And yet methinks your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment,
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

56. Until the Restoration minors coming into possession of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who *bestowed* them on his favorites, or in other words gave them up to plunder, and afterwards disposed of them in marriage as he pleased.—H. N. H.

58. The king's advancement of his wife's family is thus mentioned by Holinshed: "Hir father was created earle Rivers, and made high constable of England: hir brother, lord Anthonie, was married to the sole heire of Thomas lord Scales: sir Thomas Graie, sonne to sir John Graie, the queens first husband, was created marquesse of Dorset, and married to Cicelie, heire to the lord Bonville." In fact, however, the queen's son Thomas was married to Anne, the king's niece, daughter and heiress to the duke of Exeter. These things were done in the spring of 1465, the king's marriage having been publicly acknowledged a short time before, and the queen having been introduced at court and crowned.—H. N. H.

66. *"brother's"*; Rowe's emendation of Ff., *"Brothers"*; Anon. conj. *"brothers'."*—I. G.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honors me and mine,
So your dislike, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glou. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more. [*Aside.*

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?

Post. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,

70. Her father was Sir Richard Woodville, afterwards earl of Rivers; her mother Jaquetta, duchess dowager of Bedford, who was daughter of Peter of Luxemburg, earl of St. Paul, and widow of John duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V.—H. N. H.

73, 74. *"dislike . . . Doth"*; Ff., *"dislikes . . . Doth"*; Rowe, *"dislikes . . . Do."*—I. G.

But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words:
'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride.'

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
'Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

Post. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armor on.'

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Post. He, more incensed against your majesty

89, 90. *"therefore, in brief, Tell me"*; F. 1, *"Therefore, in briefe, tell me"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Therefore, in briefe, tell"*; Pope, *"So tell."*—I. G.

93. *"thy"*; Rowe (from Qq.); Ff., *"the."*—I. G.

Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:
'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'
K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Post. Aye, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*

118. *"elder . . . younger"*; Ff. (from Qq.); Theobald, *"younger . . . elder."*—I. G.

123. Johnson has remarked upon the actual improbability of Clarence making this speech in the king's hearing. When the earl of Essex attempted to raise a rebellion in the city, with a design, as was supposed, to storm the queen's palace, he ran about the streets with his sword drawn, crying out, "They that love me, follow me."—H. N. H.

Glou. [*Aside*] Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*
But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me;
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.
Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!
Hast. And Hastings as he favors Edward's cause!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Glou. Aye, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
K. Edw. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

126. *"the love"*; Pope, *"love."*—I. G.
128. *"Yet am I arm'd"*; Vaughan, *"Yet am I warn'd."*—I. G.

Scene II

A plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French soldiers.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where Somerset and Clarence comes!
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:

12. *"Sweet Clarence"*; Pope, *"friend"*; Capell, *"Clarence."* Many modern editions omit *"but."*—I. G.
15. *"towns"*; Theobald (Thirlby conj.); Ff., *"town."*—I. G.

That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.
[*They all cry, 'Henry!'*
Why, then, let 's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Edward's camp, near Warwick.

Enter three watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

First Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king by this is set him down to sleep.
Second Watch. What, will he not to bed?

21. It had been prophesied that if the horses of the Thracian Rhesus drank of the Xanthus and grazed on the Trojan plains, the Greeks would never take Troy. Wherefore Diomede and Ulysses killed him at night, and carried off his horses. *Vide* Iliad, x.; Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* xiii. 98–108, 249–252. Virgil, *Æneid,* i. 469–473.—I. G.

First Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.
Second Watch. To-morrow then belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.
Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
First Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
Third Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?
Second Watch. 'Tis the more honor, because more dangerous.
Third Watch. Aye, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honor.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
First Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
Second Watch. Aye, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

14. *"keeps";* so Ff. 3, 4; Ff. 1, 2, *"keepes";* Theobald *"keepeth";* Hanmer, *"keeps here";* Vaughan, *"keeps out";* Keightley, *"field here."*—I. G.

15. *"more dangerous";* so Ff. 1, 2; Ff. 3, 4, *"the more d.";* Hanmer, *"dangerous."*—I G.

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French soldiers, silent all.

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honor now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
First Watch. Who goes there?
Second Watch. Stay, or thou diest!

[*Warwick and the rest cry all, 'Warwick! Warwick!' and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying, 'Arm! arm!' Warwick and the rest following them.*

The drum playing and trumpet sounding, re-enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in his gown, sitting in a chair. Richard and Hastings fly over the stage.

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is the duke.
K. Edw. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted,
Thou call'dst me king.
War. Aye, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgraced me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,

Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?
K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I 'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.
[*They lead him off forcibly.*
K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit, guarded.*

41. *"Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?"*; Pope, *"Brother of C., and art thou here too?"*; Capell, *"Yea, brother of C., and art thou here too?"*—I. G.

55. *"tell what answer"*; Pope, *"tell you what reply"*; Capell, *"tell his grace what answer"*; Keightley, *"tell him what answer"*; Anon. conj. *"tell the duke what answer"*; Dyce, *"tell him there what answer."* —I. G.

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Aye, that 's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

London. The palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

64. This capture of Edward is related by the chroniclers as having taken place in the latter part of 1469. In Holinshed the story runs thus: "After the battell at Hedgecote, commonlie called Banberie field, the northerne men resorted toward Warwike, where the earle had gathered a great multitude of people. The king in this mane time had assembled his power, and was comming toward the earle, who, being advertised thereof, sent to the duke of Clarence, requiring him to come and joine with him. The duke, being not farre off, with all speed repaired to the earle, and so they joined their powerse together, upon secret knowledge had, that the king tooke small heed to himselfe, nothing doubting anie outward attempt of his enimies. The earle, intending not to leese such opportunitie, in the dead of the night, with an elect companie of men, set on the kings field, killing them that kept the watch, and yer the king was ware, at a place called Wolnie, he was taken prisoner and brought to the castell of Warwike. And, to the intent his friends should not know what was become of him, the earle caused him by secret journies in the night to be conveied to Middleham castell in Yorkshire, and there to be kept under the custodie of the archbishop of Yorke, and other his freends in those parties."—H. N. H.

Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Aye, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surprised at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe.

Riv. These news I must confess are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Aye, aye, for this I draw in many a tear
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:

11. *"new committed"*; Rowe, *"now committed."*—I. G.

19. *"is it that makes me bridle passion"*; the reading of F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, *"is it . . . my passion"*; F. 4, *"is . . . my passion"*; Rowe, *"is it . . . in my passion"*; Pope, *"is't . . . in my passion"*; Vaughan, *"is it, makes . . . passion."*—I. G.

Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—
I 'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us we are sure to die.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, Sir William Stanley, and others.

Glou. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And, often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertised him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way
Under the color of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with horse and men

To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.
Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

Glou. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord,
And ship from thence to Flanders.

Glou. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glou. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

13. So in Holinshed: "King Edward, being thus in captivitie, spake ever faire to the archbishop, and to his other keepers, so that he had leave diverse daies to go hunt. Now on a daie, when he was thus abrode, there met with him sir William Stanlie and diverse other of his friends, with such a great band of men, that neither his keepers would nor once durst move him to returne unto prison againe. After that he was once at libertie, he came to Yorke, where he was joifullie received, and taried there two daies; but when he perceived he could get no armie togither in that countrie, he turned to Lancaster, where he found his chamberlaine the lord Hastings well accompanied, by whose aid he came safelie to London."—H. N. H.

16. *"brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings";* Pope, *"brother Glo'ster, Hastings";* Collier MS., *"brother of Gloster, Hastings."*—I. G.

21. *"Flanders";* Vaughan suggests the addition of the words, *"as I guess."*—I. G.

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.
Glou. Come then, away; let 's ha' no more ado.
K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

London. The Tower.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,

29. The whole matter of Edward's captivity and escape has been set aside by later writers as a fiction of the chroniclers. Here again the great learning and exemplary candor of Dr. Lingard will amply warrant our quoting him. "By modern writers," says he, "the captivity of Edward has been scornfully rejected. Hume says it is contradicted by records. Carte and Henry pronounce it incredible and romantic. But, if it were, they should have accounted for what in that case were more inconceivable, the mention which is made of it by almost every writer of the age, whether foreigner or native; even by Comines, who says that he received the principal incidents of Edward's history from the mouth of Edward himself; and by the annalist of Croyland, who was high in the confidence of that monarch. But there is a record which places the imprisonment beyond a doubt, the attainder of Clarence, in which the king enumerates it among his offences: 'as in jupartyng the king's royall estate, persone and life *in straite warde,* putting him thereby from all his libertie, aftre procurying grete commocions.'" Perhaps we should add that Hume's argument proceeds on the supposition, that the alleged captivity was in 1470, and is entirely nonsuited by referring to the true date,

My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure I 'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Aye, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou are fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,

which was the latter part of 1469. Its not being mentioned in the king's proclamation against Clarence in 1470, nowise proves the point; for on the Christmas before Clarence had a full pardon, and that proclamation refers only to offenses committed after the pardon was granted.—H. N. H.

By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou are worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands:
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content:
We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honor and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful

29. Few men accommodate themselves to their destiny, or adapt themselves to circumstances.—H. N. H.

Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determined.

War. Aye, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, for I command no more,
That Margaret your queen and my son Edward
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

55. *"be confiscate";* Malone's emendation; F. 1, *"confiscate";* Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"confiscated."*—I. G.

67. This "young Henry," then in his tenth year, was son to Edmund Tudor, earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter and heir to John Beaufort, first duke of Somerset. Edmund, again, was son to Katharine, widow of Henry V, by her second husband, Owen Tudor, an untitled gentleman of Wales. The groundwork of the present representation was furnished by the chroniclers. The occasion was this: The young earl's uncle, Jasper Tudor, brought his nephew to London, and introduced him to King Henry, soon after the latter was released from the Tower; "whome," says Holinshed, "when the king had a good while beheld, he said to such princes as were with him,—'Lo, surelie this is he, to whom both we and our adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give roome and place.' So that it might seeme probable, by the coherence of holie Henries prediction with the issue falling out in truth, that for the time he was indued with a propheticall spirit." It is said that after the earl became King Henry VII, in gratitude for this early presage he solicited the pope to enroll Henry VI among the saints of the Church; but was refused, either because he would not pay the price, or as Bacon supposes, lest, "as Henry was reputed in the world abroad but for a simple man, the estimation of that

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. [*Lays his hand on his head*] If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a scepter, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?
Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
War. Unsavory news! but how made he escape?
Post. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloucester
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.
War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.
[*Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond and Oxford.*
Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,

kind of honor might be diminished, if there were not distance kept between innocents and saints."—H. N. H.

And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Aye, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let 's about it speedily.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arrived

From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glou. The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man, abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I 'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glou. [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,

8. *"Ravenspurgh,"* the name of a sea-port in Yorkshire; the reading of Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, *"Rauenspurre";* Qq. 1, 3, *"Raunspur"; "Ravenspurgh haven before";* Pope omits *"haven";* Steevens conj. *"fore."*—I. G.

He 'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?

Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

May. Aye, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [*They descend.*

Glou. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with drum and soldiers.

Glou. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?

Montg. To help King Edward in his time of storm,

30. *"A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded"; "captain"* probably trisyllabic; Keightley, *"I' faith, a wise";* Collier MS. *"captain he";* Delius (Lettsom conj.), *"capitain";* Cartwright, *"captain, faith";* Pope, *"persuaded soon."*—I. G.

As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

Montg. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*The drum begins to march.*

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while, and we 'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Montg. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you 'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I 'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succor you:
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glou. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we 'll make our claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glou. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

57. *"shall"; Capell* (from Qq.), *"should."*—I. G.

Montg. Aye, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Flourish.*
Sold. Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, 71
king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.
Montg. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*
All. Long live Edward the Fourth!
K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I 'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let 's harbor here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car 80
Above the border of this horizon,
We 'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we 'll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day,
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*

88. In October, 1470, about a year after his escape from York, Edward, having failed in several schemes for recovering his power,

Scene VIII

London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Exeter, and Oxford.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Hen. Let 's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,

embarked from Lynn, and sought refuge with the duke of Burgundy, who had lately been married to his sister. Being there fitted out with a fleet and fifteen hundred men, he returned to England, and landed at Ravenspurg, the same place where Bolingbroke had come on a similar errand in 1399. In less than two months after his landing, Edward was again on the throne: but his course was one of inexpressible perfidy; "still bruiting that his comming was not to chalenge the crowne, but onelie the duchie of Yorke"; and when at last, on this ground, he was let into the city of York, he "received the sacrament, and there solemnlie sware to keepe and observe two speciall articles,—the one, that he should use the citizens after a gentle and courteous maner, the other, that he should be faithfull and obedient unto king Henries commandments."—H. N. H.

"Enter." In the Folios, Somerset is named in the stage direction, though he had gone with young Richmond into Brittany. The mistake arose, as the Cambridge Eds. point out, from the Quartos, in which Scenes vi. and viii. form but one.—I. G.

2. *"hasty Germans";* S. Walker, *"lusty";* Cartwright, *"hardy."*—I. G.

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Fair lords take leave and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my truth and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let 's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt all but King Henry and Exeter.*

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field

Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That 's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:
I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within, 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'*

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence;
And once again proclaim us king of England.
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:

43. *"water-flowing tears";* Capell, *"water-flowing eyes";* Collier MS., *"bitter-flowing tears";* Vaughan, *"wet o'erflowing tears."*—I. G.

51. Mr. Collier thinks this shout should be, *A York! A York!* unless we suppose it to come from some soldiers in Henry's pay. But the truth is, one part of Edward's disguise was that he ordered his men everywhere to shout, "Long live King Henry!"—H. N. H.

Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.
[*Exeunt some with King Henry.*
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.
Glou. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*

61. *"hoped-for hay";* Qq., *"hope for haie";* Malone proposed, altogether unnecessarily, to change the words to *"hope for aye."*—I. G.

64. On this occasion Henry was betrayed into the hands of Edward by the archbishop of York, in whose care he had been left by Warwick. On the morning of April 11, 1471, the archbishop, who was brother to Warwick, had Henry out to an official ride through the streets of London, and in the evening he gave orders for Edward to be admitted by a postern. The excuse which he alleged was, that he found the city bent on having Edward for their king. Henry, however, was not remanded to the Tower till after his cause was again crushed in the battle of Barnet.—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Coventry.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others upon the walls.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
First. Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?
Second Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somervile.

War. Say, Somervile, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence
[*Drum heard.*
War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honor hears marcheth from Warwick.

6. "*Daintry*," popular pronunciation of Daventry.—I. G.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glou. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!

War. O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glou. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glou. Aye, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I 'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this:
What is the body when the head is off?

Glou. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glou. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Enter Oxford, with drum and colors.

War. O cheerful colors! see where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

50. *"I had"*; Pope, *"I'd."*—I. G.

Glou. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but a small defense,
We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colors.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*
Glou. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with drum and colors.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster?
[*He and his forces enter the city.*
Glou. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with drum and colors.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails

73. *"Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset";* "Edmund, slain at battle of St. Alban's, 1455; and Henry, his son, beheaded after the battle of Hexham, 1463" (Ritson).—I. G.

78. *"whom an";* Rowe's emendation; Ff. 2, 3, 4. *"whom, an";* F. 1, *"whom, in."*—I. G.

More than the nature of a brother's love!
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means? [*Taking his red rose out of his hat.*
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends:
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,

86. *"That Clarence is";* Steevens conj. *"Clarence, so harsh, so blunt";* Qq., *"so harsh"* (*so blunt* omitted); Collier conj. *"so harsh, so blind";* Mitford, *"so harsh"* or *"so blunt";* S. Walker, *"blunt-unnatural";* Anon. conj. *"brute-unnatural."*—I. G.

91. *"Jephthah's";* Rowe, *Jepthah's";* Ff. 1, 2, *"Iephah"* Ff. 3, 4, *"Jepthah."*—I. G.

For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

Glou. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defense!
I will away towards Barnet presently, 110
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.
Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!
[*Exeunt King Edward and his company. March. Warwick and his company follow.*

Scene II

A field of battle near Barnet.

Alarum and excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing forth Warwick wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.

110. *"towards Barnet."* The proposition to go out of Coventry and fight a pitched battle precisely at Barnet remains unintelligible in the drama. The actual situation is clearly given by Halle. Finding that Warwick would not come out, Edward withdrew towards London. Warwick pursued and overtook him at Barnet.—C. H. H.

Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.
[*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth
And, by my fall the conquest to my foe,
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchers;
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again:
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said 'Commend me to my valiant brother.'
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamor in a vault,
That mought not be distinguish'd; but at last

28. The great earl of Warwick fell in the battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471. The Poet, for obvious reasons, represents him as falling by the hand of Edward: the Chronicles relate that "the earle of Warwike, when his souldiers were all wearied with long fight, and sore weakened with wounds and hurts, rushed into the middest of his enimies, whereas he, adventuring so farre from his companie to slea his adversaries, that he could not be rescued, was amongst the preasse of his enimies striken downe and slaine."—H. N. H.

44. *"clamour,"* Warburton's reading from Qq.; Ff. *"cannon."*—I. G

I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
'O, farewell, Warwick!'

War. Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!

[*Here they bear away his body. Exeunt.*

Scene III

Another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:

47–49. The arrangement of the lines in the Qq.; they form three lines in Ff., and have been variously arranged by editors.—I. G.

5. *"our glorious sun";* alluding to the cognizance of Edward.—I. G.

The very beams will dry those vapors up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glou. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assured
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertised by our loving friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.
Strike up the drum; cry 'Courage!' and away.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskillful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skillful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while!
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,

18. *"The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings"*; S. Walker, *"Our . . . our,"* or *"These . . . our,"* &c.; Cartwright, *"Our . . . the,"* &c.; Pope, *"tacklings still"*; Johnson, *"tackling still"*; *"tacklings"* is evidently trisyllabic in this passage.—I. G.

Or else you famish; that 's a three-fold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there 's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. *Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.
Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.
Som. But he 's deceived; we are in readiness.
Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.
Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and March. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!
Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,

75. *"mine eyes"*; Capell (from Qq.); Ff. *"my eye."*—I. G.

His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Alarum: Retreat: Excursions. Exeunt.*

Scene V

Another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence and soldiers; with Queen Margaret, Oxford and Somerset, prisoners.

K. Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

1. *"Now here"*; the reading of F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Now here's"*; Capell (from Qq.), *"Lo, here."*—I. G.

2. *"Hames"*; the reading of Qq. and Ff.; "Ham" in Picardy; Rowe reads *"Hammes"*; Hanmer, *"Holmes"*; Capell, *"Hammes"*; Delius, *"Ham's."*—I. G.

"Hames Castle," a castle in Picardy, where Oxford was confined for many years.—H. N. H.

3. The battle of Tewksbury was fought May 4, 1471. Two days after, the duke of Somerset, with other fugitives, was dragged from sanctuary, and beheaded. The queen and prince had been in France for some time, seeking aid, and landed in England the very day of the battle of Barnet. We are told that when she got news of that disaster, "all her hopes were instantly broken: she sank to the ground in despair; and, as soon as she came to herself, hastened with her son to the sanctuary of Beaulieu. But the Lancastrian lords who still remained faithful to her cause, induced her to quit her asylum, and raised a considerable body of troops to fight under her banner." While these were on the march to join another army in Wales, they were intercepted by Edward at Tewksbury, and there finished.—H. N. H.

Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I 'll not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*
Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glou. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.
Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!
Glou. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.
Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;

25. He calls Richard Æsop on account of his crookedness; and Richard here betrays the same morbid sensitiveness touching his person, which afterwards makes him "descant on *his* own deformity." This passage, being the same in the quarto, may be aptly cited

His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glou. By heaven, brat, I 'll plague ye for that word.

Q. Mar. Aye, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glou. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, willful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are:
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*

Glou. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [*Stabs him.*

Clar. And there 's for twitting me with perjury. [*Stabs him.*

as inferring an identity of authorship running through the whole delineation of Richard.—H. N. H.

38. *"thou"*; Rowe (from Q. 3); Ff. (Qq. 1, 2), *"the."*—I. G.

40. Prince Edward was born October 13, 1453; so that he was in his eighteenth year when killed. The Chronicles give the following account of his death: "After the field was ended, proclamation was made, that whosoever could bring foorth prince Edward, alive or dead, should have an annuitie of a hundred pounds during his life, and the princes life to be saved, if he were brought foorth alive. Sir Richard Crofts, nothing mistrusting the kings promise, brought foorth his prisoner prince Edward, being a faire and well proportioned yoong gentleman; whom when king Edward had well advised, he demanded of him how he durst so pre-

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glou. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

Glou. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glou. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I 'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glou. The Tower, the Tower. [*Exit.* 50

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child:
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

sumptuouslie enter into his realme with banner displayed. Whereunto the prince boldlie answered, saieng,—'To recover my fathers kingdome and heritage, from his father and grandfather to him, and from him after him to me lineallie descended.' At which words king Edward said nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him, or, as some saie, stroke him with his gauntlet; whome incontinentlie, George duke of Clarence, Richard duke of Glocester, Thomas Greie marquesse Dorcet, and William lord Hastings, that stood by, suddenlie murthered; for the which cruell act, the more part of the dooers in their latter daies dranke of the like cup, by the righteous justice and due punishment of God."—H. N. H.

50. *"The Tower, the Tower";* Capell's reading; Ff., *"Tower, the Tower";* Theobald (from Qq.), *"The Tower, man, the Tower!—I'll root 'em out";* Steevens, *"The Tower, man, Tower!"*—I. G.

What 's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speak:
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
Here sheathe thy sword, I 'll pardon thee my death:
What, wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Aye, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favor'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

77, 78. Steevens' reading, which is nearest to Qq.; F. 1, *"Where is that devil's butcher, Richard? Hard favor'd Richard,"* &c.—I. G.

Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.
K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.
Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince! [*Exeunt, led out forcibly.*
K. Edw. Where 's Richard gone?
Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He 's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let 's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

London. The Tower.

Enter King Henry and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant, on the walls.

Glou. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?
K. Hen. Aye, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter; 'good' was little better:
'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not 'good lord.'

Glou. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glou. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was limed, was caught and kill'd.

Glou. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?

Glou. Thinkst thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:

20. *"fool";* Seymour conj. (from Qq.), *"fowl."*—I. G.

21. *Dædalus,* who, being detained in Crete by Minos, made wings for himself and his son Icarus. Icarus' wings were "sear'd" by the sun, and he was drowned.—C. H. H.

If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glou. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth,—an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,

41. *"Men for their sons, wives for their husbands";* Anon. conj. (from Qq.), *"Wives for their husbands, fathers for their sons";* F. 1, *"sonnes, . . . husbands";* F. 2, *"sonnes, . . . husbands fate";* Ff. 3, 4, *"sons . . . husbands fate";* Warburton, *"sons . . . husbands' fate";* Knight, *"sons' . . . husbands,"* &c.—I. G.

45. *"aboding luckless time";* Qq., *"aboding . . . tune";* Theobald, *"a boding . . . tune."*—I. G.

48. *"discords";* Grant White (from Qq.), *"discord."*—I. G.

51. *"To wit, an indigested and deformed lump";* Capell (from Qq.), *"to wit an indigest deformed lump";* Dyce (Capell conj.) omits *"to wit."*—I. G.

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou camest to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou camest—

Glou. I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech: [*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Aye, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glou. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither:
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'

And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word 'love,' which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buz abroad such prophecies
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
And then, to purge his fear, I 'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting myself but bad till I be best.
I 'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[*Exit, with the body.*

79. After this line, Theobald inserts from Qq., *"I had no father, I am like no father."*—I. G.

93. The following is Holinshed's account of Henry's death: "Here is to be remembered, that poore king Henrie the sixt, a little before deprived of his realme and imperiall crowne, was now in the Tower spoiled of his life by Richard duke of Glocester, as the constant fame ran; who, to the intent that his brother king Edward might reigne in more suretie, murthered the said king Henrie with a dagger. Howbeit, some writers of that time, favouring altogither the house of Yorke, have recorded, that after he understood what losses had chanced unto his freends, and how not onelie his sonne, but also all other his cheefe partakers were dead and despatched, he tooke it so to hart, that of pure displeasure, indignation, and melancholie, he died the three and twentith of Maie."—H. N. H.

Scene VII

London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Queen Elizabeth, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, a Nurse with the young Prince, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foeman, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armors watch'd the winter's night,
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace:
And of our labors thou shalt reap the gain.

Glou. [*Aside*] I 'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.
K. Edw. Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.
Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.
Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.
Glou. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.
[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried, 'all hail!' when as he meant all harm.
K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.
Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

30. The Camb. editor quotes from Steevens:—"In my copy of the second Folio, which had belonged to King Charles the First, his Majesty has erased *Cla.* and written *King* in its stead. Shakespeare, therefore, in the catalogue of his restorers, may boast a Royal name."—I. G.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.
[*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abodements, bad omens; IV. vii. 13.

Aboding, boding; V. vi. 45.

Adventure, enterprise; IV. ii. 18.

Advertised, informed; II. i. 116.

Æsop; an allusion to the belief that he was humpbacked (hence the application of the name to Richard Crookback); V. v. 25.

Aims at, (1) endeavors to obtain, III. ii. 68; (2) aim, guess, III. ii. 68.

Alms-deed, act of charity; V. v. 79.

Apparent, heir-apparent; II. ii. 64.

Appointed; "well a.," well equipped; II. i. 113.

Argosy, merchant ship; II. vi. 36.

Arrived, reached, arrived at; V. iii. 8.

As, that; I. i. 234.

Assay, try, essay (Collier, *"essay"*); I. iv. 118.

Attended, waited for; IV. vi. 82.

Awful, awe-inspiring; II. i. 154.

Balm, consecrated oil; III. i. 17.

Bands, bonds; I. i. 186.

Bandy, beat to and fro; I. iv. 49.

Basilisk, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; III. ii. 187.

Battle, army, body of troops; I. i. 8, 15.

Beaver, helmet; I. i. 12.

Belgia, Belgium; IV. viii. 1.

Belike, I suppose; I. i. 51.

Bells, "shake his bells," an allusion to the small bells attached to hawks, to frighten the birds hawked at; I. i. 47.

Betimes, in good time, before it is too late; V. iv. 45.

Bewray, betray; I. i. 211.

Bishop's Palace, the Palace of the Bishop of London; V. i. 45.

Blaze, burn; V. iv. 71.

Blood-sucking sighs, referring to the old belief that with each sigh the heart lost a drop of blood; IV. iv. 22.

Bloody, blood-thirsty, cruel; I. iii. 2.

Blunt, rough; IV. viii. 2.

Bodged, yielded, gave way, budged; (Johnson conj. *"budged,"* Collier conj. *"botch'd"*); I. iv. 19.

Bootless, useless; I. iv. 20.

Boots, avails; I. iv. 125.

Broach'd, begun; II. ii. 159.

Bruit, rumor, report; IV. vii. 64.

Buckle, join in close fight (Theobald's correction (from Qq.) of Ff., *"buckler"*); I. iv. 50.

Buckler, shield; III. iii. 99.

Bug, bugbear; V. ii. 2.

But, except; IV. vii. 36.

Buy, aby, pay for; (Grant White, *"by,"* from *"abie"* Q. 1); V. i. 68.

Callet, a woman of bad character; II. ii. 145.

Captivates, makes captive; I. iv. 115.

Case, "if c.," if it be the case, if it happen; (F. 4, *"In case"*); V. iv. 34.

Chafed, infuriated; II. v. 126.

Challenge, claim; IV. vi. 6.

Chameleon, a kind of lizard whose color changes; III. ii. 191.

Channel, gutter (Roderick conj. *"kennel"*); II. ii. 141.

Charm, silence, as by a charm; V. v. 31.

Chase, pursuit, game; II. iv. 12.

Cheerly, cheerfully; V. iv. 2.

Chid, driven by scolding; II. v. 17.

Close, secret; IV. v. 17.

Colors, standards, ensigns; I. i. 91.

Conveyance, trickery; III. iii. 160.

Convey'd, carried off; IV. vi. 81.

Cony, rabbit (F. 1, *"Connie,"* F. 2, *"Conny"*); I. iv. 62.

Coverture, covert, shelter; (Warburton, *"overture"*); IV. ii. 13.

Darraign, range; II. ii. 72.

Dazzle, "d. mine eyes," are my eyes dazzled?; II. i. 25.

Dearest, best, most precious; V. i. 69.

Deck, pack of cards; V. i. 44.

Delicates, delicacies; I. v. 51.

Demean'd, behaved; I. iv. 7.

Depart, death, II. i. 110; departure, going away, IV. i. 92.

Departing, parting; II. vi. 43.

Despite, spite, malice; II. i. 59.

Detect, betray; II. ii. 143.

Disannuls, annuls, cancels; III. iii. 81.

Done, done with, finished with; IV. i. 104.

Done his shrift, heard the confession and granted absolution; III. ii. 107.

Doubt, fear; IV. viii. 37.

Doubted, feared; IV. iii. 19.

Downright, straight down; I. i. 12.

Eager, bitter; II vi. 68.

Ean, bring forth young (Ff. 1, 2, *"Eane"*; Theobald, *"yean"*); II. v. 36.

Effuse, effusion; II. vi. 28.

Embassade, embassy; (Capell, from Qq., *"embassage"*); IV. iii. 32.

Empty, hungry; I. i. 268.

Encounter, fight, combat; V. iii. 5.

Enlargement, release from confinement; IV. vi. 5.

Extraught, extracted, derived; II. ii. 142.

Falchion, scimitar, sword; I. iv. 12.

Fear, affright, terrify; III. iii. 226.

Fear'd, affrighted, frightened; (Rowe, *"scar'd"*); V. ii. 2.

Fearful, timorous, I. i. 25; II. ii. 30; terrible, dreadful; II. ii. 27.

Fence, defend, guard; II. vi. 75.

Figures, reveals; II. i. 32.

Fires, dissyllabic; II. i. 83.

Foil, defeat; V. iv. 42.

Fondly, foolishly; II. ii. 38.

For, as regards; IV. iii. 48.

Forfend, forbid; II. i. 191.

Forgery, lie, deception; III. iii. 175.

Forlorn; "a f.," an outcast; (Collier MS., *"all forlorn"*); III. iii. 26.

Forslow, delay; (Ff. 1, 2, *"Fore-slow"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Fore-slow"*); II. iii. 56.

Forspent, exhausted; (Ff., *"Forespent"*; Rann (from Qq.), *"Sore spent"*); II. iii. 1.

Forward of, eager for; IV. viii. 46.

Fretting, violently agitating; II. vi. 35.

Gallant, spruce fellow; used ironically; V. v. 12.

Gallia, Gaul; V. iii. 8.

Ghostly, spiritual; III. ii. 107.

Gin, snare; I. iv. 61.

Government, self-control; I. iv. 132.

Grant, granting, bestowing; III. iii. 130.

Hand; "out of h.," at once; IV. vii. 63.

Haply, fortunately; II. v. 58.

Hard-favor'd, hard-featured, ugly; V. v. 78.

Hasty, rash, passionate; (Walker conj. *"lusty"*; Cartwright conj. *"hardy"*); IV. viii. 2.

Haught, haughty; II. i. 169.

Have at thee, take care, be warned; II. iv. 11.

He, man; I. i. 46.

Head, making, raising an army; II. i. 141.

Heir, heiress; IV. i. 48.

Henry, trisyllabic; I. i. 107.

Hold, stronghold; I. ii. 52.

Homely, humble; II. v. 22.

Honesty, chastity; III. ii. 72.

Hour (dissyllabic); II. v. 26, 31, 32, 33, &c.

Hyrcania, a country on the Caspian Sea; I. iv. 155.

Icarus, the son of Dædalus, who, attempting to imitate the example of his father and fly on wings, was drowned (Ovid, *Meta.* viii.); V. vi. 21.

Impale, encircle; III. iii. 189.

Impeach, reproach; I. iv. 60.

Indigested, shapeless; V. vi. 51.

Inferring, bringing forward; II. ii. 44.

Injurious, insulting, III. iii. 78; unjust, III. iii. 101.

Inly, inward; I. iv. 171.

Inviolable, not to be broken; II. i. 30.

Irks; "it i.," it pains; II. ii. 6.

Lade, ladle, bale out; III. ii. 139.

Lane, passage; I. iv. 9.

Laund, lawn, glade; (Capell, *"lawn"*); III. i. 2.

Level, aim; II. ii. 19.

Lime, join, cement; V. i. 84.

Limed, caught by bird-lime; V. vi. 13.

'Long, along of, owing to; (Ff., *"long"*); IV. vii. 32.

Machiavel, used proverbially for a crafty politician; III. ii. 193.

Magnanimity, heroic bravery; V. iv. 41.

Malapert, pert, saucy; V. v. 32.

Male, male-parent; V. vi. 15.

Man at arms, armed knight; V. iv. 42.

Manhood, bravery, courage; IV. ii. 20.

Marches, country-borders; II. i. 140.

Meeds, deserts, merits; II. i. 36.

Mermaid, siren; III. ii. 186.

Mess, set of four, "as at great dinners the company was usually arranged into fours" (Nares); I. iv. 73.

Mend, mean, have a mind; IV. i. 8

Misdoubteth, distrusts; V. vi. 14.

Misthink, misjudge; II. v. 108.

Moe, more; II. i. 170.

Motion, proposal; III. iii. 244.

Mought, the reading of Ff.; might, could; (Capell (Qq.), *"could"*; Pope, *"might"*); V. ii. 45.

Muse, marvel, wonder; III. ii. 109.

Naked, unarmed; V. iv. 42.

Napkin, handkerchief; I. iv. 79.

Narrow seas, English Channel; IV. viii. 3.

Neat, horned cattle; II. i. 14.

Nestor, the oldest and wisest hero before Troy; III. ii. 188.

Nice, subtile, sophistical; IV. vii. 58.

Obsequious, lavish of obsequies; II. v. 118.

Of, instead of, from being; III. iii. 25.

Only, alone; (Pope, *"alone"*); IV. i. 45.

Overgone, overcome; II. v. 123.

Overpeer'd, looked down upon, towered above; V. ii. 14.

Pale, enclose, encompass; I. iv. 103.

Parcel, part; V. vi. 38.

Passing, surpassing; V. i. 106.

Passion, violent sorrow; I. iv. 150.

Period, end, finish; V. v. 1.

Pies, magpies; V. vi. 48.

Pinch'd, bitten; VI. i. 16.

Pitiful, merciful; III. ii. 32.

Place; "in p.," present; IV. i. 103.

Pleaseth; "him p.," it pleases him; II. vi. 105.

Pleasure, give pleasure; (Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"please"*; Collier MS., *"please you too"*); III. ii. 22.

Poltroons, cowards; (Ff., *"Poultroones"*); I. i. 62.

Post, messenger; V. i. 1.

Post, haste; I. ii. 48.

Post, hasten; I. ii. 55.

Posted off, put off carelessly; IV. viii. 40.

Power, force, army; II. i. 177.

Prancing, bounding; II. i. 24.

Preachment, high-flown discourse; I. iv. 72.

Prepare, preparation; IV. i. 131.

Prescription, right derived from immemorial custom; III. iii. 94.

Presenteth, represents (Steevens, *"present"*); II. v. 100.

Presently, immediately; I. ii. 36.

Pretend, assert; IV. vii. 57.

Prick, mark, dial-point; I. iv. 34.

Prize, privilege (Warburton (from Qq.), *"pride"*; Walker conj. *"praise"*); II. i. 20.

Proteus, the marine god, who had the faculty of assuming whatever shape he pleased; III. ii. 192.

Quaintly, pleasantly; II. v. 24.

Quit, requite, reward; III. iii. 128.

Racking, moving as clouds; II. i. 27.

Ragged, rugged; (Ff., *"raged"*); V. iv. 27.

Ramping, rampant; V. ii. 13.

Raught, reached; (Ff. 3, 4, *"caught"*); I. iv. 68.

Remorse, pity, compassion; III. i. 40.

Rends, tears asunder; (Ff., *"rents"*); III. ii. 175.

Repair, repairing hither; (Ff. 1, 2, *"repayre"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"repair"*); V. i. 20.

Resolve, come to a determination; I. i. 49.

Respect; "in r.," in comparison; V. v. 56.

Rest, remain; IV. ii. 8.

Resteth, remaineth; I. ii. 44.

Retire, retreat, flight; II. i. 150.

Revolt, fall off; I. i. 151.

Rhesus, the Thracian King who came to the assistance of Troy, but was slaughtered at night by Ulysses and Diomede; IV. ii. 20.

Rids; "r. away," *i. e.* gets rid of distance; V. iii. 21.

Rook'd, squatted; V. vi. 47.

Roscius, the most celebrated actor of ancient Rome; (Pope's emendation; Ff., *"Rossius"*; Hanmer (Warburton) *"Richard"*); V. vi. 10.

Ruinate, ruin; V. i. 83.

Ruthful, piteous; (Ff. 3, 4, *"rueful"*); II. v. 95.

Sadness, seriousness; III. ii. 77.

Sanctuary, the sanctuary at Westminster, which afforded protection from any persecution; IV. iv. 31.

Scrupulous, "too nice in determinations of conscience"; IV. vii. 61.

Self-place, self-same place, very place; III. i. 11.

Selfsame, the selfsame; (Hanmer, *"th' self-same"*); II. i. 82.

Sennet, a particular set of notes on the cornet or trumpet; I. i. 206.

Septentrion, the North; I. iv. 136.

Service; "do thee s.," become thy servitor"; V. i. 33.

Shame-faced, bashful; IV. viii. 52.

Ship, take ship; (F. 1, *"shipt"*; Vaughan conj. *"shipp'd"*); IV. v. 21.

Shoot, shot; III. i. 7.

Shriver, confessor; III. ii. 108.

Shrouds, sail-ropes; V. iv. 18.

Sicils, Sicilies; I. iv. 122.

Silly, innocent, helpless; II. v. 43; petty, poor; used contemptuously; III. iii. 93.

Sinew together, knit in strength; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"sinow t."*); II. vi. 91.

Sinon, the Greek who persuaded the Trojans to carry the wooden horse into Troy; III. ii. 190.

Sith, since; I. i. 110.

Slaughter-man, slayer, butcher; I. iv. 169.

Sleight, artifice, trickery; (Rowe, *"slight"*); IV. ii. 20.

Sometime, sometimes; II. ii. 30.

Soothe, to assent to as being true, to humor; (Ff., *"sooth"*; Rann, Heath conj. *"smooth"*); III. iii. 175.

Sort, crew, set; II. ii. 97.

Sorts, turns out well; II. i. 209.

Spite, vexation, mortification; V. i. 18.

Spite of spite, come the worst that may; II. iii. 5.

Spleen; "heated s.," fiery impetuosity, heat; (Warburton, *"hated s."*); II. i. 124.

Sport, disport, amuse; II. v. 34.

Stale, laughing-stock, dupe; III. iii. 260.

State, station, rank; III. ii. 93.

Stay, linger; III. iii. 40.

Stigmatic, one branded by nature with deformity; II. ii. 136.

Stout, brave; IV. ii. 19.
Stratagems, dreadful deeds; (Ff. 1, 2, *"stragems"*); II. v. 89.
Strike; "to s.," to lower sail; V. i. 52.
Strike sail, lower, let down sail; III. iii. 5.
Success, result, issue; II. ii. 46.
Suddenly, quickly; IV. ii. 4.
Suffer'd, allowed to have way; IV. viii. 8.
Suspect, suspicion; IV. i. 142.

Tacklings, cordage, rigging (trisyllabic); V. iv. 18.
Tainted, touched, moved; III. i. 40.
Take on, be furious; II. v. 104.
Temper with the stabs, act and think in conformity with fate; IV. vi. 29.
Time; "take the t.," improve the opportunity; V. i. 48.
Tireon, seize and feed on ravenously; I. i. 269.
Title, claim, right; (Grey conj. *"tale"*); III. i. 48.
Toward, bold; II. ii. 66.
Trow'st, thinkest; (Ff., *"trowest"*); V. i. 85.
Troy; "the hope of T.," *i. e.* Hector; II. i. 51.
Trull, harlot; I. iv. 114.
Trumpet, trumpeter; V. i. 16.
Type, sign, badge (*i. e.* the crown); (Lloyd conj. *"style"*); I. iv. 121.

Ulysses, the famous king of Ithaca; III. ii. 189.
Unbid, unbidden, unwelcome; V. i. 18.
Unconstant, inconstant; V. i. 102.
Undoubted, fearless; (Capell conj. *"redoubted"*); V. vii. 6.
Unreasonable, not endowed with reason; II. ii. 26.
Untutor'd, uninstructed, raw; V. v. 32.
Unwares, unawares; (F. 4, *"unawares"*; Hanmer, *"un'wares"*; Vaughan conj. *"unware"*); II. v. 62.
Usest, art accustomed; V. v. 75.
Valued, rated, estimated; V. iii. 14.
Vantages, advantages; III. ii. 25.
Venom, venomous, poisonous (Capell, (from Q. 3), *"venom'd"*); II. ii. 138.
Via, away! an interjection of encouragement; II. i. 182.
Visard-like, like a mask; I. iv. 116.
Vowed, sworn; III. iii. 50.

Waft over, carry over the sea; III. iii. 253.
Waned, declined; (Ff., *"wained"*); IV. vii. 4.
Water-flowing, flowing like water, copious; IV. viii. 43.
Wean me, alienate myself; (Ff. 1, 2, *"waine"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"wain"*); IV. iv. 17.
Weeping-ripe, ready to weep; (Ff., *"weeping ripe"*); I. iv. 172.
When? an exclamation of impatience; V. i. 49.
Willow garland, the emblem of unhappy love; III. iii. 228.
Wind, scent; III. ii. 14.
Wisp of Straw, a mark of disgrace placed on the heads of scolds; II. ii. 144.
Wit, wisdom; IV. vii. 61.
Witch, bewitch; (Ff., *"'witch"*); III. ii. 150.
Withal, with; III. ii. 91.
Witty, full of wit, intelligent; I. ii. 43.

Younker, stripling; II. i. 24.

STUDY QUESTIONS

GENERAL

1. What are the *Chronicle* accounts of the traits and person of Henry?

2. Is there any scene in which Margaret is allowed by the poet to exhibit a noble, natural emotion?

3. Describe the dramatic effect of the union of Henry and Margaret.

4. What characters serve especially as types of the feudal baronage at the height of its power?

5. What episodes and incidents has the poet utilized throughout, to give dramatic variety to the handling of the material he had for this play?

6. What is the historic center of action of the Third Part of King Henry VI? Does it coincide with the dramatic crisis?

7. What are the characteristics of Richard, as dramatically set forth throughout the play? In what way are his speeches, as well as his covert comment upon doings about him and upon the characters and estate of others, significant of future events?

ACT I

8. What was the historic interval between the battle of St. Albans and the parliament at Westminster, the proceedings of which are represented in this act?

9. Compare lines 9 and 55 of scene i, and explain probable cause of variance.

10. What was the earldom by which Richard claimed the crown?

11. What have the *Chronicles* to say of the proceedings at the Parliament House when Warwick placed York upon the throne?

12. Give the *Chronicle* account of the reconciliation of York and Lancaster with regard to the claim to the crown.

13. Describe the dramatic impression of the scene of the colloquy in the Parliament.

14. What picturesque and lawless character was appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the sea? What passage had he in charge and why?

15. To what three lords does Henry refer in line 270, scene i?

16. How do the *Chronicles* describe the preliminaries to the Battle of Wakefield? The battle itself? The death of young Rutland?

17. What is the impression of the dramatic scene of young Rutland's death?

18. Describe the dramatic character of the scene of York's death. Characterize the behavior of Clifford as compared with that of York.

19. What is the *Chronicle* account of the scene?

20. Compare Shakespeare's presentment of Margaret in this scene with his presentment of his most relentless warriors in other similar scenes; what conclusion may be drawn as to the poet's idea of what the passions of battle or selfish ambition would develop in a woman as compared with their effect upon a man?

21. Compare Northumberland's expressions of feeling with Margaret's passages;—with Clifford's.

ACT II

22. What do the chroniclers relate as the cause for Edward's taking the sun for his cognizance?

23. What effect did the second Battle of St. Albans have upon the general situation?

24. How does Edward mean to characterize Margaret by his allusion in line 144, scene ii?

25. What passages in scene ii set forth the feeling of York's sons toward Henry personally?

26. What is the historical account of Edward's march to London after the second battle of St. Albans?

27. What is the moral substance of scene v? How does it depict Henry's real nature?

28. Give the historic account of the Battle of Towton.

29. What is the chronicler's comment on the title of Gloscester? What line in Richard's mouth recalls this?

ACT III

30. What occurred in the historic interval between the events of Act II and Act III?

31. What line of Henry's in scene i shows his realization of his nature as related to the place of ruler he held?

32. Give an account, other than that of the *Chronicles*, of the capture of King Henry.

33. What side lights are thrown on the character of Edward by the asides of Gloscester and Clarence in scene ii? Does the historic report of Edward give color to this innuendo?

34. What account do the *Chronicles* give of the meeting of Edward and Lady Grey? In what respects does the dramatic scene of it express the poet's best portrayal of women?

35. What was the historic truth of lines 81 and 82, scene iii?

36. To what facts does Oxford refer in lines 102–106 of scene iii?

37. According to Shakespeare, what was the cause of the break between Warwick and Edward? Did the Poet have historical warrant for assigning this cause?

38. What title does Margaret give Warwick which is indicative of his political power?

39. What is the discrepancy in Warwick's statement in lines 186–187?

ACT IV

40. What unjust disposition of lands was given into the king's power, up to the time of the Restoration?

41. What is Holinshed's account of the king's advancement of his wife's family?

42. What was Lady Grey's lineage?

43. Give the *Chronicle* account of the capture of Edward. Of his release. What has Dr. Lingard to say of the two incidents?

44. What have the chroniclers to say of Henry, Earl of Richmond, and the incident of which Shakespeare makes use in scene v?

45. Give the historic account of Edward's flight to Burgundy and his return.

46. Give the historic account of the betrayal of Henry.

ACT V

47. How does Hall explain the withdrawal from Coventry to Barnet for the battle which took place there?

48. Describe Warwick's death, both in the drama, and according to the *Chronicles*.

49. What is the character of Margaret's invocation to her followers in scene iv?

50. What is the historic account of the Battle of Tewksbury?

51. To what suspicion concerning Richard does Clarence refer in lines 83–84, scene v?

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